TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

VOL XLVIII. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY APRIL 22, 1880. NO. 17

Poetry.

THE LOTUS FLOWER.

Though still the heart of twilight grieves,
As evening's sun sinks low,
And sad winds stir the fallen leaves
With songs of Long Ago,
No shadow grim can ever dim
The glory of this hour,
While thus the blazing hearth we trim
Beneath the Lotus Flower.

Old Time may quench Illusion's light,
And dreams of youth depart,
But neither Time nor Truth can blight
The sunshine of the heart—
The gentle life of pure content,
Our sober manhood's dower,
Sweet peace and calm affection, blent
Beneath the Lotus Flower.

In that dust land of mystic dream
Where dark Osiri sprung,
It bloomed beside his sacred stream
While yet the world was young;
And every secret nature told
Of golden Wisdom's power,
Is nestled still in every fold
Within the Lotus Flower.

Here let our weary burdens fall,
And Passion's longings cease;
The gods of life have given all
When once they give us peace.
Black care shall vanish in a laugh,
Forgot be beauty's bower,
While here the loving cup we quaff
Beneath the Lotus Flower.

—William Winter.

Our Story Teller.

Written for the Toledo Blade.

A FILE OF INFANTRYMEN.

"For Three Years, or During the War."

at Home in a Shelter Tent, and Abroad with "Three Days' Rations and Forty Rounds of Ammunition."

BY JOHN McELROY,

Author of "Andersonville. A Story of Southern Prisons."

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CHAPTER XX.

WINTER IN CAIRO—PRACTICING AT SHARP-SHOOTING—SOMETHING ABOUT THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE RIFLE.

Measureless weariness and prostration always follow a battle—and especially the first one in which men are engaged. As in these combats one lives years in an hour and in the same space of time performs the labor of days, the extreme lassitude and depression that ensue are equal to the mental and physical exaltation of the moments of conflict.

For days that ran into weeks after the Battle of Belmont the boys moved about, acted and thot as if slowly recovering from some great strain of body and mind, which was indeed the case. Drills, guard mounting, reviews and dress-parades were gone thru with in a languid, perfunctory manner, that contrasted strongly with the sharpness and exactitude of previous days. The weaker did not recover at all from the strain, but yielded to some disease to which they were constitutionally disposed, and finally the measles came, and thinned out the ranks wofully.

At the first announcement of measles in the camp, every one—remembering the unalarming disease of their infancy—smiled gaily and jested. But the smile and jest disappeared as one after another went to the hospital with a slight fever, and reddening, watery eyes, and in a few days were carried out and laid to rest in the rapidly populating cemetery.

And the Orderly Sergeants, calling the roll with the unthinking glibness of long habit, would fail to remember that some of those whose names still lingered in the old alfabetical order in their memories, were sleeping that sleep which mortal reveille could never disturb, and would call them as if still among the living, when a painful shudder would run thru he ranks.

So the days went on.

The succession of the seasons did not render life in Cairo any more agreeable. If July and August brot more torments than charms to the existence of those who sweltered in the heat during the day, and fought the moskeetos at night on the swamp engirdled levees, November and December made life even less endurable.

"There used to be a piece in my school reader about 'How the Waters Come Down at Lodore,'" said Walter one day as he sat with the rest in their leaky tent and watcht the rain pour down upon the already overfull swamps and rivers like a dispersive and wide ranging torrent. "I wish some one would write a companion piece about 'How the Waters Come Down at Cairo.' I don't think anybody every saw anything like it since the days of Noah. I declare if there weren't already enuf boats around here to serve as arks for all of us, I'd go to work tomorrow morning in search of shittim wood to build one for our squad, for I'm sure that some morning we'll wake up to find this old hole between the levees rained full and running over."

"Yes," said Bronson; "and the mud, too. It couldn't have been so bad in Noah's time, for all the animals would've been mired and drowned as fast as they came out of the ark. Even a dove would have as tuff a time to find a decent rest for the sole of her foot around here, as she would to find an olive leaf in token of it. This country gives me an idea of Holland—a country which somebody once said 'draws 50 feet of water.' What fools the Spaniards must have been to fight for the possession of a country that must have a perpetual mildew upon it."

"I don't plame anypody for fighting for de Nederlands," said Karl; "for tho dey are farther below de top of de water dan we are here, de country's one of de finest I ever saw. It is just as much cleaner and neater dan de rest of de world as dis big mud puddle is dirtier and nastier. I really feel dat if we stay here anudder month we'll all haf scales like fishes, or flippers like de bull frogs."

"That's a foine prospect, now ain't it!" said O'Neil; "Imagine us all, if we stay here cintil next year, turned into grate big grane bellied croakers, that'll sit in a loine on a cypress log in the cool of the ayvnin', and go head foremost into the wather wid a kerchunk, whin anybody disturbs us! But Oim now at the other extreme. Last year Oi was on the Staked Plains wid Company Say of the Sexth Enfantry, and for days ivery drop of wather that was within moiles of us was what we carried wid us. It sames to me that things are not divided up ayvenly. We could well spare enuf wather from here to make that country a garden."

But there were bright, sunny days, which if the mud and swamps had been absent, could have been past very pleasantly.

Walter's first ideas that the war was going to be an affair of short duration—a series of rapidly following and bloody encounters that would exhaust the Rebels—had now given place to a perception of the fact that the work was likely to be protracted thru a term of years. If no more progress was made in the coming years than had markt the first, the war would certainly last as long as his term of enlistment. As he had at first made up his mind to die if need be, for the country, he now forced himself to the acceptance of an almost as bitter an alternative—that of taking the whole of the three years for which he had enlisted from the career he had markt out for himself, and devoting them to the cause. He hardly dared hope that he would survive the struggle that long, and the many repetitions of the bloody day at Belmont which he felt must come. But if he did survive—if fortune should smile on him so unexpectedly, he felt that there would be still very little left of life. He was so young that three years seemed a very long time to him—a gap in his life that could never be repaired.

But he resolved to adapt himself as well as possible to the situation, and he threw the zeal he had formerly devoted to learning the printing trade, into the acquisition of skill in his new profession. He paid especial attention to marksmanship, as did also O'Neil, Bronson, Karl and Stock. The guns they had brot away from Belmont proved to be all that their workmanship indicated, and the File not only got permission from Capt. Moor, to retain them, but also his favor upon their efforts to become skilful sharpshooters, and he succeeded in procuring for them sufficient supplies of suitable ammunition to allow them to practice all they desired. This was the easier because it was discovered that the ammunition was the same as that used by the Government's Springfield rifles, of which a very few were now being issued out to favored troops. The bullets were very heavy, long, conical, sharp pointed, and with a large cavity in the breech. Bronson, seeing Walter and Karl break open a cartridge one day, and examine the peculiar shaped bullet with much curiosity, said:

"That bullet is the 'Minie,' of which you have read so much about. It is named after its inventor—a Major in the French Army, and it represents the highest point reacht by the military invention of the day. Like all other inventions it represents a curious history of a long series of baffled attempts, extending over nearly two centuries. Would you like to hear it?"

"We should, certainly," said the others.

"Well," began Bronson, "you know all about the first guns, which were so heavy that one man carried them, while another carried the tripod that they were laid upon to fire. A third man carried a fire pot, and a piece of tarred rope to touch off the gun. Then somebody invented a lighter gun which didn't need a rest, and the tarred rope was fixt on a little wheel which sprung around when the trigger was toucht, and stuck the lighted end in the priming. Then, half a century later, some one improved still farther upon this clumsy contrivance by constructing a wheel set around with flint, and containing inside a strong spring, which, being wound up when the gun was loaded, whirled the wheel around against a piece of steel, when the trigger was toucht, and sent a shower of sparks into the powder. About 200 years ago the match locks and wheel locks were superseded by the kind of flint locks we all have seen, and early in this century the percussion lock was invented. tho all the wars up to within the last 15 years were fought with flint locks. Our Army used flint locks in the war with Mexico. That is the story in brief of the improvements in locks and means of firing in the 500 years that fire arms have been in use. The other great improvements have been made in ramrods, bullets, and barrels. For several hundred years wooden ramrods were used, then 125 years ago, Leopold of Dessau, Frederic the Great's right hand man, invented iron ones, and they helpt gallant little Prussia very much to whip the rest of Europe. Our forefathers found out the value of rifling the barrels to improve the range and accuracy of the fire. Their rifles always told with terrible effect when they came in contest with the French and British. Ever since the beginning of this century the military men of Europe have been trying to make the rifle suitable for army use. The trouble was, first, that it was too slow and hard to load. The American rifleman carried his powder in a horn, and filled from it a little 'charger' which he poured into his rifle. He then took a bullet and a piece of fine greased linen or buckskin from his pouch, and putting the 'patch' over the muzzle, laid the bullet—nickt side down—upon it, prest it carefully down until level with the muzzle, cut off the edges of the 'patch' smoothly with his knife, and then forced the bullet home with the rammer. Very careful and expert sharpshooters frequently use a false muzzle in loading, thru which they force the bullet by blows of a mallet, in order to swedge into fitting exactly into the grooves in the barrel. But all this took a great deal of time and care which could not be given it by the common soldier. The first attempt was a sharp spike put in the bottom of the gun-barrel. The ball was pusht down upon this, and the end of the ramrod was then hammered with a small mallet, until the spike spread the ball out so that it filled the rifles. The mallet was found to be inconvenient, and then the ramrod was made heavy enuf to do the work by itself. But the whole affair was clumsy and awkward. About 15 years ago Maj. Minie brot out this improvement. His idea is to hollow out the base of the bullet until the edges are quite thin. The powder fills the cavity, and when fired presses out the soft metal until it fits tightly into the rifles of the barrel. These give it the peculiar whirl upon which the greater accuracy of the rifle-bullet depends, and as the flanges allow none of the force of the powder to escape, the range of the shot is very much greater than that of the common smooth bore musket. The French army tried the bullet in the Crimea and did wonders with it. Many shots took effect at the distance of a mile, and almost any man could be trained up till he could easily pick off Russians at the distance of a third or a quarter of a mile. You know we've struck with them pretty close to the mark half ways and sometimes pretty nearly clear across the river, which is fully a mile wide here. And now, ladies and gentlemen," said Bronson, imitating the professional lecturer: "let me in conclusion thank you for your courtesy and the patient attention with which you have listened to my extended effort."

"I move that the thanks of this meeting be given to Mr. Bronson, for his very able and entertaining address on the Development of Fire-Arms," said Walter, and the rest gave an enthusiastic "aye!"

CHAPTER XXI.

MARCHING ORDERS—SOME ONE BLUNDERS—THIRTY-SIX HOURS OF USELESS HARDSHIP—UP THE TENNESSEE—ARRIVAL NEAR FORT HENRY—THE TROUBLE A WOMAN'S UNRULY TONGUE GOT HER INTO.

As I have before mentioned, in the Fall of 1862, the Rebel line west of the Alleganies, began in the great natural stronghold of Cumberland Gap, which was the gateway to East Tennessee; ran west thru Bowling Green, which controlled the railroad from Louisville to Nashville; then thru Fort Donelson that guarded the Cumberland River, and prevented ascent by that stream into Middle Tennessee; 10 miles farther west it past thru Fort Henry, on the Tennessee River, which prevented the use of that great water course to penetrate into West Tennessee, Northern Mississippi, and Northern Alabama. Still farther west was Columbus, preventing our boats and armies descending the Mississippi. Beyond the Mississippi the line became vague, and indeterminate, swaying back and forward in Southern Missouri as the contending armies advanced or retreated. It seldom remained stationary for a week, while that from Cumberland Gap to Columbus seemed as permanent as if fixt there by nature, and it was almost as regular as if drawn on the map with a pencil, as the reader will see if he will take the map and trace out a line from Cumberland Gap thru the points I have mentioned to Columbus.

The problem at that time was where this line should be forced by our troops. Very many high in authority desired that it be done at Cumberland Gap, that assistance might be given the loyal East Tennesseeans, and the Virginia & Tennessee Railroad, which was one of the arteries of the Confederacy be cut. But there were strong military reasons—lack of railroads, water courses, or other means of transportation on a large scale, and a country that gave every advantage to those standing on the defensive—against this, and the project of making it the main movement was abandoned. This left the movement thru Central Kentucky, against Bowling Green and Nashville, and the movement from Cairo, to be considered. For this last there were three great objective points within striking distance. Columbus, Fort Henry and Fort Donelson were all within equal reach, and this was a source of weakness to the enemy, because there was no knowing which place the Union commander was aiming at, and he could deliver his blow before there could be a concentration of forces at the threatened point.

Still there seemed no doubt that Columbus would be the first assaulted, because it was much the most important, and the movements of the Union troops had all pointed that way. Gen. Grant took much pains to encourage this idea. He occupied the most of January, 1862, in excursions from Cairo and Paducah to the neighborhood and rear of Columbus. Sometimes the whole army would be in motion as if it were going to march right upon the fortifications around the Town. On one occasion the heads of the columns were within two miles of the Rebel General's headquarters.

Frequently Walter and Bronson and the rest screwed their courage up to the sticking point to meet the terrible battle which it seemed impossible to avoid any longer, and then they had to let the screws down again, as the line of battle resolved itself again into a column, which took the backward route to old Fort Jefferson, and there re-embarkt for Cairo.

These frequent disappointments had the good effect to teach them all one of the great lessons of soldiership, that it is only a few of the expeditions that one is ordered out upon that results in a battle, and so it is a great waste of emotion to brace up for a sanguinary conflict every time there is an order to fall in and march out of camp. Walter and Karl concluded to follow as far as possible Bronson's sage advice to

"Never cross a bridge till you come to it."

And postpone the stiffening up of their sinews to the moment when there was an unmistakable call for such effort.

Coming back one evening to the tents from another demonstration from Fort Jefferson towards Columbus, Walter found the following in the Chicago papers:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, Jan. 27, 1862.

PRESIDENT'S GENERAL WAR ORDER, No. 1

Ordered, That the 22d day of February, 1862, be the day for a general movement of the land and naval forces of the United States against the insurgent forces.

That especially
The Army at and about Fortress Monroe,
The Army of the Potomac,
The Army of Western Virginia,
The Army near Mumfordsville, Ky.
The Army and Flotilla at Cairo,
And the Naval Force in the Gulf of Mexico,
be ready for a movement on that day.

That all other forces, both land and naval, with their respective commanders, obey existing orders for the time, and be ready to obey additional orders when duly given.

That the Heads of Departments, and especially the Secretaries of War and of the Navy, with all their subordinates, and the General-in-Chief, with all other commanders and subordinates of land and naval forces, will severally be held to their strict and full responsibilities for the prompt execution of this order.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"That certainly means action," said Bronson.

"It's moighty bad news for the Southern Confederacy. Oim afeard that somebody down there'll get hurted afore they're a month older," said O'Neil.

Gen. Grant had no idea of waiting until the 22d of February, however, to make on advance of the "Army and Flotilla at Cairo."

On the afternoon of Feb. 1 came an order to issue to each able bodied man three days' rations, which were to be cookt in readiness to move early the following morning.

"Be jabers! now we'll do something more than take a little walk down towards Columbus and back," said O'Neil, after they came back from hearing the order read. "That indicates that we're going some place for business."

"It's hardly worth while to wonder where it is to be," said Bronson, who had thus early in his campaigning learned the futility of speculating as to where orders to march were to lead to. "But I really wish that if we are ever going to take Columbus we'd do it now and be done with it. I'm awful tired backing and filling around those old bluffs. Let's have it out now, and shut up the mouths of these Rebels who say we can't take it."

"I believe we can take the place, myself," said Walter. "They're not as strong in there as they pretend to be, or they'd've come out and tackled us the other day, when we went down in sight of their works and dared them out into the open field."

Early the next morning—Sunday the 2d—the troops began moving upon the boats. The sky was overcast, and the day gloomy. One of the usual chill rains, that frequently changed into driving, freezing sleet and snow, set in, and soon made everybody wretchedly uncomfortable. But all had obtained the impression that something of importance was about to be done, and the excitement buoyed them up. The boys sang and cheered as they marcht thru the deep mud of the levees, and shrank under the soaking showers. Those already on the boats cheered those that were coming, and *vice versa*. The regimental bands made a brave effort to counteract the influence of the weather by stirring tunes and patriotic airs.

By noon all were on board and anxiously awaiting the starting of the boats. But the orders did not come, and hour after hour rolled slowly away with the rain and snow still beating down pitilessly.

The officers found comfortable places in the cabin, but there was no room there for the great number of men that were crowded upon the boats, and they had to stand the storm as best they could on the open decks.

Night came, and still no signs of moving out tho orders to do so were momentarily expected. The boys huddled around the boilers, and the steam pipes to get what warmth they could, to help them in their struggle with the bitter damp and chill; they nibbled gloomily at the crackers in their haversacks, and tried to invent some way of getting a cup of coffee boiled.

At last Capt. Moor, whose kind heart could no longer bear the misery of the men, allowed them, tho against his orders, to go ashore, build fires on the levee, and make the camp kettles full of hot, strong coffee. This proved to be—as it always is—a wonderful restorative of comfort and cheer, and after the men had warmed themselves, and partially dried out their clothes by the blazing fires they returned on board, spread their blankets out on the decks, and slept till morning.

When they woke up they were astonisht beyond measure to find the boats still tied up to the wharves at Cairo, with no more apparent intention of leaving than had been exhibited the night before.

It was noon before the first boat to pull out cast off her lines and swung out into the stream, in which she was imitated by the rest of her fleet.

Walter was thoroly disgusted.

"I've seen a great deal of heartless indifference to our comfort and feelings, since I've been in service," said he; "but this beats it all. Here have been 10,000 men made miserable for 36 hours, without the slightest earthly use for it, just because some lazy snob of a staff officer hasn't attended to his duties."

"There certainly seems to be no reason why we should not have been allowed to stay in our tents on shore until now," said Bronson. "But let us hope that this is a mistake of some green officer, who will know better next time."

"Me frinds, you'll foind they'll niver know any better; they'll be doing it till the ind of our inlishment," said O'Neil, oracularly, and I grieve to say, that Walter and Bronson found that he spoke the exact truth.

When the boats finally began moving the excitement made the men forget their discomforts. They cheered each boat as she moved out, and were cheered in return by those on board. The bands stationed themselves on the hurricane decks, and played their liveliest.

Tho the weather was still exceedingly disagreeable, Walter and the rest enjoyed the superb sight of the magnificent fleet, of tall-chimnied, towering boats as they swung out on the broad breast of the Ohio, now miles wide by reason of the great floods that were rushing down from the upper country. They were on the first boat to cast off, and assuming their old position on the hurricane roof they watcht everything with interest and, more than anything else, for the course she would take. They were not left long in doubt. Instead of turning around and entering the Mississippi, as they expected, she kept on up the Ohio.

"This is queer," said Walter; "evidently we're not going to capture the 'Gibraltar of the West' on this trip."

"No," said Bronson, "unless we're going to Paducah, to join C. F. Smith, and take it in the rear."

"Well, good-by, old mud-hole," said Karl, waving his hand toward the rapidly receding Cairo; "something dells me that we're thru wit you forever. I don't know where we're going, but I'm sure it can't be to a worse place."

"I shall never forget the nine months we spent in those swamps," said Walter.

"I sometimes wish I could," said Bronson, with a shudder.

The scenery along the Ohio, above Cairo, is dull and uninteresting, and they soon tired of looking at it. But as night drew on the lights on the boats—the cheerful illuminations shining from the cabins, the colored signal lanterns, the strong ruddy glare from the furnace doors, and the flickering, smoking cressets of burning coal set on the bows for torches—formed a picturesque effect, as the boats sped on over the turbid waters, that fascinated their gaze for hours. Some of the boats were much faster than others, and gradually drew away from them, but this heightened the effect, as it scattered the lights over 10 or 15 miles of the River's length.

Weary at length, even with this magnificent panorama of the night and the waters, they spread their blankets on the deck and were soon asleep.

At midnight they were awakened by the noise of the boat landing. They stood up and listened, and soon learned that they had reached Paducah. Away in the distance they could see the approaching lights of the rest of the fleet.

They waited a little while in expectation of orders to go ashore, but none came, and Bronson said:

"Well, I expect we are to stay here all night. Let us turn in again, and get all the sleep we can."

When they awoke the next morning the sun was just rising, in a genial kindly way, as if he would make up for the wretched weather that had prevailed during the night. They found their boat, as well as all the rest of the fleet, tied up to the banks in a stream that, swollen to bank-full, was still much smaller than either the Ohio or the Mississippi, and very different looking from them in all respects. It had strong, high clay banks, upon which, instead of the cottonwood, that they had learned to loathe, were groves of oak, beech and elm. Tho a slight snow covered the ground, many of the trees were budding out, and the atmosfere was that of a Northern Spring morning. A short distance above their boat lay four ironclad gunboats at anchor, with their ports open, and everything in readiness for action. A plank nailed to one of the trees on the bank had

"ITRIS LANDING,"

painted upon it. Orders came to go ashore, and form camps, and this was done with a will. Soon thousands of camp fires were blazing—great, big generous fires, such as men build when they have a forest to furnish fuel, and which seem to shed kindliness as well as heat. A good warm breakfast and the strengthening beams of the sun raised all spirits to exhilaration and the camps speedily became as merry as so many May Day pic-nics. No one remembered now that some blunderer had given them a day and-a half of needless discomfort.

Bronson and the others learned that after waiting at Paducah for the remainder of the fleet to come up, their boat, with the rest, entered the Tennessee River, and ran up it until daylight, when, having arrived within 12 or 14 miles of Fort Henry, which it was the object of the expedition to take, they had stopt, to await further orders. Gen. Grant had gone up with the gunboats to make a reconnoisance of the fort. When he returned the preparations for the attack would probably be begun. In the meanwhile part of the transports would return to Paducah for troops to go up on the west side of the River, and attack a fortification opposite Fort Henry.

As Capt. Moor told his company this the sound of the firing of heavy guns came floating down the River.

"The gunboats and the Fort are at it," said every one.

Presently the boats came back, and the news was past around that they had enveloped the Fort, and exchanged a few shots with it, doing it some harm, but receiving little themselves. One small shell had past thru the "Essex's" cabin, destroying Capt. Porter's desk, and taking off the legs of a pair of his socks hanging against the bulkhead as neatly as if with a pair of shears, and this was all the hurt done. The troops would now re-embark, and move up about 10 miles farther. This was accomplished without any incident, and a new camp establisht, which was called, in honor of the Commander of the Union forces in the West, "Camp Halleck."

A request came for a detail of scouts to explore the country in the direction of the Fort. Bronson askt that he and his companions might be assigned to that duty, and his wish was granted. He decided to take Stock with them, and the whole five started out. All the streams were so swollen that they spread over the country, and had to be waded. The mud was everywhere, and so sticky that walking was fatiguing labor, but the novelty and interest of the service inspired the amateur scouts, and they made fair progress, but saw no sight of the enemy. In the rude log cabins they came to were only women—the lean, lank, linsey clad, pipe smoking, shrill voiced, sharp tongued female of the poor whites of that section, whose thin hair was gathered into a knot the size of a walnut, on the back of their heads, and whose only garment, of linsey-woolsey, was cut from the pattern of an umbrella cover, as if for economy of cloth, and to show the rigid rectilinearity of their hipless, bustless borms.

The men had all gone to the woods, but the women staid behind. At first they would gaze at the strangers in sullen amazement; then their thots finding tongue, they would say acrid things, with a facile glibness, derived from long practice at making bitter speeches.

"No; haint seed no men around hyar for a long time," said one in response to Bronson's question. "Reckon ef there'd bin any hyar aways I wouldn't've seed you'uns. You ain't the kind that comes around houses when the men folks are at home. You think too durned much of your pelts. Ef you're a huntin' men, why don't you go down to the Fort? You'll find a powerful sight more on 'em thar than you keer to see. An' they've got guns, too—guns so big that you kin crawl into 'em, and the very looks on 'em's enuff to make ye sick at the stomach. Here, Tige! Watch! git out, you devilish sneakin' varmints," and suddenly dropping the thread of her partizan discourse, she made a dash at two mangy yellow dogs that, taking advantage of her intent conversation with the visitors, had stolen up to the wide fire place, where the preparations for dinner were being made, and as she lookt around, were each in the act of gulping down a large slice of side meat they had snatcht from a skillet on the hearth. She delivered a couple of savage kicks from her heavy brogans, with an accuracy of aim that told of long practice, in the ribs of the curs, but the yelp they raised as they sped out of the house seemed to have more of exultation than pain in it.

"You said something about big guns," said Walter, when she came back flusht, and angrier than ever. "Perhaps you don't know that we have still bigger guns on our boats, that will knock the Fort's guns into the middle of next week, in no time.

"Ye think ye hev! ye think they will!" she screamed at the top of her shrill voice; "now, let me tell you something: Yer gun boats air never goin' to git a-nigh the Fort! They'll never have a chance to knock anything down! They'll be blowed to flinders long afore they kin git whar they kin hit anything! You hev no idee what they've fixt for you!"

"You mean long-range guns," said Bronson, with interest.

"No, something much wuss nor guns! Something that'll ketch you unbeknownst, and whar you're least thinkin' on it."

"I wonder if she don't mean torpedos?" said Bronson, a sudden light breaking upon him.

"Yes; them's what'll settle your gunboats in short order," she shouted; 'Them's what'll"—and all at once it occurred to her that she was revealing an important secret. "I don't know nothin' about what they're doin'," she said in an altered tone; "but I reckon you'll find 'em ready for you when you come on."

"But I'm inclined to the opinion that you know a good deal more than you want to tell, but what you will have to tell," said Bronson in a cold, resolute tone, that frightened her more than bluster would. "You know that there have been some torpedos put in the River, and you know where they are, and you must tell us."

"O, no, Mister—O, gentlemen, I don't know anything. Afore God I don't," she whined.

"There's no use talking. We're convinced that you do know, and we'll make you tell," said Bronson.

"But how can you make me?" she said with a hasty gust of returning audacity, that showed thru the tears that were now streaming down her leather-like face.

"We'll find a way, and that very quickly," replied Bronson.

O'Neil had caught a sound that came from the loose, split, clap-boards, or "shakes" that lay on the logs that crossed the house above the room, and formed what is called in the South the "loft." There was evidently some one hidden up there! Karl and Stock were standing outside, on guard. Walter was inside. Seeing the direction of O'Neil's glance, he cockt his rifle, and stood in readiness for emergencies.

"Oi suggist that we begin by burning the house," said O'Neil, walking toward the open fire place.

"O, gentlemen; I really don't know anything. I can't tell anything. They'd kill me if I do," moaned the unhappy woman, sitting down in a split-bottomed rocking chair, and rocking violently.

"There's no tellin' what we'll do to you besoides killin' ye," said O'Neil, calmly, picking up the board paddle, and the "poking stick," that do duty as shovel and poker for the poor white's fire-place all over the South. He pickt out carefully the most brilliant brand in the fire, and moved it across the hearth towards the floor. "You go on back toward camp wid her," said he, "and Oi'll ketch up wid ye, after Oi've got thru here."

This was too much. The woman fell on her knees, and cried:

"O, don't burn the house! I'll tell everything! I'll tell the truth, too. I swear to God, I will."

"Well, you'd better be in haste about it," said O'Neil, gathering up some small bits of wood, as if he would use them for kindling. "Oim a very impatient man, an' there's nothing Oi so deloight in as burnin' houses. It's all me frind there can do to shtop me now from loighting the foire immajitly, an' he won't shtop me anuther minnit onlies you talk out roight shmartly."

"Well, then—O, do, put that fire-back in the fire place!—they've planted both the Painter Island chutes [both branches of the stream around Panther Island] full of torpedos, so that the boats can't come within a mile of the Fort afore they'll git blowed up. I seed them a-doin' it when me and the old man were down at the River fishin' one day. They got my ole man to show 'em some things about the best place to put 'em. But—what'll I do! I know they'll kill me for tellin'."

"They'll not kill you for awhile, any way," said Bronson, "because we're going to take you back to camp with us. You are too valuable a mine of information to be out of our possession just now."

"Yis, an' me frind up stairs there, will you plaze come down too? Bekaze Oi'v quite an oidee of foirin' me gun up thru thim boards, jist about where Oi think ye air."

"O, mister, don't shoot, please. I'll come right down," said a whining voice, from above.

The boards were shoved to one side a little, and a shock-headed youth of about 20 lowered himself clumsily thru the hole to the floor below, and stood there, looking cowed and shame faced.

"O, Josh," said the woman to her son: "Ef I hadn't been afraid they'd burn you up, I'd a died afore I'd a'told."

"I don't care ef ye did tell," said the lout sulkily; "they'd no business to put their torpedos down in our River, and bring the Yankees down here, and make us all this trouble, anyway."

"Well," said Bronson, "Get ready to start. The sooner Commodore Foote hears your story the better it will be all around."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ISTHMUS AND THE CANAL.

Some Very Solid Reasons for an American Protectorate.

London Times.

The State of Panama is one of the nine Republics constituting the Confederacy of Colombia, a Confederacy claiming sway over a territory of 830,000, or, according to official returns, of 1,331,325 square kilometers—*i. e.*, twice or three times the area of France, with a long line of coast on both seas, with a population of 2,913,343 inhabitants, of which about half (1,527,000) are said to be "white and half caste white," 900,000 Africans, 126,000 independent Indians, and 468,000 half-caste Indians and negros. Colombia owns, perhaps, the most beautiful, the richest and the most fertile region in the world, as it lies on the northernmost slopes of the Andes, divided here into three main branches, forming the valleys of great navigable rivers—the Magdalene, the Cauca and the Atrato—the declining altitude of the mountains combining to give the country every variety of climate and to fit its bountiful soil for every description of produce. Much of this is as yet unexplored land; a vast part of the wild native Indian population acknowledges no man's sway; another large portion, the colored races, is of little or no use as laborers; and the pure whites, a mere fraction, languish in a climate which undermines their thews and sinews at every new generation. This country, which upon its emancipation by Spain, either as New Granada or under its present appellation of Colombia, repeatedly joined in a combination with Ecuador and Venezuela, and as often broke off and set up for itself, has undergone as many revolutions and made experiment of as many constitutions as it boasts years, or, I may almost say, months of existence, and lives now under a charter framed, as it is supposed, on the model of that of the North American Union, allowing each of its nine States almost absolute and complete self-government under a central Government in the district of Bogota—the nominal capital, a God-forsaken City since it dropped its name of Santa Fe—far away in the mountains, only to be reached by several days' journey on mule back; a mythical seat of central Government, whose decrees seldom reach the States to which they were addressed, and are even less frequently attended to or carried into effect.

The State of Panama, the foremost member of the Colombian Confederacy, extending all along the isthmus from the lagoon of Chiriqui to a little beyond the Gulf of Darien, constitutes a community of 220,000 souls, with as much free control over its own affairs as allows it to do mischief, devolving on the central Government, at Bogota, the duty of repairing it as best it can. Panama has a President, a Congress, an army or militia, a police, a financial administration, and magistrates of its own. It is ruled on the principles of absolute equality and universal suffrage, and endowed with the broadest democratic institutions, including even a law on general compulsory education; but it is in reality under the sway of the armed force of small factions engaged in a perpetual scramble for office, carrying all elections by intrigue or violence, and involving the country in periodical feuds and riots. Witness the affair o the 15th of last April in this City, in which Col. Cavajal, a commander of the Federal or National forces, an estimable officer, who forbade his troops meddling with politics, was assassinated with his son by his own officers, whereupon a bloody fray ensued between these troops and the local army—the former mostly half-caste Indians, the latter negros and mulattos—the City being terrorized by an 18-hours fusilade in the streets, knowing but little of the real causes of the outbreak, and being at the trouble of burying 35 of its victims who were left dead on the pavement. Witness the reckless violation of international laws going on here by the open conveyance of contraband of war to the Peruvians, or witness finally, the barbarous butchery of three highly respectable and inoffensive German subjects, and the wounding of several more at Bucaramanga, in the State of Antioquia, by a miscreant named Collazos, the Alcalde of the Commune, and of Rodriquez, the Chief of the Department, both officers nominees of the State, leaders of a band of ruffians, aided by the troops and police of the State, an atrocious deed of murder, arson and robbery.

Complete lawlessness prompted by rapacity, is as much the order of the day in the States of Columbia as it ever was in Kansas or California in the worst days of Far West rowdyism, with this difference, that in the Northern Union there was a law abiding body of civilized natives determined to enforce order in the same measure as it extended its sway over its remote territory, whereas here the nation is represented by a few unprincipled partisans swaying the country only to rob it, unrestrained by a craven and supine colored population, and by a few aliens unable or unwilling to stand their ground against fearful odds. The construction of the canal, were it to be carried through, might determine the immigration of a large number of influential persons, might interest all foreign States in the introduction of something like order in the Confederacy, might remove the seat of Government to the isthmus, and build up here a community serving as a model to the inland districts. The lands adjoining the canal for a zone of 50 kilometers on both its banks might lead to the drainage, the clearing and cultivation of these wild districts, correcting the unhealthiness of the climate, which now suffers from six months incessant tropical rains and as many months of unmitigated drouth. But were the scheme of the canal to fail to the ground and the present state of things to continue, the rapid material and moral dissolution of this corrupt community and the abandonment of the country to the unimprovable colored races must be looked forward to as the inevitable and not remote consequences.

"Yes," said the Vermont man, "I'm going to take supper at the charity festival to-night, and give them the benefit of my 50 cents, and I won't eat any dinner, so that I can have a big appetite for the supper."—Boston Post.

BORROWING BUTTER.

An Episode in the Life of Gen. Grant—How He Secured His Appointment to West Point.

Special to the Cincinnati Commercial.

COLUMBUS, O., April 4.—There has been much query of late years as to whether Gen. Grant owed his success to his pluck, perseverance and shrewdness, or simply his good luck, and all sorts of replies have been made. The writer recently had a conversation with a one-time prominent Republican Congressman of this State, and the question as to the Presidential candidate of the Republican party came up, and he told a story about Grant that may be some aid to those who desire an answer to the query mentioned above.

He named the condition that his name should not be given, as he is out of politics, and the writer knows him to be a man of great reserve, and to entertain great dislike to public notoriety. Said the gentleman:

"If people think that Grant is indifferent to the nomination, they are greatly mistaken. I will tell you a conversation I once had with Grant, but I don't wish it published, as some might think that I am committing a breach of honor in repeating a private conversation. It was about the time that Grant's name was first mentioned as an available candidate for the Presidency. I was on a train going to Washington, being member of the House at that time. Grant got on the train at Harrisburg, and we rode on to Washington together. Well, I wanted to hear some expression from him about his candidacy, and he replied that he had some doubts about his being able to get the nomination. I then, in order to draw him out, reminded him of Zachary Taylor at Corpus Christi. How he had happened to be in command there at the first outbreak of Mexican marauders, that terminated in the Mexican war, and how from pure accident and the exigencies of that war had made a humble border Colonel President of the United States; and I added that it was more frequently the smallest things that made men great than the pursuit of a well defined ambition. He sat musing for a time after telling him this story, and then, turning around to me, said:

"'I'll tell you, H—, there's something in that, and I can tell you of a smaller circumstance than Taylor's. When I was a boy, living in Georgetown, my mother ran out of butter one morning, and needing some before it could be had at the store, she sent over to the next door neighbor's to borrow some. Well, I was just as well acquainted there as I was at home almost, and opened the door and went in without knocking, and just as I went in one of the folks, the old gentleman, I believe, was reading a letter from a son who was in West Point. Well, I didn't want to disturb them while they were reading the letter, and stood there and heard what was read. Well, the son said in this letter that he had been found—that is, he had failed to pass examination, and he would have to come home, and he had sent the letter one mail ahead, so that the surprise at his return might not be so great. Well, when they got through, I borrowed the butter and took it home, and then rushed down to Thomas L. Hamar's office—he was our Congressman then—and I asked him if he wouldn't send me to West Point. He told me that he couldn't send me until this other boy got through, and that would be for three years yet. 'But, Hamar,' said I, 'suppose this boy should fail to pass examination, and should be sent home, will you send me then?

"'Well, Uly,' said he, 'I guess if he can't pass there'd be no use of you trying it.'

"'But I want you to promise that you will send me,' said I.

"'All right,' said he: 'if he can't get through I promise to let you try it.'

"Well, during the day, Hamar heard about the other fellow, and the next day I went and asked if he had heard the news. He said he had, and after laughing at me for the way I had got him to make the promise, he said it was all right, I should go. Well, I went, and because my mother happened to be out of butter has made me General of the Army of the United States, and I don't know, after all but what it may make me President.'

"You can draw your own conclusions as to whether Grant is anything of a schemer, laughingly said the gentleman to the writer, as he brought the conversation to a close.

CHRISTIANCY AND WIFE.

How the Incongruous Match Came to be Made.

Washington Letter.

During the Centennial among the tens of thousands of people who visited the departments here, every one, old and young, rich and poor, asked to be shown the stamping machine in the bureau that the pretty girl tended who married a Senator, and, had it not been of wrought metal, and riveted to the floor, it would have been carried away by piece meal as relics, or a charm for good fortune to the possessor. The tax-payers who really owned all they saw here, that expressed the tangible form of government, saw nothing that so thrilled them as that mute machine. They would stand and stare at it as if they expected the lovely tender to place within her dainty fingers the bits of paper for the "red seal" that lifts them to the dignity of fractional currency.

When the bride returned she had her compensations for the wagging heads and envious tongues. Lady Thornton, the social *creme de la creme*, called immediately after the stately Mrs. Fish. Good-natured Madame de Mantilla followed and lisped her congratulations in Spanish, which her old husband translated to the bride's old husband, making a very amusing scene all around.

Other notables called who were not so good-natured and much more critical. They voted her given to gaucheries from a lack of form, and seated on so high a chair that her feet did not touch the floor; that her home was not in a fashionable quarter, and her apartments were stuffy and commonplace. But now all is changed, and an ocean-going steamer is bearing Minister Christiancy home from Peru, and the final chapter of another version of that old story, "marry in haste and repent at leisure," will be recorded in the divorce courts of the country.

In society here the lady receives much sympathy. According to the natural laws of selection and harmony, the woman's youth, beauty, grace and charm of manner must militate in her favor against a husband old enough to be her grandfather, and whose habits of life have been such as to give him a distaste for fashionable society, and an utter indifference to the attractions of operas, balls, and other amusements so essential to young people, and which the lady had elected to follow in the wake of rank and riches.

A husband had never been so boldly played for and so easily won as hers. It may be so that the course of true love never runs smooth, but it is a fixed fact that when a woman sets out to catch a husband not handicapped with love, the machine runs right straight along as if it had been oiled for the occasion. The Senator's capture had been determined upon before the opening of Congress, in December, 1875. And so adroitly had the lady managed, seconded by her mother, that a month after they met they were engaged, and married at the expiration of three weeks longer. The lady modestly pleaded for more time in order to earn the money for a handsome trousseau, but the impatient lover placed several hundred dollars in her hand, and implored her to hasten matters.

To keep the wedding as secret as possible, they purchased the wedding outfit in Baltimore, and a fashionable modiste here made the dresses, but no mention was made of the happy man's name in her endeavor to reach the outer world.

The unusual activity of the door-bell, the showers of express and other packages and bundles, and the other bundles of wrapping paper on the fourth floor back landing completely demoralized the servants of the establishment where the interested parties had rooms. These sights, with the fact that the lady did not slip off to her machine in the morning, lent wings to feminine fancy, and the riddle was read, to such purpose that friends of the Senator's were visited by disinterested parties and entreated to save him from what would prove the mistake of his life.

But the friends (so called) declined to interfere, on the ground that if a man of 63 was not able to take care of himself they did not hanker after the responsibility, and then, too, the affair had gone so far he would suffer if it was broken off. So the Senator was left to his fate.

Those who know the true inwardness of the marriage from the beginning have no sympathy whatever with either; the only wonder is that such a marital farce has had the duration of four years.

SEVENTY TONS OF WHALE.

Floated on a Dry Dock and Bringing in More than Whales Usually Do.

New York Sun.

Besides the accustomed smell of fish in the neighborhood of Fulton Market, there is a rich, pungent odor in the atmosphere at South and Fulton streets, just where the sign-board that direct people "To the whale down the dock" are most plenty. This added perfume is a reflection on the whale, and lowers him in public estimation; but it really proceeds from a barrel filled with codheads and charged with steam, the property of a Fulton Market fish dealer. The whale is on exhibition in a sectional deck, warped to the side of Fulton Slip, half way down to the mooring place of the East River steamboats. Two men stood at the foot of the gangplank on Saturday, taking in silver quarters in such quantities that their pockets were expanded by them, and one hand of one of the men exuded small coins between its fingers. These men kept calling, "Step right in and see the whale," and a third man, at the head of the after gangplank, who had a voice with the tone of a fire trumpet, shouted: "The most important part of the exhibition, gentlemen—a full description of the monster, telling what it is, how long it is, when it was caught, and all about it, by the man who caught it—only five cents!" A noise of talking by one speaker, in a more conversational tone, proceeded from beneath the blue and white covering of the floating dock.

This man stood on the whale's hump as the dead leviathan lay along the bottom of the float. A half block of the shiny black animal stretched its length beyond him, while just beneath the path he walked to and fro on the monster's mouth—a bony, boat shaped lower jaw, wider and half as long as a whale-boat, and a narrow pointed upper jaw, fringed with whalebone and triced up with a cable from the top and a beam underneath, placed as corncobs are put in the mouths of hogs in butcher shops. The whale looks like a long, misshapen mass of glossy India rubber. Only what may be called his after part—30 or 40 feet back of the hump—is shaped like a fish, and that terminates much as whales do in pictures, with a fantail, which seems to have been accidentally put on the wrong way. The skin is scratched and torn in places, and the red blood that distinguishes its kind from the fishes stains its flesh. To the windward of the whale there is a strong odor that is not at all fishlike. On the other side the aroma of the fresh lime, which seems to have been carted to the edge of the lower jaw and dumped in, refreshes the visitor.

"I hope you didn't come here to jab knives in him," says the irritable man on the whale's hump, "or umbrellas either, or sticks (pointing to offenders who used those implements.) We ain't exhibiting the inside of the whale, and it won't last any too long as it is.

"Step right along, good people," says the exhibitor to the throng, whose members march singly, hugging a railing that has been put up around the dead whale; "step right along; there's more coming to see the whale. Pass out of the other door. The ear, sir, is just beneath that harpoon—no, that's the eye. Pass on, good people, you'll see the scars of the lances further on. He was not killed with that harpoon—he was killed by two—(that's the spout hole, sir)—by two bomb lances that exploded in him and killed him. Afterward that harpoon was stuck in, and he was towed with it by men in that boat yonder.

"Whales don't have teeth—that's the whale bone," he said presently to a man who wanted to know whether whales "always have hair on their teeth." "That's the tail and this is the head. The spout hole is here at my feet; the ear is under that harpoon; the eyes are these things. What are you trying to do—to see if you can force your umbrella through the whale, or do you want to get inside him? No, sir; the whale is in its natural position, right side up with care. Yes, it's dead. You'll get a full history of the whale when you go out."

There were many women in the throng that kept pouring in at one end of the float and out at the other end. The temptation to poke the yielding mass seemed stronger with the women than the men. On the other hand, the small boys found it impossible to pass the great flat tail or the leathery six foot fin stretched out beyond the railing without walking on them, and jumping just a little when the showman did not see them. There were two men on the after gang plank, and the circulars sold by the man who called them "the most important part of the exhibition," did not wholly agree with what the other man, in a rubber coat, said about the whale.

"This is one of the humpback species," the circular read. "It is 65 feet long, and 46 feet around the body at the hump, and weighs 70 tons. The carcass is worth $500 for oil and bone. He was bought by S. S. Swift & Co., of Provincetown, for $600, and was towed by one of Boston's biggest tugs to New York, which took four days and nights, and cost $450 for towage. When captured 20 barrels of herring were taken out of him. This is the largest whale ever exhibited in the United States. This whale was struck by a bomb lance. A bomb lance is filled with dynamite, which explodes when it strikes the blubber, killing the whale."

"It's a finback," said the man in the rubber coat, contemptuously. "I have been a whaler 23 years, and I never took one of them fishes, though many's the chance I've had to do it. Why, not? Well, they can run like the devil, and they always do when they're struck. This un was sick, or they'd never have got him. There ain't no oil in him to speak of—no finback ever had more'n 15 barrel in him. I'd sooner catch a black fish. Big? Pshaw! He ain't nothing alongside of a right or a sperm whale. It's a good spec though. They paid $700 for him, and took in more than that in the first two hours."

Sothern is reported to have paid $15,0 for his new comedy. He probably paid $5,000 down and gave 20 year notes for the balance.

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubrs.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1880.

☞ Entered at the Post-Office at Toledo as Second-Class Matter.

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As is the invariable custom in all newspaper offices, a subscription year is reckoned as FIFTY-TWO WEEKS.

THE foremost man of all the world to-day is GLADSTONE. War or peace for three-quarters of the globe are in his hands.

OVER 2,500 pension bills have been referred to the Committee on Invalid Pensions, which has so far only reported back 150 of them.

IT is possible to turn even the Democratic stomach. IGNATIUS LOYOLA DONNELLY has made this unpleasant discovery. He should go South now. They are less scrupulous there.

THE total value of exports of petroleum and petroleum products for February is $2,302,000; February, 1879, $1,-965,000; for the eight months ending February 29, $28,250,000; for same period in 1879, $29,500,000.

RENEWED consideration is given in Philadelphia to the project of having BLAINE take the second place on a ticket with GRANT. That would be a ticket that would sweep the country.

POVERTY and dogs are usually believed to have something in common, and this belief is fortified by an announcement from a member of the municipal Government of the bankrupt City of Elizabeth that there are no less than 10,000 dogs in the Second Ward of that City.

FIFTY-TWO newspapers and magazines of this country are edited by colored men. The first of its class, the *Freedman's Journal*, was published in New York in 1827. For 16 years, beginning in 1847, Frederick Douglass edited the *North Star*, which lighted the heavens till "the sun of freedom rose."

A CAREFUL calculation shows that the census of next June will make the population of the United States 49,000,-000. This is neither as high as some writers make it, nor as low as conservative statisticians place the number, but probably approaches very near the truth.

Philadelphia *Bulletin*: "Wal," said a Wilmington (Vt.) farmer, when he had weighed his pork, "the big hog weighed the most; the little hog didn't weigh so much as I expected, and I never expected he would." That is just the way a good many people will feel about the Presidential candidate when he is nominated.

NEW YORK *Herald*:

When the Democratic Jonah isn't marrying,
Isn't marrying,
Some gay and festive maiden out of hand,
Out of hand,
He loves to let his party know he's tarrying,
He's tarrying,
For a further space within this saddened land,
Saddened land.
When the Sage of Cipher Alley isn't lawing,
Isn't lawing,
About a certain ancient income tax,
Income tax,
He loves to make believe that he's "withdrawing,"
He's "withdrawing,"
While quite the contrary are the facts,
Are the facts.

THE Railway system is extending rapidly in Japan, two lines having been recently completed in the Island of Niphon, and a third in the Island of Yesso, the most northerly of the Japanese group. The rails are of English make, but the rolling stock and engines have been ordered in America. The two first engines are to be named Benkei and Yoshitsze, after two celebrated early Japanese heroes. It is the first order of the kind that has been given by Japan to American houses.

MR. SHERMAN's most sanguine friends—those who are attached to him by the strongest considerations of principles—and interest—are silent as to his prospect of carrying Indiana. None of them are so reckless as to claim for him any hopes of this, and yet they know as well as anybody that without Indiana the chances of the Republican party would be precarious indeed. To elect its President the Republican party should carry every State in the North. If it loses New York it is defeated, as will also be the case if it loses Indiana and another of the smaller States. The unmistakable evidence of Mr. SHERMAN's weakness which the canvass for the nomination have developed make it exceedingly doubtful if he could carry New Jersey, Connecticut, New York, or Indiana, against any strong candidate on the Democratic side. He might even lose Maine, New Hampshire or Pennsylvania. These disastrous chances must not be taken. We dare not take them in justice to ourselves and the principles whose success we are convinced is imperatively necessary for the good of the country. Mr. SHERMAN owes it to the party to retire from the field.

A VITAL WASTE.

The sovereign objection to a farther continuance of the movement in favor of the nomination of Hon. JOHN SHERMAN is that it is a waste of energy that the Republican party can very ill afford to lose. We need a concentration of all the force that we have upon a satisfactory solution of the problem of the selection of the best man to lead us on to victory, and the institution of such measures as will make that victory certain.

It is worse than fatuity to persevere in the attempt to force the nomination of a man whose name—it has been demonstrated—is received with coldness everywhere, and too frequently with positive repugnance. It matters not that this coldness and repugnance are in the highest degree undeserved; it is of no consequence that they have in them an element of injustice and ingratitude for illustrious services. The essential fact is that they exist, and their existence is a prime factor in the situation, which dare not be ignored.

Above all things, the Republican party can not afford to enter into the present campaign *loaded* with any man, as it most assuredly would be if Mr. SHERMAN be nominated. It must not be obliged to explain, defend, apologize for, or eke out any man's standing reputation or personal popularity. That the people generally do not take kindly to Mr. SHERMAN as a future President is perhaps unfortunate—doubtless harshly unjust. Undoubtedly he would make an excellent President, but the belief that he would, and the desire that he should have an opportunity to display his qualities as Chief Executive of the Nation are confined to a circle of friends and admirers entirely too limited to make their wishes of great practical value in determining the choice of the Convention.

There is much more important work for the Republican party than the vindication of Mr. SHERMAN against the senseless attacks of the Fiatists, or the rewarding him with the Presidency for the part he took in Resumption. It would be very well to do this if it could be done in conjunction with the higher duties we are charged with at present. But it cannot be. Mr. SHERMAN's candidacy would resolve the Republican campaign from the first into a personal matter—a subordination of all other issues to the one of an indorsement of Mr. SHERMAN's character and course from first to last. The great questions of pure elections, of the definition of the National authority within the States, of the duty of the Nation to protect its citizens when justice is denied them by the local authorities, of the relations of the Government to corporations, and kindred matters of paramount interest, would be forgotten in a wrangle as to whether Resumption was wisely conceived, and carried out with the most skilful advantage of means to ends, and the least possible damage to the business interests of the country. We know from sad experience what a range such a discussion can be made to take, and the difficulty of following Mr. SHERMAN's opponents in all their erratic excursions into the boundless realm of "What-Might-Have-Been-Done." Resumption is now *un fait accompli*. It belongs to the dead Past. We can not turn from the living questions that now confront us, to waste our time in a struggle over its marrowless skeleton.

The probability of Mr. SHERMAN's nomination is already more remote than that of any gentleman prominently mentioned in connection with the office. Daily that contingency recedes farther towards the limit of the impossible. But should he, by some fortuitous combination of circumstances, receive the nomination, his election would have to be regarded as so doubtful as to be possible only by some happy chance. Instead of drawing recruits to the Republican standard, he would drive away some already there, and if we are to succeed we must have recruits. Our majority must be taken from the ranks of the enemy. Mr. SHERMAN's flag has never been an attractive one to the forces occupying the debatable land between Republicanism and Democracy. They have never shown a disposition to go over to it, but rather a strong tendency to go over against it. This disposition seems to grow with the years.

Such is the excellence of the Republican position before the people, and such have been the crimes and errors of the Democracy, that what is sometimes spoken of as the Unattached Vote of the country is in readiness to ally itself with the Republican party and give it victory. Without it we cannot be successful, and we cannot secure it with Mr. SHERMAN at the head of the ticket. If, with all the reasons that the Republicans have to be proud of him, and to be grateful to him, he can secure but little following in the party outside of office-expectants, what possible hope is there that he can attract anybody outside of the Republican party to it in the event of his nomination?

These are certainly very unpleasant facts, but we had better contemplate them now than in the cold gray light which—if they are disregarded—will break upon us in the chill morning after the votes are counted on the night of the first Tuesday in November.

AMERICAN BEEF IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The export of American beef to Great Britain has assumed a magnitude that is beyond all expectation of the pioneers in the trade. In 1875 it aggregated 4,000,-000 pounds; last year the shipments amounted to 54,000,000 pounds, an increase of 50,000,000 pounds in four years.

For the first three months of the present year they have been very heavy, and shippers look to a great increase during the Summer. Business has revived in England, which will of course render trade of all kinds more lively. Then, too, English farmers cannot put their cattle upon the markets until late in August when they are grass fed. Besides the best American beef can be sold in their cities two cents a pound lower than the producer there can possibly afford to sell at. The only way in which the dealers there have managed to compete with shippers here has been by keeping up a prejudice against beef from the United States, it not being considered equal to the native production. A great deal has been sold there under the name of English beef which was really American, bringing in this way the higher prices.

English Capitalists are now turning their attention hither with the idea of importing English stock into this country for the improvement of Western cattle, and it is believed that eventually a large amount of capital from abroad will be enlisted in stock raising here. At present 94 per cent. of the meat shipments from the United States go to Great Britain.

WHO SHALL LEAD?

Next to the employment of none but honorable means to achieve success, the highest duty of the Republican party is to be successful. Its success now is so absolutely essential for the proper completion and crowning of the great work it was raised up to do for the country, that failure will assume almost the magnitude of a crime.

To prevent that failure is therefore a matter of the most earnest solicitude to every man who believes in Republican principles; who believes in conserving the results of the War; who believes that the Rebellion was really suppressed, and justly so; who believes that the lessons of that struggle shall suffer no diminution in emphasis; who believes that the great cost and suffering incident to the readjustment of our finances shall not be wholly fruitless; and, finally, who believes that the heinous methods employed by the Democratic party to attain to the control of the Nation should not—in the interests of public morality, if for no other reason—be allowed to triumph.

The strength of the Opposition is such that the Republicans must employ all their resources to obtain a victory. They have no margin to allow for the commission of mistakes, or to prevent the reparation of possible errors of judgment. Confronted as they are by a powerful enemy, thoroughly trained in the arts of political warfare, adept in all its stratagems, and determined almost to desperation to grasp complete power, every exertion must be made to secure victory—the dispositions for battle must leave nothing neglected that will in the least contribute to a successful issue.

This brings us to the important question of the leadership of the party in the coming campaign. We regret to say that indications seem to point unmistakably to the conclusion that, whoever this leader may be, at all events it should not be HON. JOHN SHERMAN. We have come to this conclusion with the greatest reluctance. All that the strongest admirer of the Secretary of the Treasury can say in praise of that gentleman's character, his statesmanship, his Republicanism, and his service to the country will be freely admitted by us. Yet, for all this, we maintian that his unavailability as a Presidential candidate has been demonstrated beyond a doubt.

The movement in favor of Mr. SHERMAN was organized very early, and by as able managers as there are in the party. No legitimate effort that could promote his interests was left untried, by the experienced gentlemen who were laboring for him. He was presented to the Republicans in all sections of the country in his most favorable light, his distinguished character and services were pointed out to them, and his opponents in the party treated him and his claims with conspicuous fairness. His friends have absolutely nothing to complain of in regard to the treatment of those who are pressing other candidates upon the public attention. Despite all these propitious conditions, the movement in his favor has steadily waned—instead of gathering force, as it should—until now it is undeniably much weaker than it was three or even six months ago. Even in his own State, which a few weeks ago, seemed solid for him, it is now very doubtful if he can obtain a majority of delegates. What, at this rate, will be his strength by the time the Convention meets, we can only imagine.

We will not undertake to discuss why this is so. That it is so is undeniable, and this is sufficient. The Republican party cannot, at the present critical juncture of affairs, contemplate for a moment the possibility of entering the contest under a leader whose popular weakness has already been conclusively demonstrated. The prime requisite in a candidate now is capacity to lead on to success, and this Mr. SHERMAN evidently has not. His candidacy must therefore be treated as something out of the question, and Republicans will have to address themselves to a careful examination of the availability of the other aspirants.

Who the standard-bearer should be is not at present foreshadowed with any degree of distinctness. Events will soon determine this, as they have already determined beyond a doubt that it ought not to be Mr. SHERMAN. When they designate the fortunate man with equal clearness, we have no doubt that Mr. SHERMAN's friends will not allow their zeal in his support to be exceeded by that of any other members of the party.

CADET WHITTAKER.

The case of Cadet WHITTAKER seems to be changing in its coloring every day. Developments go strongly to show that the suspicion of self-maltreatment is an absurd one. The boy's unwavering assertions of innocence, the failure to shake his testimony by the most rigid cross-examination, and the discovery that he was by no means the poor scholar that he was first represented, who was thus endeavoring to save himself from the disgrace of not passing his examination—all these things have combined to cause a great revulsion of feeling in regard to his guilt. Whether the real perpetrators of the outrage are to be found among the cadets is another thing. The officers of the Academy are emphatic in their avowal of disbelief that any of them can be guilty of such brutality, which cannot be called hazing, and declare that it must be the work of outside parties.

Meanwhile the conviction is gradually growing that things are not as they ought to be at West Point, or a cadet found in WHITTAKER's condition would not at the outset be treated and tried as a criminal. He should not have been branded as a liar unless the proofs that he was so were of the strongest kind, which they do not now appear to be. The course taken demonstrates a caste prejudice incompatible with Republican institutions, and goes far to give color to the accusations of the enemies of the institution that it is a hot bed of aristocracy, and not managed with any degree of impartiality. The feeling that this is so is becoming so strong, that, according to Washington Correspondents, it is probable no appropriations for West Point will be made until it is shown that Cadet WHITTAKER has been treated with perfect fairness.

SCHOOL PUNISHMENTS.

Boston with its boasted refinement, its superfine culture, seems to be lingering upon the confines of barbarism yet, in regard to the management of its schools, judging from the report of the Superintendent. It has been supposed that the days of frequent personal violence, designated as corporal punishment, inflicted by teachers upon refractory scholars, had passed away, at least, in a city like the "Hub." Yet Mr. ELIOT says "the monthly reports of some of our grammar schools come in ringing with the echoes of blows—130 corporal punishments in one school, 137 in another; in each for a month, and a month averaging 21½ days of five hours."

This sounds strongly to the people whom Bostonians would regrad as almost at the edge of civilization,—certainly as being far behind them in culture. The BLADE will venture to say, however, that no such showing as that could be made in Toledo. The cases where blows are struck in our schools are exceptional, as they should be, for there is no surer way to degrade a child than to keep him in continual fear of bodily harm inflicted for every little misdemeanor. He is taught by this fear to be deceitful, dishonorable, cowardly. His moral nature is inevitably dwarfed in a degree which cannot be measured.

Corporal punishment is a relic of barbarism. That it may *seem* necessary at times in extreme cases, is not denied, but it is also absolutely certain that some other form of punishment would be equally restraining and less harmful. That the majority of teachers mean to be unnecessarily severe is not to be supposed, but that they may sometimes become exasperated beyond control like other people, and go farther than they intend, is true. The BLADE does not believe with the Boston *Transcript* that there is in any City a "host of inhuman teachers. Possibly it may be the case in Boston but not in Toledo. The course marked out by the *Transcript* might be a good one to be pursued everywhere, leaving out the vindictive feeling which evidently possesses the writer in his further discussion of the subject.

For our own part, believing corporal punishment in schools a thing dangerous to entrust to any teacher, we would have it wholly abolished; but, failing this, we would have every teacher feel that he or she wields the the rattan, and sentences to other punishments at his or her peril, and that anything approaching undue harshness or severity will inevitably result in disgrace and immediate dismissal.

At present there is very little limitation to the power which the teacher has in this direction. It is only justice to say that there are many scholars in the public schools whose treatment at home appears to have rendered them incapable of comprehending any other kind of coercion than that produced by a blow, but the majority of these cases *can* be reached in other ways, though they may require an amount of patience equal to that possessed by GRISELDI.

THE RESERVOIR SYSTEM.

So many plans have been advanced for the improvement of the Mississippi River, discussed with enthusiasm and then abandoned that people are beginning to look with distrust upon any new scheme that is put forward. The last one which has been brought before Congress, seems feasible and may be possibly carried through to a successful completion. That the floods of the Father of Waters might be controlled by a system of reservoirs in the upper part of its course has been affirmed by some of the best engineers of the country. There are, they say, a series of natural basins near the head of the River, small lakes which could easily be made larger, and sufficiently so to hold the surplus flow until the season of low water when it could be allowed its way without danger, thus securing good navigation the whole year.

Without doubt much could be accomplished in this way, but to do all that is claimed to be possible it would appear necessary to carry out the same course with all of the Mississippi's great tributaries. The Missouri pours in a great flood each spring time to swell the rushing tide that is hurrying on to the Gulf. So, too, with the Red, the Arkansas, the Ohio and numerous other streams, each mighty in itself, and each sending in its contribution far below these series of basins which are contemplated for reservoirs. It is claimed that it would require but a comparatively small outlay to control all of these rivers, and it is probable that an appropriation will soon be made to accomplish a reconnoisance of the headwaters of the largest of them.

Extended works in this direction would perhaps assist in solving the problem of the navigation of the lower Mississippi. A uniform current without floods would bring down less debris and the channel would not choke up so rapidly. The expense of keeping up the levees—should that miserable system be persisted in—would be diminished, and the carrying out of any other plan for the improvement of this great commercial outlet would be simplified. However, the whole thing is yet but a theory, but one that carries enough of practicability upon its face, to receive careful consideration from Congress and the people at large.

THE Liberal victory ends for awhile the rule of showy humbug and pretentious mediocrity in England. Were BEACONSFIELD in this country he would be a Democratic leader. He has the qualities of one—the profound contempt for the common people—the firm belief that they can be caught and gulled by meretricious show, and tolled hither and yon by coarse flatteries and deceptive clap traps. He has never allowed the advocacy of a single principle to embarrass his his candidature, he has been all things to all men—if they would only vote his way. There is only one ending to this. Sooner or later the demagog is found out, and then he sinks into obscurity. Lord BEACONSFIELD's administration has now lasted six years, and the overwhelming victory of the Liberals show that he has been thoroughly found out. The common sense of the country indignantly asserts itself against a longer continuance of this harlequinade, and Mr. DISRAELI's day is gone.

THE NEGRO emigrants to Liberia seem to have a difficult time in securing a passage hither. A large number from Helena, Arkansas, are now in New York, where they have already been waiting for six weeks, and have a prospect for an indefinite extension of the time before a ship will sail for the desired shore. The Colonization Society does not seem very enterprising or successful in its efforts when such delays are made necessary.

APRIL 14TH.

This is the anniversary of the night,
When, flushed with news of the surrendered foes,
Its beauty, power, wealth, intellect and art
Were gathered in the Nation's Capital,
Within the ample theater, ablaze
With light and flooded with sweet strains.
All faces smiling with intense delight
At peace assured and end of war's dread reign;
And all eyes looking with a grateful pride
On him, their chief, seeming the least elate,
For sadness always mingled with his joy
And cares with all his pleasures—even then
[illegible] revolving with magnanimous thought,
[illegible] best the gentle hand of mercy might
The exacting lines of justice in
Narrower limits than the right might show.
Sat unconscious of the stealthy tread
Of assassin close behind his back;
[illegible] in one terrible moment all was changed:
The auditorium had become a stage
Its actors grown spectators of a scene
[illegible] art had never reached. The crashing death
Tore through his brain, and then the miscreant leaped,
Tripped, and fell prone upon the stage, but straight
Upspringing, shook his dagger at them all
With insolent bravado, and ere they
Could from the horror rouse themselves to act
The flying spume of seething hell was gone.
But the fell work remained to mark for aye
The crowning act of the Rebellion's crime.

Alive, but all unconscious, he was borne
Away to die; and soon the news was flashed
Athwart the earth—"The President is dead,
By an assassin slain," and nations mourned:
For he was loved, and called "Lincoln the Good,"
The great emancipator of the slave.
His countenance was honest as the sun's,
And men bent to their labor in his smile.
No petty fears were his lest underlings
Should tread upon the skirts of dignity,
But all approached, and felt at ease, and knew
Their friend, and with sure answer went their way.
Living, he was America's; but dead,
He is the world's. He now has joined the host
Of mighty spirits that have shaped the past,
And in the realm of mind march grandly on
Through all to-morrow's, to inspire bright youth
With pure and lofty aims.

Toledo, April 13.

For the Blade.

AROUND CAPE HORN.

Six Months on Blue Water.

A Very Old-Fashioned Experience.

A Lady's Log of a Trip in a Sailing Vessel from New York to San Francisco—One Hundred and Sixty-Five Days of Winds, Storms and Calms.

PART III.

AUGUST 14.—For more than twenty-four hours have we been monarchs of all we survey. Not a sail to be seen, even with the glass. The wind is fair, and we are keeping up a good rate of speed. The weather is perfect, and the blueness or the water something wonderful. It is an unceasing delight to watch the ocean. Its waves in sublime cadence roll by, and the white caps chase each other like a great flock of snow white, panic-stricken flock of sheep up and down the azure hills. But the one supreme hour of all the day is that between seven and eight. After our six-o'clock supper our little party of half-a-dozen assemble on deck, to watch the waves, the beautiful sun-set, and the no less lovely rising of the moon. At the divine touch of this alchemist each rope, and beam, and spar is transmuted into silver. It is an ideal picture, with every trace of grossness eliminated.

Those who go on a sailing-vessel are exempt from many of the trying things one must encounter on a steamer. This is by way of compensation. We are our own washerwomen, but are not compelled to appear in any other *role*. This is the place of all places where old, seedy, unfashionable raiment is *en regle*, and you may luxuriate to your heart's content in broken-down slippers, napless hats, and frayed habiliments, and find that there are plenty to keep you in countenance. My favorite head-rigging is an ancient, discarded sun-hat, donated by Mrs. F., with many apologies on her part, and sincere thanks on mine. With this relic tied firmly under my chin, over a large handkerchief folded cornerways, and also secured by a knot, I can sit at my ease on deck. The liberal expanse of my hat-brim protects me in a measure from the sun's rays, while the handkerchief keeps my hair from blowing in my eyes—not elegant, certainly, but oh so comfortable!

I wonder if there is another place in all the world where one can be lazy with so much grace as at sea. You wrap yourself in idleness as in a mantle, bask in its narcotic like atmosphere, and dreamily listen to the measured, dirge-like swell of the ocean, as if this were eternity, and you were contented to drift with the tide.

I sometimes try to realize our complete isolation from all the world. For months no morning newspaper will meet the eye, with its revelation of social successes, financial fluctuations, births, deaths, and marriages, the markets, the political and geographical condition of our own and other countries—the eulogiums of some and condemnations of others. If people are weary of the bustle and strife of towns, let them come to sea, and they will marvel to find that the sight of a few flying-fish skipping the translucent waves will rouse more emotion than to read enthusiastic lines to the effect that Grant has landed in San Francisco, or the President's wife given a reception at the White House. Words are pitifully inadequate to express the beauty and grandeur of the ocean, its seemingly measureless expanse, its awful depth, the resistlessness of its power, its vivid, changing colors, and the solemn yet soothing roar of its breakers.

August 6.—Yesterday dawned with an overcast sky, and there was a strong suspicion of rain in the atmosphere: the sea, consequently, had lost its lovely indigo-blue, and deepened into an almost inky blackness. The wind was splendid, and we were sailing sometimes eight, sometimes ten knots an hour. Great waves tumbled and roared with glorious levity, rushing one upon another, and forming thousands upon thousands of gleaming cascades. A large turtle, caught napping by the Ocean King and turned unceremoniously over, recovered himself, by an ungainly struggle or two with his flippers, and paddled slowly off. Every stitch of canvass was spread, and all seemed serene; but about one o'clock a great black cloud loomed up in the western horizon and soon stretched its ominous pall over the whole firmament. By this time both the starboard and larboard watch had been called out, and were hurriedly furling sail—stimulated to still further exertions by the shouted orders of the official as well as by the more active assistance. The water now seemed a deep and singularly vivid purple, against which the white-caps looked most ghastly. The scene was indescribably grand as the wind increased in violence, shrieking amongst the rigging, and seemingly trying to baffle the efforts of the sailors as they labored at the monster sails. Soon the rain commenced to descend in torrents, whereupon the sea and wind were quieted as if by a magic touch. When the storm had abated somewhat in violence, the sailors *rattled* about in yellow canvas suits, looking not unlike grotesque canvassed hams. All were engaged, as though their lives depended upon it, in catching rain-water. Barrels, buckets and pitchers were pressed into the service; the ducks were released from their coops, and had a delightful time of it paddling about the sloppy deck; and when the rain was quite over, the sailors stopped up the scuppers, through which the water escaped into the ocean, and had a universal washing-bee. Every lurch of the vessel to windward left their washing high and dry, but when she came back to leeward the accumulated waters submerged them again, besides treating the naked feet and ankles of the washers to an impromptu bath. This morning, sundry clothes-lines in the vicinity of the bow are adorned with a miscellaneous assortment of masculine garments, suggestive of old clo'-dealers' peculiar wares. We are sailing directly east; this is in order to strike the most favorable winds when we change our course to the southward. Last night the ocean was indescribably beautiful, the waves running nearly as high as the taffrail against which we leaned, as they broke and threw their snow white foam high into the air. Each drop of water was as the setting of a diamond, so abundant was the phosphorous. In the night there was another storm, with thunder-and lightning, and with the usual accompaniments or stentorian orders—"ye ho's" of sailors, creaking of brace-blocks, and wails of the fiercely-driving winds, beside the augmenting of the almost continuous complaining of the straining ship's timbers. But one readily adapts oneself to a new set of noises. Instead of the rumble of the milk-wagon at early dawn, the watchman's rattle, or the tramp of the belated pedestrian, we have the swash of the salt-water against our windows about four A. M., as the men swab the decks, and the ever-eloquent sayings of the wild waves, with their lullabys, their vesper and matin chants.

A Portuguese man-of-war (Nautilus) sailed as majestically as so small a thing can close to the windward of us this afternoon; and a new and larger species of petrel paid us a brief visit. The Mother Carys have not deserted us yet.

August 7.—We are now in the stormy regions, and squalls are the order of the day. A mast, with some rigging attached, floated by this morning. The barnacles adhering to it indicated that it had been in the water a long time. If that tempest-tossed piece of timber could speak, what tales might it not tell of shipwreck, of horror and despair. There was another big fall of rain in the night, and the waves this morning are throwing themselves into a thousand lovely and fantastic shapes. All mundane pleasures must be alloyed in some way, and as I claim to be a strictly veracious chronicler, it becomes necessary to record the annoyance we experience from red ants. They are very numerous, and insinuate themselves into everything—food, clothes, water and berths. The wearing of "rough-dried" clothes soon becomes a matter of indifference, but we doubt our ability to get used to the ants.

August 8.—"And the winds their revels keep." Almost all children are curious to know how the winds are created, and from whence they come. Were you with me, you would feel confident that they were begotten away in mid ocean, and that the winds and waves were the most lawless of twin-brothers; a mad time they have of it, at any rate. Out here they hold perpetual high-carnival, and seem no more amenable to laws Divine than to those made by man. When a great, strong, majestic ship comes sailing along, these busy giants look upon her as their legitimate prey; the waves catch her and toss her about *sans ceremony*, as if she were the merest straw, while the winds shriek their rude laughter through her rigging. I grieve to add, that oftentimes they engage in unhallowed sports, the mere thought of which blanches the cheek and makes the stoutest heart to quail; but what description, written or spoken, can do justice to the terrible grandeur of a storm at sea? The wind is capable of accomplishing much mischief even on land, but water proves an ally, fully as fierce, remorseless and uncontrollable. The waves receive a very large share of our attention. We seat ourselves on deck, with a book in our hand, but, ere long—be it ever so interesting—our attention wanders, and we begin to speculate as to what the wild waves are saying to-day—for they will always invite one's notice with their whispers or laps when they do not compel it by their turbulent roars. A day or two ago I likened the white-capped waves to a flock of sheep, but so mild a creature could not have figured in yesterday's programe. The great waves, eighteen and twenty feet in hight, crowded fast and furious one upon the other. The advancing ones, as the wind blew the spray backward, looked not unlike countless numbers of swift war horses tossing their manes. We averaged ten knots all day, the ship standing at an angle which made a stroll about deck a proceeding devoid of both ease and dignity. At nine o'clock we went on deck to bid adieu to the night, which was a glorious one; the wind whistling merrily about our ears, the great masts loaded with their swelling canvas standing out in bold relief against the sparkling firmament, the waves yeasty and phosphorescent, it seemed a base want of appreciation of so much loveliness to desert it at so early an hour; but ship discipline decres that we shall be early birds aboard the Ocean King; so nine o'clock sees us marching off, like good children, to bed. The wind, however, kept increasing in violence until half-past eleven, when it became a perfect gale. The binnacle-bells tapped for both watches to turn out, and then, blending with the roar of the tempest, could be faintly heard the shouted orders of the captain and mates, and the "aye, aye, sirs," of the sailors. It seems a herculean task to reef sail in the teeth of such a wind; the struggle, in Egyptian darkness, with bellying canvas, and with the fierce and wicked blast tugging on every side to dash the poor fellows down from that dizzy and shaking hight to certain death below. Two of the sails were torn to shreds before they could be taken in. I was on my knees in the berth half a-dozen times in the night, looking, with feelings of awe, at those hurrying billows, which showed a settled determination to invade the privacy of our state-room. The vessel would sometimes seem to stand perfectly still for a few moments, then tremble as though it were a thing of life, and knew what fear was; then recover herself, and plunge ahead. About one A. M. the rain fell in torrents, accompanied by blinding sheets of lightning and deafening thunder. This morning the waves are much higher than they were yesterday. The face of the deep is decidedly torn up; the sun shines brightly; the ocean has resumed its ultra-marine garments; the white-capped rollers look as if rain-bow-kissed, while those nearest the ship hang out their "bow of promise" bravely. The damaged sails have been replaced by new ones; and, instead of two men at the wheel, as was necessary during last night's storm, there is now only one; but it was three o'clock before anyone slept.

August 11.—Lat., 37 deg. 10 min., N.; Long., 38 deg. 20 min., W.—We have, for the last day or two, been sailing slightly south. If the wind continues favorable this week, we will in a few days turn our course directly to the southward. But we went straight east from New York fifteen hundred miles without deviating. Our Sundays aboard-ship are, I regret to say, wearisome beyond expression. There is no service of any kind, and the enforced abstinence from time-beguiling lace-work is a penance which tries the temper of my respected contemporaries to a degree. If Somnus woos his unlucky victim too persuasively, an ear-splitting blast from the fog-horn jerks that person out of a nap and into a rage most effectually; but it is comforting to reflect that the fog-horn experiment cannot be repeated on the same day, for its over-persuasive notes have not floated entirely away on the Sabbath air before the indignant captain, dishevelled from his rudely-broken siesta, appears upon the scene and confiscates that musical instrument in the twinkling of an eye. I have seen Le Grand Duchess snatch General Boum's aigret from the *chapeau* of the disgraced Fritz in that identical manner. Yesterday we worried through the day with reading and watching—as long as they were in sight—the gambols of a school of young porpoises. Our washing days do not occur as regularly as they do on land, as they are dependent on the weather and on the falls of rain. When we sailed from New York we had nine thousand gallons of water in our tanks, of which fifty gallons per day are served out for the entire vessel; not any of this water is used for laundrying. Calms are feared in this latitude; but thus far our average rate of speed has been five knots.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES."

—*Shakespeare*

New York World.

Col. "Bob" Ingersoll has met his match in Canada. He was challenged to a discussion by a clergyman named Bray and promptly declined. The name frightened him.

⁂

It has been remarked that Grant has seen more and said less than any other man living. Now he will begin to say more and see less.

⁂

A dairyman could furnish clean milk if he would only strain a pint to accomodate you.

⁂

There are 15 bicycles, says a local journal, now running in Peoria, and the number will be increased to 100 inside of two weeks. Flowers for funerals are getting cheaper, but good rosewood coffins remain the same.

⁂

Sherman has again nominated himself, and it's about time he assembled himself somewhere and ratified the nomination.

⁂

A cultured dentist in Boston has this legend beneath the shield on his coupe door: "Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus."

⁂

A poor wretch, who would sleep in the morning, wishes that when the day breaks he could get a little peace.

⁂

"Don't be afraid," said a snob to a German laborer; "sit down and make yourself my equal." "I vould haf to blow my prains out," was the reply of the Teuton.

⁂

Second thoughts are best. It is not the same with mortgages.

⁂

Sherman's "hired men" in Ohio can't build fence.

⁂

Worth is said to have made this remark to a lady who was dowdily dressed: "Madame, I cannot risk my reputation on you.

⁂

Ada (aged four), who was doing something, and was told to desist by her mother. Mother: "Ada, am I to speak to you again?" Ada: "Yes, ma, you may if you like,"

⁂

"I don't want a lead pencil, I tell you," said a lawyer annoyed in his office by the importunities of a buxom woman who would not go away. "Excuse me, sir," she answered, "but you have made a mistake. I am a beggar, I have not come to peddling pencils.

THE TROUBLE.

He Wasn't Exactly Clear About It.

Detroit Free Press.

At 11 o'clock the other night a Detroit policeman came upon a man pounding vigorously on the door of a dwelling house, and he asked what he wanted there. The pounder was pretty well set up. He descended the steps, went close up to the officer and softly whispered in his ear:

"It's my—my own abode, and I w-want to get in."

"But why don't you call out?" asked the blue-coat.

"B-because I dont want to g-give myself away. I want to get into the house b-before the jawing commences. I want my wife to think it's a somebody else."

"Well, go ahead, but don't arouse the neighbors."

The officer sauntered on, but in about 10 minutes he encountered the tipsy citizen on the other side of the block. The man was thoroughly drenched with cold water, and had lost his hat.

"Hello! didn't you get in?"

"N-not quite."

"Couldn't awaken your wife, eh?"

"The trouble was," whispered the man, as a big shiver galloped over him, "the t-trouble was that she was awake all the t-time."

"And she deluged you from a second story window?"

"I-I'm not 'zactly clear as to whether it was a thunder shower or only a pitcher of w-water, and I thought I'd h-hunt you up and ask you if th-thunder showers ever come in the night, and if lightning ever knocks a p-perfect gentleman off his own doorsteps?"

Amateur Window Gardening.

The following extract from a private letter will stir up bitter memories of the past in the breasts of many who have had a like experience in their attempts to outvie professional florists:

"Before forgetting it, I want to tell how you may cultivate a little window garden, as I know how fond you are of such things, and what success you usually have.

"Take a round sponge, soak it in water and then sow millet, canary and water-cress seed plentifully in the openings. Hang the sponge in a window where the sun can reach it and water it night and morning until you grow old, blind and infirm, and you will perhaps see instead of a sponge, a floral ball, *and perhaps you will not.*

"I did not.

"Maria did not.

"The florist did.

"Charley made the attempt, and managed, after months of effort and ceaseless nights of watching, to notice two or three sickly little green things sprout out, looking like pin worms. Further cultivation would have been tried, but life is too short. If, in the interest of science, you wish to continue the experiment, I will send you our sponge by mail."

Not Much of a Loss.

Cleveland Sentinel.

A young lady went to a drug-store Monday, located not a hundred miles from the market house, and had a prescription made up.

"How much?" inquired the lady.

"Fifty cents," said the clerk.

"But I have only 45 cents with me," replied the customer; "can't you let me have it for that?"

"No, ma'am," said the clerk, "but you can pay me the five cents when you come in again."

"But suppose I were to die?" said the lady jocularly.

"Well, it wouldn't be a very great loss," was the smiling response.

And immediately the smiling clerk gathered, from the indignant flash on the lady's face, that he had been misunderstood, and before he could assure her that it was the little balance and not her that would be no great loss, she had bounced out at a go-as-you please gait, and was beyond the sound of his voice.

Blowing Hot and Cold.

From the Denver Times.

The threat that Kansas is too cold a climate for the colored man to live in, was well answered by a proposed emigrant from a Southern State the other day. A white man was telling him of the climate when he asked: "Oh, Mars Bob ain't dat Kansas de place de big squabble was over a'fore de wah?" "Oh, yes," was the reply. "Wall, den, ef it was good for slave niggers, how comes it to be so bad for free ones?" No answer when last heard from.

A Modest Man.

Burlington Hawkeye.

If Bismarck insists on his resignation, the Emperor William knows our address. Up two flights of stairs, and knock at the right hand door. Don't kick on the panels.

PLAYS FOR AMATEURS.

Capital Aids to Amusement.

An Evening's Entertainment for Fifteen Cents.

The growing popularity of amateur theatricals has led to the preparation of a great many short plays, with an especial view to their presentation at school exhibitions, parlor and semi-public entertainments, and similar occasions. In response to frequent inquiries for plays of this character, we have selected a number of the best from the lists of Drama, Comedy and Farce, and now offer them to our subscribers at prices as favorable as they can be obtained elsewhere. We also add a few very pleasing parlor operas, which are bright and attractive, and are composed largely of familiar music, set to new words and scenes:

Class I. Price, 25 Cents Each.

The plays in this class, with the exception of "Class Day," are calculated to occupy an entire evening, and the effect will be greatly heightened where the Company can have the use of drop curtain and the more common stage accessories.

THE OCTOROON; or, Life in Louisiana, by Dion Boucicault; a drama in five acts; 11 male, 6 female characters.

THE VIRGINIA VETERAN (military drama,) four acts; 7 (principal) male, 4 female characters, soldiers, guerillas, etc.

MRS. WALTHROP'S BACHELORS, (comedy,) four acts; 6 male, 4 female characters.

REBECCA'S TRIUMPH, (serio-comedy,) three acts; 16 female characters.

THE TWO ORPHANS, as played by Kate Claxton, (melo drama,) six acts; 13 male, 10 female characters, soldiers, ladies, etc.

CLASS DAY (farce,) one act; 4 male, 8 female characters.

Class II. Price, 15 Cents Each.

THE SCULPTOR'S TRIUMPH, (national allegory,) one act; 1 male, 5 female characters.

THE WIFE'S SECRET, (drama,) 9 male, 3 female characters.

YOUR LIFE'S IN DANGER, (farce,) one act; 3 males, 3 female characters.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE (farce,) one act; 4 male, 3 female characters.

THE FLOWER OF THE FAMILY (comedy,) three acts; 5 male, 3 female characters.

OLD HONESTY (comic drama,) two acts; 5 male, 2 female characters.

SARAH'S YOUNG MAN, (farce,) one act; 3 male, 3 female chaoacters.

AN UGLY CUSTOMER, (farce,) one act; 3 male, 2 female characters.

SUNSHINE THROUGH THE CLOUDS, (drama,) one act; 3 male, 3 female characters.

THE TURKISH BATH, (farce,) one act; 6 male, 2 female characters.

BOUQUET (comedietta,) one act; 2 male, 2 female characters.

THE CLEFT STICK, (comedy,) three acts; 5 male, 5 female characters.

COUSIN TOM, (comedietta,) one act; 3 male, 2 female characters.

ALWAYS INTENDED, (comedy) one act; 3 male, 3 female characters.

THE GRECIAN BEND, (farce,) one act; 7 female characters.

THE GREATEST PLAGUE IN LIFE, (farce,) one act; 8 female characters.

NICHOLAS FLAM, (comedy,) two acts; 5 males, 3 female characters.

A LITTLE MORE CIDER, (farce,) one act; 5 male, 3 female characters.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS, (drama,) two acts; 7 males, 4 female characters.

TRUE UNTO DEATH, (drama,) two acts; 6 male, 2 female characters.

A SLICE OF LUCK, (farce,) one act; 4 male, 2 female characters.

SMASHINGTON GOIT, (farce,) one act; 4 male, 3 female characters.

A PRECIOUS PICKLE, (farce,) one act; 7 female characters.

NEVER SAY DIE (farce,) one act; 3 male, 3 female characters.

BREAD ON THE WATERS, (drama,) two acts; 5 male, 3 female characters.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE, (farce,) one act; 7 male, 3 female characters.

THE LAST LOAF, (drama,) two acts; 5 male, 3 female characters.

MY PRECIOUS BETSY, (farce,) one act; 4 male, 4 female characters.

ONLY A CLOD, (comic opera,) one act; 4 male, 1 female 1 female character.

WE'RE ALL TEETOTALERS, farce,) one act, male, 2 female characters.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL, (arranged from Dickens' Christmas story,) three staves; 9 male characters.

A LOVE OF A BONNET, (comedy,) one act; 6 female characters.

A THORN AMONG THE ROSES, (comedy,) one act; 2 male, 8 female characters.

SHALL OUR MOTHERS VOTE? (comedy,) one act; 11 male characters.

THE CHAMPION OF HER SEX, (comedy,) one act; 8 female characters.

THE REVOLT OF THE BEES, (allegory,) one act; 4 female characters.

SEEING THE ELEPHANT, (comedy,) one act; 5 male, 2 female character.

GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME, (farce,) one act; 2 male, 2 female characters.

JOHN WOPPS, (farce,) one act; 4 male, 2 female characters.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS, (farce,) one act; 8 male characters.

DUNDUCKETTY'S PIC-NIC, (farce,) one act; 6 male, 3 female characters.

THE DUCHESS OF DUBLIN, (farce,) one act; 6 male, 4 female characters.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, or Our Boys of '76 (patriotic drama,) two acts; 8 male, 3 female characters.

VISIONS OF FREEDOM, (national allegory,) one act; 4 principal female characters, attendants, etc.

THE MAN WITH THE DEMIJOHN, (farce,) one act; 4 male characters.

A SEA OF TROUBLES, (farce,) one act; 7 male, 1 female characters.

MY UNCLE, THE CAPTAIN, (farce,) one act; 6 male characters.

TOURNAMENT OF IDYLCOURT, (allegory, one act; 12 principal female, other minor characters.

THE GREAT ELIXIR, (farce,) one act; 9 male characters.

THIRTY MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS, (farce;) 4 male, 3 female characters.

THE RUNAWAYS, (farce,) one act; 4 male characters.

PUTKINS, (comic drama,) one act; 2 male, 2 female characters.

A RACE FOR A WIDOW, (farce,) one act; 5 male, 4 female characters.

A DROP TOO MUCH, (farce,) one act; 4 male, 2 female characters.

BLANKS AND PRIZES, (comedietta,) one act; 6 male, 2 female characters.

THE PHANTOM BREAKFAST, (farce,) one act; 2 male, 4 female characters.

PAYABLE ON DEMAND, (domestic drama, two acts; 10 male, 1 female character.

DANDELION'S DODGES, (farce,) one act; 4 male, 2 female characters.

A SOLDIER, A SAILOR, A TINKER AND A TAILOR, (farce,) one act; 4 males, 2 female characters.

THE ANONYMOUS KISS, (comedietta,) one act; 2 male, 2 female characters.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS, (farce,) one act; 6 male; 4 female charasters.

THE WELSH GIRL, (comedy,) one act; 3 male; 2 female characters.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT, (drama,) two acts; 6 male; 2 female character.

DORA, (pastoral drama,) three acts; 4 male; 3 female characters.

DONE ON BOTH SIDES; (farce,) one act; 3 male; 2 female characters.

A HUSBAND TO ORDER, (serio-comic drama,) two acts; 5 male; 3 female characters.

ANOTHER GLASS; (drama,) one act; 6 male; 3 female characters.

THE HIDDEN HAND; (drama,) 5 acts; 15 male; 7 female characters.

COALS OF FIRE; (drama,) one act; 6 male characters.

BROTHER BILL AND ME; (farce,) one act; 4 male; 3 female characters.

NEW BROOMS SWEEP CLEAN; [comedy,] one act; 6 male characters.

THE PEDDLER OF VERY NICE; [burlesque] of the trial scene of the Merchant of Venice, one act; 6 male; 1 female character.

APPLES; [comedy,] one act; 1 male; 2 female characters.

JOHN DOBBS; [farce,] one act; 5 male; 2 female characters.

WANTED A MALE COOK; [farce,] one act; 4 male characters.

USING THE WEED; [farce,] one act; 7 female characters.

MONSEIGNEUR; [drama,] three acts; 14 male; 5 female characters.

A TENDER ATTACHMENT; [farce,] one act; 7 male characters.

Operettas, Musical Plays, etc, 15 Cents Each.

THE LOST CHILDREN; [musical entertainment,] five acts; 6 principal male; 4 principal female characters; chorus of children, etc.

THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE; [a Christmas entertainment,] 1 male and one female character, children, etc.

JENNY LIND, or the Swedish Nightingale [operatic bagatelle] one act; 4 principal male; 1 female character; 9 minor male characters.

CONJURATION; [operatic charade of four syllables,] 2 male; 4 female characters.

THE PILGRIM'S CHOICE; [operatic allegory,] one act; 17 male; 17 female characters.

ACCELERATE; [operatic charade of four syllables,] 5 male, 1 female character.

COLLEGE NED; [operatta,] one act; 6 male; 4 female characters.

DIAMONDS AND TOADS; [operatta,] one act; [four scenes,] 2 male; 6 principal female characters.

SANTA CLAUS' FROLICS, (a Christmas entertainment for little folks,) with songs for boys and girls.

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once into the waste-basket.

2. Mathematical problems, and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper for the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms, or corporations, doing a general business. The BLADE's endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

J. S., Paradise, Nev.: It is published in New York City.

READER, Washington, D. C.: See rules at the head of this department.

G. A. H., Carlos, Kan.: Consult the Congressman from your District.

J. J. C., Thielmanstown, Minn., says: I find the answer to the problem sent by A. N. S. to be 26¾ feet.

W. M. R., Guelph, Kan.: Write to publisher of Congressional Record, Washington, D. C. He will give you full particulars.

ANDREW VANSICKLE, Geneva, Ind., wishes the address of any two of his comrades in Company K, 24th Regiment Ohio Volunteers.

A. N. C., Carml, Ill.: We are sorry to see anonymous letters go into our waste-basket, but under the rules they cannot go anywhere else.

L. M. R., Aurora, Neb.: We do not know anything of the merits of the article you name, and have very serious doubts whether it has any merits.

WALTER S., Doniphan, Neb.: Address Soldiers' Orphans' Home, Xenia, O., or Protestant Orphans' Home, Toledo, O. Either may be able to aid you.

R. B. C., Yoncalla, Or.: The works of Confucius have been translated into English. We should think George P. Putnam's Sons, New York, could help you.

The BLADE has inquiries from parties who wish to purchase evergreen broom corn seed. Those who have it to sell could do well by patronizing our advertising columns.

A READER, Pagosa Springs, Colo., asks: "Will some one please give a brief sketch of Dr. C. M. Fiser and his connection with Fontanneau; also his present whereabouts, if still alive?"

R. T. BURNER, Sturgeon, Mo., wishes to obtain the postoffice address of Dr. Castle, late Assistant Surgeon of the 9th Missouri. At the time of his enlistment he resided in Cass Co., Mo.

J. J. C., Thielmanstown, Minn., asks: "Is it necessary for a minor, on becoming of age, to take out "papers," if said minor's father has become a citizen previous to that time?"—It is not.

MARCUS L. SLOAN, Rochester, Minn., desires to obtain the addresses of Capt. J. C. Wilcox, of Co. H, 5th Iowa Cav.; Dr. Wise, 5th Iowa Cav., 1863; Dr. B. Y. Shelly, Asst. Surgeon of the same regiment.

RICHARD DONALDSON, Rockbridge, O., wishes to obtain the address of Frenchie and Ebright, of Co. G., 58th Regt. O. V. I., who were detached to the 1st Missouri Battery, in 1861. Last heard of at Dayton, O.

J. K., Mansfield, O.: Our own private and confidential advice is to let the establishment named alone. They may be good and reliable, but if you are not an expert in that line you can make money by keeping out.

W. B. CATON, Winfield, Kan., Bugler of Co. E, Merrill's Horse, would like to hear from any of his comrades who belonged to this regiment at the close of the war, especially if they reside in Kansas.

W. H. WILDMAN, West Point, Neb., wishes to obtain the address of Lieut. E. F. Webster, or any member of the 25th Battery Ohio Vet. Vol. who was with the battery from the time it left Crane Creek, Mo., until it reached Little Rock, Ark.

F. B. J., Fair Grove, Mich.: We regret to say that we do not keep the books named. We do not make any special terms to agents for the books contained in the BLADE catalog, for the simple reason that they are sold so low that there is very little if any margin.

MRS. H. M. ACHESON, South Oil City, Pa., wishes to obtain the name and postoffice address of some member of Co. C, 7th Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers, late war, having a knowledge of William J. R. Acheson (now deceased) serving in said company during the late war.

MRS. M. A. L., Vernon, Ind.: We regret to say that we have not the remotest idea of what became of the verses in question. It would be comparatively easy for correspondents to keep copies of short articles of this character, and thus save editors a vast amount of trouble.

W. N., Valley Falls, Kan.: We do not imagine that either of the causes you name could seriously affect the water of your well. If you have an iron pump it would be better, before using the water, to pump off that which had been standing in direct contact with the iron.

J. L. S., Freeburg, O., writes: "At the primary held March 25th last in Washington Township, Stark County, O., for President, Blaine received 64 votes, Grant 7, and Sherman 4. The people in this County want Blaine. It is to be hoped there is no Presidential 'machine' in Ohio. Let us have fair play."

T. W., Prosperity, Pa.: The sets of Macaulay's History of England are very neatly and substantially bound in cloth, and the express charges to your station would be about 50 cents. We still have a few sets of the history on hand, and if you want them should advise you to order soon. The books cannot fail to give you satisfaction.

B. F. C., Lewisville, Or., would like to obtain the address of Charles N. Galbreath, formerly of Freeport, Pa.; also of Robert W. Seymour, a Captain on the Ohio River. When last heard from he was in St. Louis, Mo. 2. You would get more satisfactory information regarding Congress from a "Tribune" Almanac or other political manual.

NATHAN SALSBURY, Le Grand, Ia., wishes the postoffice addresses of the following named men belonging to Company E, 130th Illinois Regiment: Capt. Sexton, Sergt. Hughes, Privates William Applegate, William Williams, William H. Acers, Thomas Helenback. He also wishes to know the Regimental Surgeon's name and his postoffice address.

J. T. N., Morenci, Mich.: There are some 80 land offices and 60 officers in the West. If you will tell us what States you are interested in we will try to give you definite and serviceable information. Life is short, and we do not care to spread knowledge over too wide a surface, for fear it will be simply a waste of time.

J. F. G., Anthony, Kan., writes: "The soldiers will feel grateful to you for your advocacy of the measure giving Government land, instead of money, as a bounty to the soldiers of the late war. It is the most practical and sensible plan that has yet been suggested, and will not cripple the Government. I trust it will prove successful."

S. C., Killbuck, O., asks: "If a note is drawn one year after date, with interest at six per cent., to be paid annually, will the interest draw interest after the maturity of the note, if not paid?"—We believe that where such cases have been litigated, the courts, as a rule, have refused to allow interest to draw interest after it is due.

SUBSCRIBER, Big Rock, Ioa.: We do not see how we could make our statements regarding the "Standard Letter Writer" any plainer than we did. It was for sale by the Blade Company, but the supply is now exhausted, and we offer in the place of it a Ladies and Gentleman's Letter Writer: popular price, $1.00; our price, 50 cents. See announcement on the fourth page of the BLADE.

M. E. P., Sylvania, O., wishes to know the meaning of the inscription on the State seal of Michigan, commencing with the word "Tuebor" on the shield.—There are two mottoes on the State seal of Michigan, the first, "Tuebor," signifying I guard, or in this case, more properly, I am guarded. The second motto, "Si quaeris peninsulam amoenam circumspice," is translated, "If you seek a fruitful peninsula, look about you."

H., Glen Fawn, Tex.: In New York City a machine for setting type is now successfully operated by steam, and in London, Eng., another has been employed, which works from a perforated copy, somewhat on the principle of the power loom. Indeed, a number of machines have been invented from time to time for this purpose, but we could hardly undertake to give a detailed description of any of them here, for lack of space.

C. H., Norwood, N. Y.: The dependent you name is entitled to a pension from the date his wife died, because she could not have obtained a pension unless she proved her husband did not support her, and that both parents were dependent on the soldier son in part for support. The mother has the first claim for pension, then the father. You request us to recommend an attorney to procure the pension for the father, and we refer you to T. W. Tallmadge, Washington, D. C.

A. W. M., Albany, N. Y., sends the following problem: A and B go into partnership. A owns the property, and is to receive $500 out of the repairs to come out of the rent. A takes the funds part of the year, and receives $218.16 above expenses. B takes the funds the rest of the year, and receives $281.93 above expenses, repairs, etc. During the year A draws $228.07 from the firm, and B $188.32; the repairs amount to $391.42. What is each one's share at the end of the year? B pays for all repairs from the funds in his hands.

H. M. F., Allegan, Mich., asks: "1. Who was the author of the book called 'The Arabian Nights' Entertainment?' 2. Was Artemus Ward ever connected with or did he ever run a show, and was that his real name?"—1. It is not known. Many of the tales in question have been handed down orally through many generations, till all trace of their origin has been lost. 2. Charles F. Browne (Artemus Ward) was never connected with any show save his Great Moral Exhibition, which existed only in his own exuberant imagination.

S. P. S., Dalzell, O.: In stereotyping, a mould of the type or cut to be produced is first taken in paper or plaster of paris and a cast made with type metal. In electrotyping, an impression of the type or cut is taken in wax by means of a powerful press, and this is first covered with a coating of plumbago or black-lead, and afterwards deposited in a bath, where it is subjected to a galvanic current, and a fine coating of copper thrown down upon the black-leaded surface. The copper film, which is about as thick as a sheet of heavy letter-paper, is then backed with tin foil, after which melted type-metal is poured in till a solid back is produced. This is then mounted on wood or otherwise as may be desired.

J. S. L., Kecttsville, W. Va.: The climate of Colorado (that is to say on the eastern slope of the mountains) has proved very beneficial to persons suffering from asthma, the early stages of consumption and other pulmonary complaints. But persons in the advanced stages of consumption can receive only temporary benefits, and it is useless for those who have allowed the dread disease to obtain a firm hold to go to that State with the hope of a permanent cure. 2. The mineral resources of the State are now so well understood by all who have read the papers during the last few years, that it seems hardly worth while to go into details here. 3. A railroad to Leadville is in process of construction, and we believe is to be completed this year.

R., Windsor, Ill., asks: "Suppose an American wanted to address an European Sovereign, how would he direct? Please give the address of Queen Victoria and Prince Bismarck."—Both the people you name are reasonably well known at their respective postoffices. You might mark your letter for the first: "Her Majesty Victoria, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India, Court of St. James, London, England." There is doubtless a fuller and more formal style of address employed by her own subjects, but in this country, where every citizen is a sovereign, the address given ought to suffice. As for the second, you might simply say "His Excellency Herr Prince Otto von Bismarck Schonhausen, Berlin, Prussia."

J. R. M., Webster, Pa., writes: "I am glad to see your position for giving 80 acres of land for each year of service to the soldier. I am in favor of it, and so we are all of the soldiers that I have spoken to. I would like to hear the views of others on it. The Weaver bill was a dodge of a demagogue, and almost impossible to carry out, if pressed. But the Government has the land, and I am in favor of a bill such as you mentioned, making the land non-transferable, so long as the soldier lives. If you will get up some petitions to that effect, and send me one, I will spend a day or two in getting signers. I served Uncle Samuel three years, having enlisted in 1861, and as there is plenty of land, and some to spare, I hope our Senators and Representatives will pass a bill this session.

W. E. C., Alexandria, Minn., asks: "1. Was not Hon. Charles Foster (Governor) nominated or tendered the nomination for member of Congress by the Republicans at Toledo, two or three years ago, as the Democratic Legislature had gerrymandered his District so as to insure his defeat? 2. Was he a resident of the Toledo District? 3. Is there not a question in Ohio as to whether a member of Congress may not represent some other District than that in which he resides?"—1. Yes, but he declined to accept it. The line dividing the Toledo Congressional District and the one in which Mr. Foster resided ran directly through Fostoria, where Mr. Foster then had his home. 2. He would have become a resident in the Toledo District by simply moving into another part of the Town. 3. We believe there is no question that it is essential that a member of Congress should reside in the District which he represents.

CLERK, Wauseon, O., writes: "I notice in your Answers to Correspondents of the 10th inst. you say that quarter dollars of 1853 are worth from 40 to 50 cents, according to condition, and that half dollars are worth from 75c to $1.00. Why are they worth so much more than their value? Who buys them at that price?"—If our correspondent would stop to think a moment, he would hardly ask such a question. From the beginning of coinage by the General Government, a great many different designs have been employed. Many of these are of a commemorative nature or possess other historical associations. In some years very few of the pieces quoted were coined, and hence their scarcity makes them sought after to complete collections. In addition to these, there are the same general reasons which frequently give a supplemental or fictitious value to an article.

S. S. H., Mount Joy, Pa., asks: "How is gun cotton made, and how does its force compare with that of gunpowder?"—Gun cotton is made by soaking cotton wool in a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids. The sulphuric acid has no effect on the cotton, but it is used to take up water and thus to make the action of the nitric acid more perfect. As soon as the cotton is fully soaked, the acid is squeezed out of it, and it is washed until all the acid is removed. After drying it is ready for use. Guncotton is more dangerous to make than gunpowder, because it explodes more easily and with more force. It also costs more. It has passed very generally out of use. Nitro-glycerine, made in much the same manner from glycerine, in nearly the same way, is much stronger.

D. P., Farmington, Minn., asks: "Will you please explain the Crittenden Compromise, and its bearing on the slavery question?"—The Crittenden Compromise introduced December 18, 1860, was this: "To renew the Missouri line of 36 deg. 30 min.; to prohibit slavery north and permit it south of that line; admit new States, with or without slavery, as their constitutions provided; prohibits Congress from abolishing slavery in States and in the District of Columbia, so long as it exists in Virginia and Maryland; permit free transmission of slaves by land or water in any State; pay for fugitive slaves rescued after arrest; repeal the inequality of commissioners' fees in Fugitive Slave act, and to ask the repeal of personal liberty bills in the Northern States. These suggestions to be submitted to the people as amendments to the Constitution, and, if adopted, never to be changed."

H. P. L., Saybrook, Ill., asks: "1. How does a man proceed to get his name changed? 2. What is the present price offered for indelible ink, and who would I apply to, to get anything out of ink to cancel postage stamps?"—1. A very common way is to apply to the Legislature of your State for special authority to assume another name. 2. We do not know that any set price is offered for indelible ink. Indeed it is a serious question whether any such ink has ever yet been devised. Some years ago the Postoffice Department at Washington spent considerable time and money in an attempt to obtain an indelible ink that could be used in canceling postage stamps. A great many different compounds were offered, all of which claimed to be indelible, but when submitted to the experts in the department they invariably succeeded in washing them out. The consequence was that the Department became disgusted and positively declined to examine any more samples. Since that time the matter has remained in *statu quo*.

F. L. C., Mendville, Mo., asks: "1. Please give some good and appropriate questions for discussion in a debating society. 2. What would be suitable for a young gentleman to give a young lady friend for a birthday present? 3. What should a person say, when introduced to another, when one says, I am happy to meet you—what should the other say?"—1. We have frequently given lists of this character, but here are a few more: Resolved, That inventions improve the conditions of the laboring classes. 2. That capital punishment, as a matter of expediency, ought to be abolished. 3. That increased wealth has a favorable effect on the morals of a nation. 4. That there should be a property qualification for suffrage. 5. That a man is justified in disobeying a law of his country, which he feels to be morally wrong. 6. That a lawyer is justified in defending a bad cause. 7. That it is expedient for Congress to pass an international copyright law. 2. This is a matter for one's own taste and means and the relation of the parties to decide. 3. Say "thank you," or "the pleasure is mutual," or "you are very kind," or any other pleasant thing that comes into your head. True courtesy has as little as possible to do with mere forms.

D. P. M., Huntington, W. Va., asks: "Will you please give me particulars of the organization of the U. S. Signal Service, with any facts regarding it that may be of general interest?"—The Signal Service of the United States owes its development and present importance very largely to the ability and efforts of Gen. Albert J. Myer, who, in 1866, after distinguished services in the war of the rebellion, was made Chief Signal Officer in the Army. Under an act of Congress, approved in February, 1870, he was charged with the special duties of the observation and giving notice, by telegraph and signals, of the approach and force of storms on the sea coast and northern lakes, at the military posts in the interior, and at other points in the States and Territories. By a subsequent act, he was charged with the special duties of telegraphing, etc., being authorized to establish signal stations at lighthouses, and at such of the life-saving stations as are suitable for the purpose, and to connect these stations by telegraph with such points as may be necessary. The Signal Service as now organized consists of 18 commissioned officers, 150 sergeants, 30 corporals, and 220 privates. This force has the management of 217 stations, extending from the Dominion of Canada to the Rio Grande, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Of these stations, 143 take meteorological observations, 24 are known as sunset stations, 11 as display stations, 24 as special river stations, 12 as commercial stations, and 3 as printing stations. Telegraphic and mail reports are also received from four stations in the West Indies and 19 in Canada. At stations furnishing telegraphic reports, the men are required to furnish, tri-daily, on each day, the results of observations made at three fixed hours, and embracing in each case the readings of the barometer, the thermometer, the velocity and direction of the wind, the rain gauge, the relative humidity, the character, quantity and movement of upper and lower clouds, and the condition of the weather. These observations are taken at such hours, at the different stations, as to secure absolute simultaneity—allowance being made for the differences between the fixed times (7:35 A. M., 4:35 P. M., and 11 P. M.) and the local time, at the different stations. Three other observations, at 7 A. M., 2 P. M., and 9 P. M., local time, are also taken and recorded at each station, and a seventh and special observation is taken and recorded at noon each day. When such instrumental changes are noted at this observation as to cause anxiety, the fact is at once telegraphed to the central office at Washington. An eighth observation is taken at the exact hour of sunset at each station, and this, embracing the appearance of the western sky, the direction of the wind, the amount of cloudiness, the readings of the barometer, thermometer and hygrometer, and amount of rainfall since the last preceding report, is communicated to the central office, with the midnight report. So perfect is the discipline, and so trustworthy the work of the force that the reports from the stations, covering the whole expanse of the continent, are frequently concentrated at the central office at Washington, in the space of 40 minutes. The officers and men are instructed for the different branches of the service at a signal school of instruction at Fort Whipple, in Virginia, some three miles from Washington, and at the central office in that city. The term of enlistment is for five years, and the service is open to any American citizen of good character who can face the rigid tests of the preliminary examination. The course of instruction includes the use of meteorological instruments, the modes of taking observations, and the forms and duties required at observation stations, and for the display of storm signals. The men are also taught telegraphy, and are drilled with arms and in the usual duties of soldiers—the design being to qualify them for any possible exigency that may arise. All enlisted men, before leaving Fort Whipple, are also drilled in the manœuvring of field telegraphic trains, the rapid erection of telegraphic lines, and the management of all the apparatus habitually used by the corps in the field. A total of 852 voluntary observers, embracing among them distinguished scholars and men of influence in every State of the Union, and nearly every foreign country maintain a regular correspondent with the central office at Washington.

Chinese as Pianomakers.

Oakland Times, March 27.

There was a time when the making of slippers and cheap boots and shoes was a business managed by white men in San Francisco. Millions of dollars were represented in that one industry. The white journeymen were not altogether docile; they would strike sometimes for higher wages or fewer hours. Some of them would get drunk Saturday nights, and not be sober enough to go to work until the next Tuesday. There were many other annoyances, and the employers finally concluded that they would make more money and have less trouble if they used the 'cheap and reliable labor of Chinamen. They placed these people in their factories, instructed them in the trade, and for a time everything seemed to be prosperous. As soon as a squad of Chinamen understood the work they would leave and set up business on their own account, Chinese capitalists furnishing the money needed for the purchase of machinery. The Mongolians now have nearly the whole of that branch of trade, the former white employers having been bankrupted or driven out of business by this kind of competition.

We observe that the New York pianomakers talk of hiring Chinese mechanics. It would be hardly any worse for them if their factories were to be blown up with dynamite. When the Chinamen learn that business they will inevitably obtain control of it. Those New Yorkers seem to think that they know more about the Chinese than we do in California, and will probably learn their mistake after two or three of their leading industries have been monopolized by them.

A Perforated Stomach.

San Antonio (Tex.) Express.

The little girl, Jessie Lumly, upon whom the operation of gastrotomy, or cutting through the stomach, was performed by Dr. Acrif, last August, and who has since received all her nourishment through the stomach, is gaining strength and flesh very rapidly. The child masticates the food given her, and being unable to swallow, takes the chewed diet and inserts it into her stomach through the tube placed there by the surgeon. She has got so she can digest any sort of food given her, and appears to be perfectly healthy and as cheerful and frisky as any of her playmates.

PENNSYLVANIA WITCHCRAFT.

A Damsel Supposed to be Possessed of a Devil and a Sorcerer Who Pretended to Work Miracles in Her Cure.

Harrisburg Telegraph.

For the last three years Stony Creek Valley has been excited on the subject of witchcraft, the alleged witch being an old or middle aged woman living in that classic region, named Boyer, who is charged with having bewitched a girl named Kildey. Mrs. Boyer is a reputable German woman, her husband being a hard working man engaged on the railroad. Mr. Kildey, the father of the girl, is a decent, orderly man, rather intelligent, but who fully believed his daughter had been bewitched by Mrs. Boyer. He is not alone in his faith. Hundreds of other people also believe it, the faith in Mrs. Boyer's witchcraft rendering her an object of aversion and making her and her husband very uncomfortable. A chip peddler named McClain is the reputed witch doctor, who lives in Fishing Creek Valley. The Boyers were at last compelled to prosecute McClain for having induced Kildey to believe that their daughter is really bewitched. The hearing of the case took place at 'Squire McAllister's, Fort Hunter, yesterday, the road in front of the office being crowded with people and the office filled with excited believers in witchcraft.

William Kildey, the father of the bewitched girl, known as an old river pilot, called Squire, told the following story under oath. He said: Three years ago, my daughter took sick, and I tried all the physicians in the neighborhood without getting any relief. He heard of a man in Harrisburg named Wolf, who told him his daughter was bewitched. Miss Kildey's half sister made a visit to Harrisburg to Dr. Moulson, and she said that he had shown her the face of the witch, in water, who had possession of her sister, and the face of the witch was a Mrs. Boyer, stepmother of John Boyer, the Prosecutor. Mr. Kildey then heard of Armstrong McClain, a Fishing Creek chip peddler, and he (Kildey) got Samuel Bell, in the same valley, to go with him to McClain's, who said my daughter was "punished by the evil one." He said they could go home and he would lay the evil one, by which the girl would be relieved at the setting of the sun, and he would come over in the morning and give her some medicine.

When Bell and Kildey got home it was found that at the settling of the sun the girl was relieved. McClain got to Kildey's the next morning and administered the medicine. After three visits Kildey said she got well and continued well until this spring a year ago, 1879. McClain got for his services $5. Again in 1879 the girl had another attack from the evil one. McClain was sent for, and said, when he examined the patient, that she had the same trouble. To this Kildey replied: John B. Black, of Horrsburg, a school teacher in Stony Creek valley, in the year 1879, had given her over to the wife of John Boyer, who is a stepson of a Mrs. Boyer to kill her by watchcraft. McClain again gave her medicine, which took the spell off, and a second fee was paid. In January of this year the girl again took the spell, when Mrs. Kildey went to McClain and got the medicine to help her. McClain then came over and said she had the same thing but administering another dose of medicine with the remark if that did not do good he could not help her. Kildey believes she got this last attack in January while on the road to a wedding, during which they had to pass Mrs. Boyer's house. Mrs. Boyer discovering the party in the road began to abuse them in Dutch, declaring that she would make them go for McClain again. That night Miss Kildey took it again, and, sure enough, McClain was called again.

In the course of his testimony before the 'Squire, Kildey said: "My daughter says that Mrs. Boyer came into her bed last night and said she had her now, and would keep her."

'Squire McAllister appealed to the good sense of Mr. Kildey, asking whether he could be deluded by such stuff, when Kildey replied with solemn conviction: "Squire, I firmly believe that Mrs. Boyer is a witch—that she bewitched my daughter—and I have spent nearly all my means in the past three years to have her cured." Kildey also said that a young man, who wanted to come home with his daughter from Sunday school and was refused, handed her over to Mrs. Boyer to be tortured.

John B. Black sworn: I taught school in Stony Creek Valley, near the residence of the Kildeys; about the 10th of April, 1879, Mr. Kildey's son George asked me if I would not go to their house; I inquired "What for?" He replied: "Emma is very sick, and father and mother think she is bewitched again and want you to go for McClain, the witch doctor, or stay until father would go;" I went to the house and found the girl in a rocking chair, propped up with pillows; I said: "Emma, I'm sorry you are sick; what's the matter?" She said: "The old complaint; the father and mother excitedly added: "It was that devil, Mrs Boyer, had bewitched her again," and they expected McClain to cure her; the father went for McClain, who came about 10:30 A. M.; the father wanted McClain to relieve the girl at once; McClain said it would take time; the father said: "For God's sake, relieve her now, for she has suffered enough to kill two horses;" to this McClain said: "Well, I can do it:" he then took out of his pocket a bundle of papers containing herbs, roots, and white powder; he filled a bottle with water after adding the herbs and powder; he asked for an old hammer and got it, and then went out of doors and returned in 15 minutes, approached Emma and said: "Now I will kill the witch." I inquired: "Who is she?" He replied: "Mrs. Boyer." He took the hammer, drew back as if to deliver a heavy stroke, and then touched her three times on the right temple very lightly. McClain then went out with the hammer and returned in about 10 minutes, saying to Mrs. Kildey: "If your spotted cow kicks when you go to milk her to-night, don't abuse the cow," adding, "I have settled Mrs. Boyer and she will die." He said further that he had settled old Mrs. Boyer, and she bursted open her coffin when they were burying her; Mr. Black said he asked McClain whether he really had done that when he replied emphatically, "I done that."

Samuel Bell, one of the most reputable citizens of Stony Creek valley, was next called. He testified he went with Kildey two years ago this summer to get McClain to cure his daughter; McClain said he could cure her, telling her to go home and at sundown she would be cured: "I will come over to-morrow and take off the spell, and the one who bewitched her shall die in seven months."

McClain having been given a hearing, admitted the facts as to his visit to Kildey's, and his practices while there. 'Squire McAllister put McClain under bonds of $500 to answer to Court. The case is one showing the existence of a superstition in Dauphin County which is as deeply grounded as was that of the old-time Salem witchery. When the case gets to Court it will prove one of the most interesting ever heard of its kind.

A Possible Premier of England.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Hartington, after 20 years in politics, is still conspicuous chiefly as the son of a Duke and the butt of a rail splitting and joke splitting President. In the early part of the war he distinguished himself in attending one of Lincoln's receptions by wearing a secession badge in his button-hole. Old Abe's eye caught the badge as soon as his ear caught the name, and as he squeezed the hand of the young prig he trod on his social corn with a brutal remark that he would always remember the name of Hartington because it rhymed with Partington. Hartington is now trying to wear Palmerston's breeches, but they are rather baggy for him.

A lecturer was explaining to a little girl how a lobster cast his shell when he had outgrown it. Said he, "What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes! You cast them aside do you not?" "Oh, no," replied the little one, "we let out the tucks."

MATILDA WORTON'S STORY.

A Gypsy Who is Accused of Stealing Mr. Jessop's Money.

New York Sun.

"Is she going to tell your fortune?" asked the lively matron of the Raymond street jail, as she jingled her keys on her way to the prison corridor where the gypsy woman, Matilda Worton, is confined. "Cross her palms with two pieces of silver and you'll then know your future." Mrs. Worton, who is accused of having robbed William Jessop, a wealthy mill owner of Princeton, Gibson County, Ind. in January last, of $2,250, which she had obtained as, it is alleged, to help her learn the secret of his future life, appeared at the wicket of the prison hall door and peered out with two bright and penetrating black eyes. "She'll pierce you right through with those eyes," said the matron, throwing up her hand as if to shield herself from the sharp glances. Mrs. Worton, when questioned for an account of her transactions with the rich Indiana mill owner, came out her cell and took a seat by the window. She is tall and thin, and her complexion is of the color of a ripe olive. Her hair, now lined a little with gray, is for the most part cold black and luxuriant in growth. She combs it in waving folds down on both sides of her face. She exclaimed first against the cruelty of the police in breaking into her apartments, where her children were sick, and where one, she believes, is now dying, and rifling her bureau of the $1,290 that, she said, belonged to herself and husband. The latter, she said, hadn't the slightest part in any of her dealings with Mr. Jessop, and if there was any wrong or crime, she alone was to blame, although her husband was being treated as her accomplice.

"Mr. Jessop," she said, "has forced me to expose his case. He was a widower with one child, and was anxious to get married. There were two widows in the Town he liked equally well, but they did not return his affection, and he sought my aid to get him a wife, and to give him my opinion as to which one I thought would suit him best. I saw both of them and told him that the elder one would, I thought, make him the better wife. He had been engaged to the other one, but the engagement had been broken off. As the elder widow had some property, he was pleased with my opinion, and was anxious to have me get her to be his wife. He had faith in my power to secure her for him. I told him that I could not undertake to do his courting for him, but I would read his fortune and see if he could ever gain her, and then I would undertake, if properly rewarded, to help him. I tell fortunes by the planets and by reading the lines in one's hand. I told his fortune, and told him that if he was to get the rich widow, he must pay for having some one bring them together. I agreed to go to her and tell her that she should marry, and that Mr. Jessop was the man for her. He promised me $2,250, and gave it to me in my hands a number of times, but I would not take it at first, and gave it back to him. At length I did take it, with the understanding that if, by the first Monday in May, I did not succeed in bringing him and the widow together, I would return his money. I had to come East with my money, and but for the fact that my children were taken sick I would have come back before this, and would have brought about the match or returned the money. Now he says that all he wants is his money back, and doesn't care about my getting the widow. The story about the substituted package of newspaper slips cut the size of greenbacks and tied up with a handkerchief like that which his money was tied in has all been made up. He knew when I took the money away, and he knew that I had to leave the place for awhile, but that I expected to return."

When Timotheus Worton, the alleged gypsy husband, was called out of his cell, a short, pudgy, English-looking man of 60 appeared. He has an aquiline nose, sharp steel gray eyes, and reddish side whiskers. He took a good-humored view of the situation, and said that, instead of being a gypsy, he was a native of the Isle of Jersey, of pure English extraction, and now he was a citizen of Hudson County, N. J., where he owns a large amount of property. "There never was a gypsy in America," he said, "except those diplomates at Washington who represent Egypt. Of course, as we travelled about, horse trading, and lived in camps, and my wife, who is a little cracked on spiritualism, told fortunes, we got the name of being gypsies, but all the time we were Jersey people. I go West with my family to buy and trade horses, and we were around this village of Princeton for four or five months. This fortune telling affair was a secret from me, and I did not know anything of it until, some weeks ago, my wife told me about an agreement she had made to bring Mr. Jessop and a widow together, and to make a match between them, and said that we would have to go back there. So I bought tickets, and we intended to go back as soon as our children got better. I don't believe in this fortune telling business at all, and if Mr. Jessop had told me what was going on, he never would have had to arrest us. Now he has taken this step, we will fight him in the courts, and I believe that the contract between him and my wife is one that the civil courts will recognize. If it is fulfilled, we will keep Mr. Jessop's money, but he can't lock us up to prevent us from carrying it out, and then demand his money back.

Both Worton and his wife were before Justice Walsh on Saturday, but as Deputy Sheriff of Tingle County, Indiana, and Mr. Jessop had gone to Albany to secure from Gov. Cornell an acceptance of the requisition to enable them to take the gypsies back to Indiana, Justice Walsh remanded the prisoners until to-day, by which time the requisition is expected to be ready.

The Blunder of a Lifetime.

New York Correspondence Utica Herald.

It is only great men who make great blunders. Sometimes they retrieve them, but occasionally this is beyond their power. Such was the case with Napoleon in his fatal Russian campaign, and thus it appeared to be the case with Edwin Booth. At the age of 30, and in the midst of a degree of success such as the theatrical world had never before witnessed, he projected that playhouse which became his ruin. Three years were spent in its construction. The locality is admirable, and the building is in all respects perfect. It was intended for the highest walk of the drama, and Edwin Booth became its manager. Rarely is a genius adapted to the sober duties of a business man. Booth's splendid dream was soon broken by the vulgar necessities of an empty treasury. He was, in fact, a bankrupt before any of his friends imagined the extent of his losses, and this gave the world another Booth sensation. The theater was sold under the hammer, bringing $400,000, which was a great sacrifice. This, however, was the amount of the mortgage held by Oakes Ames, whose estate still holds the property. Booth was so shattered that his friends feared that his reason would be affected. His calamities indeed were of a crushing nature, since in addition to his own failure there was that of his father-in-law, who had been estimated as worth $1,000,000. The latter (manager of the McVicker, of Chicago,) had been distinguished for his success in dramatic affairs, and had accumulated an immense property, but his fortune also took an ill turn, and he soon followed his gifted son-in-law into bankruptcy.

Instant Enthusiasm.

New Orleans Times.

"Good morning, James; fine day."

"Yes; a person feels good after his bath on such a morning."

"Ye yes."

"I take a bath all over every morning now."

"Cold water?"

"No; air temperature, always."

"When did you commence?"

"This morning."

The man who stepped on an hour glass thought for a minute that he was making footprints on the sands of time.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

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(Trade-mark "Butter Maker" Registered.)

Interviewed.

A representative of the Philadelphia *Telegraph* has had a conversation with Wah Lee at his place on Ninth street, near Race, where he found six of the almond-eyed industriously engaged in laundrying. The conversation was in "pigeon" English, in which Lee was exceedingly fluent.

"Yes," said he, "owe fifty Chinamen thum here; some washee like me, some in flactoly (factory), some in kitchen allee samee like women."

"But I understand you are going to be naturalized"—and the query that somewhat dazed the Mongolian till its meaning with much labor was explained to him—"and become American citizens."

"Chilicet, Chinaman make heap money, plutee in house, vote at 'lection, holdee ticket an' winny-book allee samee as other men. No Chinaman when he glittee papel (papers), but Melican allee time." And he thumped his breast proudly.

"Of course you will identify yourself with one of the three parties—Republican, Democratic or Greenback."

He studied a moment.

"Yes; will d'entify wid Gleenback; Gleenback help Chinaman bild house an' puttee up shop. No Lublican an' D'mekklatic fol me, evly time Gleenback. You sendee Gleenback man to me; I votee him tickt evly time."

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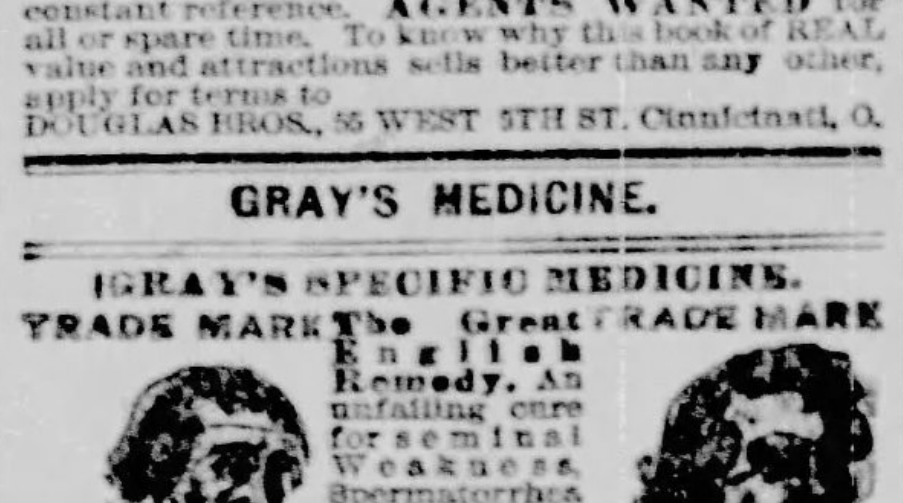

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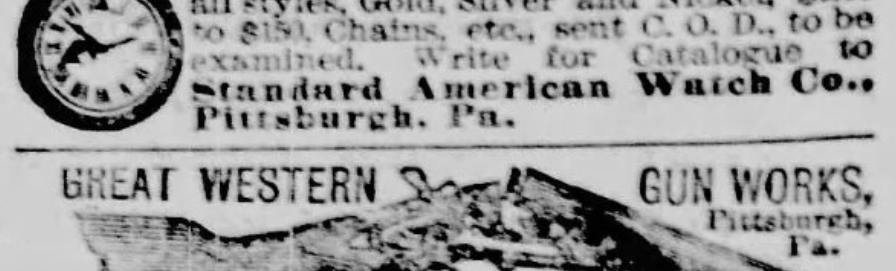

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THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubrs.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1880.

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Circulation this week, 71,049

Ingersoll says his heart is still true to Blaine.

The Greesbeck boom seems actually warming into life.

Cincinnati *Commercial*: Prince Leopold is to be made the Duke of Albany. Will Conkling stand that?

Tennyson and Darwin are both Vice Presidents of the English Society for the Promotion of the Spelling Reform.

Our library offers are remarkably low, and those who want good books should avail themselves of this opportunity. We shall not promise to keep it open always.

John Bright does not believe in making education in England any more stringently compulsory than it is now. He thinks it better to wait the movement of public opinion.

Bob Toombs has again spoken: "I can only speak for Georgia. If Tilden is nominated and Gen. Grant is nominated by the Republicans, I believe Grant will carry Georgia by 70,000 majority."

A decline of 30 cents a pound would seem to indicate that the opium corner is broken. In some respects this is unfortunate. Had it held out longer we might have had capitalists' attention turned to the feasibility of raising opium in the South.

You can find material for a delightful entertainment in our list of Amateur plays. All the plays named are especially arranged for private theatricals, and one may be easily selected to suit any given number of characters.

Germany's population numbers 43,000,000 persons. She has 60,000 schools, attended by 6,000,000 pupils, and her expenditure is a little less than 75 cents per head. Russia, with her almost 80,000,000 people, has only 32,000 schools, with 1,100,000 children in attendance, and she averages only seven cents per head. No wonder that there is a vast difference in the prosp[illegible] the two countries.

The Democrats have dodged a dangerous investigation, that came at an inconvenient time. They decide that Sprayger does not need vindication, and they can not investigate Finley and Donnelly because they are not members of the House. It is so convenient to be the party that has hold of the handle of investigations. Then there is less danger of cutting oneself.

The Jesuits seem to have become alarmed at the movement against them in France, and are looking around to acquire property and place elsewhere, if the law is carried out against them there. They are now endeavoring to purchase the buildings and land in Cairo, Egypt, which were reserved for a military academy by Ismail Pasha, and also a palace at Alexandria. For the former they offered the sum of 4,000,000 francs. The sales are not yet concluded.

Ohio cannot afford to help a squabble over the first place on the ticket, in the National Convention. To go into the struggle with any hope of success, there should be a nomination on the first ballot, and it should go with the enthusiasm that is half the battle. We have a very narrow margin, and we can't afford to sweep that away with "complimentary ballots." An empty, meaningless compliment should not be balanced against success at the polls.

The call for laborers was never greater than this Spring, and notwithstanding the arrival of such an almost unprecedented number of imigrants, the demand at Castle Garden is greater than the supply. Especially is this true of female domestics, and skilled workmen in the different trades. One call last week was for 200 carpenters at $2 25 per day to go to work at a new hotel at Rockaway Beach. One day 178 men and boys were sent from the Bureau; another, 152, and so on, and still the call is continued. Many of the immigrants belong to the farming class, and simply pass through New York on their way West.

The Democrats have finally blundered into an investigation of the Washburn-Donnelly case. Many of them were shrewd enough to see the trap that it is for the party, and voted against it, but the rest, still laboring under the delusion that it was something to help unseat Washburne, voted affirmatively, and as the Republicans did the same, the investigation is ordered. No one has any fears that Washburne will be injured by it, but there is little doubt that Donnelly will lose what few shreds of character he has still left, and go definitely into malodorous retirement.

The *Woman's Journal* calls attention to the fact that in a Ward meeting in Boston lately, called to elect Delegates to the State and District Conventions, where delegates to the Chicago Convention were to be chosen, out of 1,200 Republican voters resident in the Ward, less than 80 appeared at the caucus. Last Fall in the same Ward, a great deal of sarcasm was expended because on the question of electing a school trustee only 69 women registered, and it was used as an argument that women themselves would not use the right of suffrage generally even if they had it. The *Journal* says, when the relative importance of the questions involved is considered, the difference between 69 and 80 is not very great, and indifference to the possession of this Republican birthright may be urged against the one sex as well as against the other.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The record of Congressional work for the past week is best expressed by a cipher. Both Houses seem pervaded by a policy of masterly inactivity, and the enforcement of the "gag law" has left the principal part of the debate in the House to be carried on by the Republicans, a privilege of which they have not been slow to avail themselves. The action of the House on the "Immediate Deficiency" bill perhaps represents better than anything else the peculiar policy of the Democracy, a policy composed of equal parts of stubbornness and timidity. The bill in question passed the House four weeks ago, after an inexcusable and inexplicable delay of more than four months, and was then sent to the Senate after a further delay of two weeks. Here it was passed with certain amendments and returned to the House, where it has since been allowed to remain, while the Army and Indian Appropriation bills are acted upon, and even the Navy appropriation bill it is said will be presented and acted upon before the Immediate Deficiency bill is again called up.

The crying injustice of this course of action lies in the fact that not a dollar of the money appropriated by the bills first named is needed, or indeed can be used till after the first of July, while the Immediate Deficiency bill appropriates money for the U. S. Marshals who have been kept for nearly a year out of their just dues, for the pensioners of the late war, who have an interest of $6,000,000 involved, and for $6,000 to fit out an expedition to be sent to the relief of the whaling vessels caught in the ice of the Arctic regions. All these are matters of pressing urgency, and yet all are made sufferers by the vindictive spirit which animates the beaten majority whose numbers could not save them from defeat.

In the discussion on the Indian appropriation bill in the House on Friday an amendment to abolish the Board of Indian Commissioners was adopted without division. The chairman of the Indian Committee defended ex-Commissioner Hoyt, who, he claimed had furnished him with more facilities to correct abuses in the Indian service than any other Commissioner who had been in office since he had been a member of the Indian Committee.

The Commissioner of Pensions, speaking of the condition of business in his office on the 1st of April, says: "Of the arrears of pensions, there remains less than 3,000 cases unadjudicated. The total amount already disbursed on this account is $24,500,000, and the number of claims for arrears now on file amount to $250,000."

The Democrats of Pennsylvania hold their State Convention on the 28th inst., and the friends of Gen. Hancock, who have been making a careful canvass of the State, claim that he will have a majority of the delegates. The figures by Senatorial districts, according to the Hancock slate, show 129 votes for that gentleman to 76 for Tilden. Sen. Wallace, of Pennsylvania, is managing the Hancock campaign.

Syracuse, N. Y., was the scene of two Democratic State Conventions on Tuesday, both the regulars and the Kelley faction meeting there on that day. We are obliged to go to press without particulars, but there is little, if any, doubt that the delegates elected by the regular Convention will be instructed in favor of Tilden. The latest estimate we have at hand at this writing shows a vote of 157 for Tilden, with 51 avowedly opposed to him. As there is a total of 384 votes, it will be seen that there is still a margin of 36 to be gained before Tilden can claim a majority. It was reported on Tuesday that the Kelley convention had sent a delegation to the regular convention asking them to unite in the selection of a man on whom both factions could agree, and that they replied in substance that they would "see about it." It may be fairly concluded from all the data available that the regular convention will send a full Tilden delegation to Cincinnati, and that they will consequently refuse all offers to affiliate with the Kellyites.

New York State is talking of putting an amendment to its constitution so that large sums of money can be expended upon the Erie Canal next year. As it now stands no more can be spent in any one year than the revenue of the preceding one.

Four State Republican conventions were held last week, that of Massachusetts on Thursday, and those of Kentucky, Missouri, and Iowa on Friday. The Massachusetts delegates are for Edmunds, with Blaine as second choice. Both Kentucky and Missouri instructed for Grant, the fight in the former being an unusually active and bitter one. In Iowa the sentiment was overwhelmingly in favor of Blaine, a test vote standing Blaine 715, Grant 122.

A stock company has been organized in New York to purchase large tracts of land in New Mexico, and to sell it again in small parcels to negroes from the South, who are anxious to escape from the oppressions of their present homes. Ex-Gov. Newell, of New Jersey is President of the company, and it is said by those interested in it that 100,000 colored men in various parts of the South are already organized and are ready to start at once. Each one of these men is said to have at least $100 to invest in land for a home, and the company propose to make the terms of sale such that the colored people with very little capital will be able to make a start.

At Springfield, Ill., on Thursday last, services in commemoration of the death of Pres. Lincoln were held at his monument, under the direction of the Lincoln Guard of Honor. About 500 citizens were present. Services began at 7:22 A. M., the hour of his death, April 15, 1865. Lincoln's farewell address to the people of Springfield, his second inaugural address, and his favorite poem, "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" were read. Addresses were made by Gov. Cullum and the Rev. William B. Affleck.

The heavy storms of the month of April culminated on Monday in a terrific storm throughout the Southwest. The Town of Marshfield, Mo., was almost entirely destroyed, only 14 houses being left standing, more than 40 persons being reported killed and 200 wounded. Particulars of this lamentable catastrophe are given elsewhere.

MR. SHERMAN'S UNACCEPTABILITY.

The upholding of Mr. Sherman's cause is undertaken by "Republican" in a communication, the labored disingenuousness of which amounts to sophistry. This want of fairness is offensively apparent in his evasion of the main issue in the discussion—which is that of Mr. Sherman's acceptability to the mass of voters—and his attempt to introduce non relevant matters for the sake of confusing the debate and distracting the mind of the reader from the real matter for consideration.

Whether the Blade has or has not a candidate that it prefers is of no present importance whatever. Nor are the relative merits of Messrs. Grant and Blaine and their availability before the house in any shape. To attempt to lug these extraneous matters into the discussion is an impertinence wholly unworthy the controversialist that "Republican" assumes to be. For his information and that of others, who may not have read the previous articles in the Blade, we restate the question:

Is Mr. Sherman an available man?

Upon this we maintain the negative, and if "Republican" wishes to participate in the debate, he must speak to the question, and not make discursions off into any portions of the wide domain of irrelevancy that he may choose. We hold that, setting aside all other considerations, the results of the canvass for Mr. Sherman have demonstrated this unavailability beyond a doubt, and as this is now a vital point, we invite discussion upon it. If "Republican" can show where there has been any such manifestation of friendship for Mr. Sherman as will indicate the probability of his receiving enough votes to elect him, then he has made out his case; if he can not, then we have made out ours.

The antipathy to Mr. Sherman can not be dissipated by pooh poohing it, or arguing against it. Else, why is it on the continual increase, even in Ohio, despite the most elaborate sneering and argumentation? "Republican's" own personal experience should have shown him the futility of this, and if he were a frank man he would concede that it has. Every one admits the zeal and ardor with which he and the rest of Mr. Sherman's friends in this City and section of the State have labored to advance that gentleman's interests. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the opposition to him has assumed such dimensions that there is little doubt that there will be a solid anti-Sherman delegation from Northwestern Ohio. Is it too much to ask "Republican" to halt a moment in his onward career and explain this?

We had thought to let Mr. Sherman's friends here down easy in styling the opposition to him "inexplicable and unreasonable." "Republican" disdains to accept so consoling an explanation. He will not have it so. He insists that the hostility to Mr. Sherman is conquerable by persuasion and reasoning. If this is the case, why has he been so remiss in his duties towards his political chief as to let the City and State slip away from him? If this was preventible, why did not he and his associates prevent it? Why did they slumber while some enemy came and sowed tares in the field that their master had so carefully fenced? Six weeks ago there was a general expression of the politicians and press of the State that Ohio should cast her vote solid for Sherman. But the mass of the people seemed to think differently, and now it seems very doubtful if he will get more than a majority of the delegates for a complimentary vote.

If this feeling against Mr. Sherman be remediable—if "Republican" knows how the opponents of the Secretary of the Treasury can be converted into his friends, then he has been guilty of gross dereliction of duty in not employing that knowledge to gain friends for Mr. Sherman where he most needs them: here in the City of Toledo and State of Ohio.

Since the ill success of "Republican" and his friends at home is notorious, we may be excused for a lack of confidence in what their methods can achieve elsewhere.

BANK OF FRANCE.

The Bank of France has lately made a report of its operations for the year 1879 which presents some interesting facts. It shows among other things the limited number of dealings with the bank in that country compared to those in the United States. For instance, all of the trade bills discounted through the whole year by the Bank of France and its branches numbered only 8,071,505, amounting in all to $1,452,000,000 while in the New York banks alone, the loans and discounts each week average nearly $300,000,000.

The use of silver coin in France has been urged as a reason for its coinage here, but the argument cannot properly be applied for the circumstances are different. A large amount of the coin can be held in circulation there because of the smallness of the volume of bank note issue, while here it is immense.

There is another noticeable difference between the two countries. The burden of taxation upon the Banks in France is very small compared with that in the United States. In the Bank of France that of 1879 was only about one per cent. What is true there is also true of the banking capital in every other great commercial City in the world. Nowhere are such burdens imposed upon it as in the United States, and the question of the wisdom of the proceeding is one that should challenge the careful consideration of every statesman in the country.

EIGHT REASONS WHY WE ARE NOT IN FAVOR OF THE CANDIDACY OF SEC. SHERMAN.

1. Because he cannot possibly be nominated.

2. Because—but now that we give the matter a second thought the other seven are entirely superfluous. We save our space for the consideration of more important topics.

Some of the army officers in Washington have got up a new theory in regard to the Whittaker affair. They lay the outrage to certain young colored men, residents of a village called Buttermilk Falls, not from West Point, who had become jealous of Whittaker's popularity among the colored lasses of that place. One thing is certain. The matter has aroused more feeling against the Military Academy than any other one thing that has ever happened, and questions as to whether the country would not be better off without this expensive and unprofitable school, which is so notoriously clannish in its character.

THE REPUBLICAN DR[illegible]ELL.

No man of Mr. Sherma[illegible] cast of mind has ever been elected P[illegible]ident. No man so deficient in personal magnetism—so apparently wanting in [illegible]hat warm sympathy that forms a bo[illegible] of union with the masses has ever been rewarded by them with the highest office in their gift. Mr. Sherman is not heartless—is neither selfish or calculating, but the fact remains undeniable that so many people believe that he is, and will not vote for him on that account, that he cannot be elected by the popular vote. He is not the candidate of the Eastern bondholders and capitalists, and pledged above all things to assist them in their schemes, but the labor of demonstrating this to those who believe otherwise, would equal all the rest of the work of the campaign.

These facts are so patent to all men that they need only to be stated to be recognized. Their existence is not local but general—universal. It is the same thing from Maine to Nebraska. Everybody admits that Mr. Sherman's achievements and career have been respectable; all admit that he has made few mistakes, and that his character is irreproachable, but these admissions are as a rule grudgingly made, as if they still further aggravated the antipathy excited by his chilly and non-sympathetic nature.

All will admit that a feeling of this kind is the ugliest of opponents to encounter in a campaign. It is something so intangible that it can not be met by argument or demonstration, and yet so potent that it controls men in spite of themselves. There is nothing so difficult to overcome as these inexplicable prejudices that some men excite in the breasts of others. When Dean Swift wrote of an offensive acquaintance:

> I do not like you, Dr. Fell,
> The reason why I cannot tell;
> But this I know, and that full well,
> I do not like you, Dr. Fell,

he rhymed a great truth, which every man is conscious of, and which, in spite of all our efforts to suppress it, will prevail.

Now shall the Republican party persistently kick against these pricks? Shall it throw everything else to one side, in order to concentrate its energies upon a demonstration that the popular aversion to Mr. Sherman is absurd, unreasonable, and should be overcome? Men who think so have a very low idea of the mission of the Republican party. Mr. Sherman has already received a full reward from the party for all his services to the country. We owe him nothing on that score. And even were it possible to adopt a platform that would affirm his kindliness of heart, his geniality of mind, his warm affection for the people, and secure an indorsement of it by a majority of the popular vote, would it be worth while? Are we so devoid of higher employment that this is all that there is left for us to do?

It is not cowardly and cruel "to abandon Mr. Sherman; to sacrifice him to the enemies he has made by advocating Republican principles," as his supporters allege. As well might an army be accused of heartlessness because it does not halt on its march to nurse back to health some of its members who have been kicked by mules or run over by baggage wagons, or wounded in preliminary skirmishes. Instead, it sends these to the hospital and goes on about its work. The best way it can take care of its wounded is by whipping the enemy. The best way we can "vindicate" Mr. Sherman is by overthrowing the Democracy, and the best way that he can aid that overthrow is by withdrawing from the candidacy, and devoting the energy he is now giving to the advancement of his personal interests to the promotion of those of the party.

NORTHERN PACIFIC ROAD.

The war against the Northern Pacific Railroad still goes on in Congress. The report of Mr. Chalmers, of Mississippi, shows the Democratic determination to make that Company forfeit its lands and thus be compelled to stop its work. In other words these *patriots* have decided to put a stop to a great enterprise which is of National importance.

The following are the roads with the grants which, according to the report, have been forfeited by a failure to comply with the requisition of Government:

Roads.	Acres.
Northern Pacific,	43,000,000
Atlantic & Pacific,	42,000,000
Southern Pacific,	10,500,000
Texas & Pacific,	18,000,000

A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* says:

> The Committee seem to get along easy enough with those grants that were made upon the expressed condition that in case the roads were not completed within a certain specified time the lands unsold or unpatented should revert to the United States Government; but no such provision was incorporated in the act granting lands to the Northern Pacific Company. In that act the only right of power reserved to the Government is that which declares that in case the Company violates any of the conditions of the said grant, and allows the same to continue for upward of one year, then "the United States may do any and all acts and things necessary to insure a speedy completion of the said road."

It will thus be seen that there is no necessity for this movement to ruin the Northern Pacific Company, and considered with reference to its efforts to come as near as possible to a completion of the road within a given time, it looks very much like an attempt on the part of the Southern Democrats to cripple and perhaps destroy a gigantic enterprise in the North, which will not directly benefit the South, and whose principal projectors belonged to the Republican party.

CARELESS CORRESPONDENTS.

In spite of all cautions we continue to receive letters from subscribers who fail to give their full names or addresses. Here are some of the latest, and we cannot forward their papers till they supply the deficiency.

Mrs. H. Moor, Wheatland.
J. F. Cutler, box 284, Hinsdale.
Manley Hayes, no post office.
Mrs. L. W. Baird, no postoffice.
Thos. Long, no post office.
W. C. Hineline, no post office.
I. Calhoun Bowen, no post office.
P. C. Morton, P. M., Allinwood—no State.
H. Hinkle—no Postoffice, County, or State.
H. S. Kinsey, P. M., no Postoffice, County or State.
A. R. Barrett, no Postoffice, County or State.

The query that agitates the British public now is as to who will be Premier. Gladstone is generally supposed to be the inevitable one unless he should refuse the office. His age and general health give a color to the supposition that he may possibly do so although it is not probable.

AUDACITY.

It is a well understood fact that what is vulgularly known as "cheek" will carry people through the most embarrassing and difficult situations. Add to this a reckless bravado that seems to scorn consequences, and clearly defined perils may be faced with impunity. There is something in the audacious courage which sometimes leads men to invite danger that produces a sort of awe in his fellow beings, and one person may control a whole crowd and escape unharmed, even when he has challenged, by his deeds, the distrust of the community, and every individual feels that he is not receiving his just deserts.

A conspicuous example of this sort of nightmare that prevents justice to a desperado, was the recent cool proceeding of the notorious Jesse James, who, with two of his men, boarded a train of cars that was leaving Kansas City for St. Louis, and rode to Odessa, holding, during the time, everybody at bay, and absolutely defying capture. A passenger thus tells the story to a *Globe-Democrat* reporter:

> "We left the Kansas City Union Depot last night, shortly after dusk, with a pretty full train. I had a berth in the rear sleeper, and passed through the cars back to that berth and did not go forward again after we left the Grand Avenue Depot. As the train was pulling out from that depot, three men entered the sleeper, and stood just within the door for several minutes. They did not seem at home, but, on the contrary, ill at ease, and appeared to be on the alert for some important development. They were all decently dressed and one who appeared to be the leader held a revolver by his side, partially concealed by the folds of his overcoat. I thought they might be officers of the law awaiting the coming through of some criminal, and not wishing to offend them, turned my gaze in another direction. About 10 minutes elapsed ere they left their position by the door, and the leader remarking something about supper, the trio passed on through the sleeper and into the dining-room car, the last car of the train. Supper was shortly announced, and several of the sleeping car passengers and myself went back to partake of the meal. The waiters were flying around as if their lives depended on their alertness and strict attention to duty, and then down at the rear I saw the three men who had acted so strangely in the sleeper. They were seated at a table, eating, and on the table rested three murderous-looking large revolvers at full cock. The man in charge came up to me, and said, in a low voice, not to express any surprise at what I saw, as the strangers were the notorious Jesse James and two of his men. If let alone they would harm no one, but if an attempt at their capture was made some one would assuredly get hurt.
>
> This injunction was cautiously repeated to the other half dozen persons aboard, and we all fell to eating in silence, and casting occasional glances at our celebrated companions. The leader, who tallied exactly with the description given of Jesse James, exhibited the utmost sang froid. He laughed and chatted in a rather boisterous manner with his companions, but apparently closely observing everything and every one in the car at the same time. The subject of their conversation was lost to me, but it seemed to amuse them hugely. At the completion of the meal, the leader cooly picked his teeth, and as the engine whistled for Odessa they all three arose, picked up their revolvers and walked out on the rear platform. Nothing was said as to payment for the supper by the employes, but as James (if the leader was he) closed the door, he doffed his hat by way of a partial salute, and cried out in a clear, ringing voice, 'Charge three more suppers to the Government.'"

The man calculated upon the effect that this threatening ferocity would have, and he was not mistaken in his reckoning.

Upon the same road lately another instance is reported of a man seated quietly in a car and being set upon and robbed by three men, who, in spite of his struggles, went through his pockets, took his money, of which he had considerable, and as the cars stopped at a station, sprang off and escaped in the crowd in spite of all of the victim's efforts to the contrary.

If this sort of fearless audacity is possessed by those who turn it into legitimate channels instead of preying upon their neighbors, success is generally theirs in whatever they undertake. Their very boldness, while it takes away the breath, challenges admiration, and brings acquiescence to their desires when nothing else would. It stands next to will as a factor in gaining a victory, and while failure is not by any means assured without it—for after all it is a rare possession—the chances of succeeding with it are multiplied tenfold.

Wearers of diamonds will soon reach the "Winter of their discontent," if many more unwelcome discoveries are made with regard to these precious stones. First comes the fear that they will become so common that the vulgar herd may sport them *ad infinitum*—a fear aroused by the fact that they may be made by human agencies, instead of being always the result of the slow process of ages, and only yielded up by Mother Earth after a deal of toil and trouble in the quest. Now the *Nineteenth Century* tells of a rose diamond that exploded under the exciting influence of the sunshine. Its wearer heard a sharp, distinct report, and examining the stone found it rent apart and a dark particle of carbonaceous matter disclosed. It is thought that enclosed in a cavity in the diamond's heart was some volatile fluid whose rapid expansion caused the fracture. This is considered the more likely since not only have some jewels been found full of miscropscoic cavities, but the behavior of certain diamonds under polarized light show that there is a great strain upon the parts from within outwards. If all this is true the possessors of these valuable gems can never more be sure that those things of beauty will be joys for ever, for any sudden exposure to excessive heat may cause the prisoned fluid to rend its prison house asunder and destroy its glory forever.

There has been no organized opposition to speak of in Ohio to Mr. Sherman. The canvass for Messrs. Blaine and Grant in the State has been merely formal. Mr. Sherman has had the additional advantage of a feeling of State pride among many of those who were opposed to him, which makes them willing that he shall receive a complimentary vote from his own State. But with all these influences in his favor, his prestige in the State has continually waned; the pretense of desiring him for a candidate has become intolerable to many, and they have impatiently flung it off to follow leaders more congenial to their feelings.

California's crop of cereals for 1880 promises to be large, not having been injured by the excessive cold of the past Winter. As a producer of barley the Golden State ranks first among all of the States and Territories, and in Spring wheat the fourth. She is beginning to export wine to Germany and that industry will probably increase largely. Altogether the prospects of California are brighter than ever before from the very fact that the cloud over her mining interests is having the effect of turning her attention to agriculture.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Books Received—Glances at Late Literature.

The Blade takes pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following new publications through Messrs. T. J. Brown, Eager & Co., of Toledo:

SOPHOCLES, by Lewis Campbell, M. A., L.L. D., edited by John Richard Green; 156 pages. 18 mo., flex. cloth, price 45c. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

ODETTE'S MARRIAGE, a novel, from the French of Albert Delpet, by Emily Prescott; 253 pages, price ——. Henry A. Sumner & Co., Chicago.

FIFTEEN SERMONS, by William Rollinson Whittingham, fourth Bishop of Maryland; 312 pages 12 mo, price ——. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

RECOLLECTIONS AND OPINIONS OF AN OLD PIONEER, by Peter H. Burnett (first Governor of California); 448 pages, price ——. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE REMUSAT (complete in one volume); 767 pages, price ——. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

HISTORY OF AMERICAN POLITICS, by Alexander Johnson, A. M.; 271 pages. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

The object of Mr. Johnson in the preparation of his history has been to compile a brief text-book suited both for schools and for adult readers who wish to review or expand their knowledge. The work is very compact, almost too much so, in fact, and yet it presents the salient points with great clearness and distinctness. Mr. Johnson writes from a non-partisan standpoint, and treats the different political parties with equal fairness. One feature of his work, which commends it specially to the young student of our political history, is the insight into the philosophy of American politics to be gathered from the book. Very few of the younger men of the country have any very clear conception of the fundamental distinctions which lie at the basis of our leading political parties, and which have served to divide them for a century, no matter by what names they may have been known. Mr. Johnson's little work has a value also, as a reference book, which will make a place for it in every library.

TWENTY YEARS OF LIFE IN WALL STREET, by W. W. Fowler. Orange Judd Co., New York.

The boom of the last six months in stocks has turned the attention of the entire country to the wonderful transmutations effected in the magical circles of the stock market. The all-absorbing fascinating idea of American life, how to grow rich, gilds the operations of the Stock Exchange with a baleful light, and lures the guileless outsider as honey draws the fly. Mr. Fowler, the author of the volume named above is a gentleman of liberal education and extended business experience, and has undertaken not so much to "make a book" as to tell the reader what he knows from actual observation of the wonderful experiences and vicissitudes of operating in stocks. The book covers the period from 1860 to 1880, and constitutes at once a very full financial history of the period including the great war, a full explanation of the terms and methods of operating in stocks, and a clear and explicit warning to the small capitalists and possessors of hard-earned money who may seek by stock investments to increase their wealth. As a basis for this work the writer graphically describes his own financial vicissitudes, making no attempt, by suppressing the ill, and magnifying the good fortune, to convey an idea of superior shrewdness and foresight. Not the least interesting feature of the book will be found in the biographies of leading operators in the monetary circles of New York, such men as Vanderbilt, Drew, Leonard W. Jerome, Fisk, Gould and many others. The reader of Mr. Fowler's book will understand, too, how stocks are made to go up and down at the will of the larger operators, and how the investors of small sums are ground to powder between the upper and nether millstones of the Stock Exchange.

NANA, (a sequel to L'Assommoir,) by Emile Zola. T. B. Peterson Bros., Philadelphia.

Nana is nominally a sequel to "L'Assommoir," although in reality it is a separate and independent tale. But the method of treatment pursued is the same as that of "L'Assommoir," and through a series of minute life-like details of hard, unrelieved pictures, the author seeks to show the utter brutality and repulsiveness of Vice. It is a protest, he tells us, against such books as Marion Delorme, La Dame Aux Camelias and similar books whose whole tendency he believes to be destructive to morality and to have a most pernicious effect upon the morals of the young. M. Zola's method of treatment—which is of the most heroic type—may succeed in effecting the desired cure, but we seriously question whether after all the remedy is not likely to prove worse than the disease.

NORTHERN MICHIGAN, its Lakes and Summer Resorts. A. B. Leet, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Now that the world is getting better and wiser, it is coming every year to a fuller appreciation of the advantages and benefits of open air recreation for those who are confined in the borders of our large cities. People have learned that a week or two of out-door life builds up the tired brain and wasted tissues, and brings new vigor to overtaxed energies while the cost is half met by the saving in doctor's bills and medicines. It is no longer necessary to go to Europe or the sea shore now that the bracing air and charming scenery of Northern Michigan are brought to our very doors by a system of railroad connection which brings all these attractions within the limit of 24 hours' journey. The traveling public are under obligations to Mr. A. B. Leet, the courteous passenger agent of the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad for a most attractive little volume which describes very fully and clearly, with its handsome letter press and beautiful engravings, the delights of the inland lakes and Summer resorts of Michigan, which, would tempt alike the veriest anchorite and the gayest votary of society. Upper Michigan is truly a charming country for the invalid, the lover of out-door sports, and for those who seek in brief respite from busy care a new store of strength for future labors. And it is growing more popular with all these classes as it is becoming better known.

One of the three Major Generals of the United States Army devotes the whole of his mighty energies to the government of West Point, and yet we have Whittaker cases. Maj. Gen. McDowell has to look after the whole of the Pacific Coast, from Alaska to Mexico, with its turbulent elements of rum-drinking Indians and anti-Chinese hoodlums; Maj. Gen. Hancock has the Atlantic Coast, with its 2,000 miles of forts and garrisons, while Maj. Gen. Schofield has only West Point. If a man with two stars on his shoulders is not able to hold a crowd of young snobs in order, the job had better be given out to some strong armed backwoods school teacher. He may not know quite so much about "social etiquet" and the "honor of a gentleman," but he has a thoro acquaintance with the virtues of a tough hickory withe, and a liberal use of that article would help along matters very much at West Point.

Seven months ago the *Home Journal* began a reformation of the spelling of a number of words of common occurrence according to the rules laid down by the American Philological Association. The innovation was most happily received by its subscribers, and last week it published a list of four hundred distinguished authors, educators and scholars, who had sent in letters of warm approval of its course. Among these are Chancellor Howard Crosby, Professor Hiram Corson, President Chadbourne, Professor Francis J. Child, President Cattell, Professor John William Draper, Acting President Frieze, Oliver Wendell Holmes, President Gilman, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Professor Peabody, Professor Moses Coit Tyler, John G. Whittier, Professor F. A. March, President Seelye, Professor W. G. Sumner, President Noah Porter, Professor Cyrus Northrup, and Dr. H. W. Bellows.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST.

The Record of State Conventions.

We design to make this column a permanent and convenient record of the progress of the Presidential contest in the States, showing the action of the Conventions of both parties. It will contain a continuous summary of the work of Conventions already held, and the dates of those to be held in the future as fast as they are made known, with the vote allowed each State in the National Convention. It will thus afford a compact, ready reference, for ascertaining the status of all the leading candidates at any time prior to the National Convention.

Republican Conventions.

National Convention called to meet at Chicago, June 2. Whole number of votes, 756; necessary to a choice, 379.

Pennsylvania—58 Votes.—Harrisburg, February 4th. The delegates were instructed by vote of 133 to 113 to support Grant for President and cast the vote of the delegation as a unit on all questions.

New York—70 Votes.—Utica, Feb. 25. Delegates instructed to vote as a unit for Grant.

Vermont—10 Votes.—Feb. 25. Adopted resolutions instructing the delegates to support Edmunds.

Indiana—30 Votes.—Conventions held in the Congressional Districts for selection of delegates February 25. State nearly solid for Blaine as first choice, with Washburne or Sherman second.

Illinois—42 Votes.—Springfield, May 19.

North Carolina—20 Votes.—Republican State Committee met January 29th, and selected four delegates at large to the Chicago Convention.

Connecticut—12 Votes.—Hartford, April 7.

Massachusetts—26 Votes.—Worcester, April 15th.

District of Columbia—2 Votes.—Washington, February 7th, appointed two delegates, one supporting Grant, the other Blaine.

Tennessee—24 Votes.—Memphis, May 5.

Michigan—22 Votes.—Detroit, May 12.

New Hampshire—10 Votes.—Concord, May 5.

Kansas—10 Votes.—Topeka, March 31. Blaine delegation elected.

Florida—8 Votes.—Gainesville, May 12.

Missouri—30 Votes.—Sedalia, April 24.

Ohio—44 Votes.—Columbus April 28.

Alabama—20 Votes.—Selma, May 20.

Rhode Island—6 Votes.—March 10. Delegates instructed for Blaine.

Kentucky—24 Votes.—April 14.

Arkansas—12 Votes.—April 28.

California—12 Votes.—April 29.

Iowa—22 Votes—April 14.

Oregon—4 Votes.—April 21.

Louisiana—16 Votes.—May 24.

Virginia—22 Votes—April 21.

Georgia—22 Votes.—April 21.

South Carolina—14 Votes.—April 29.

New Jersey—18 Votes.—May 6.

Wisconsin—20 Votes.—May 5.

Maryland—16 Votes.—May 6.

Nevada—6 Votes.—May 11.

West Virginia—10 Votes.—May 12.

Texas—16 Votes.—March 24. Delegation doubtful, but probably for Grant.

Minnesota—12 Votes—St. Paul, May [illegible].

Democratic Conventions.

National Convention to be held at Cincinnati, June 22d. Whole number of votes, [illegible]; necessary to a choice, [illegible]. The States are requested to instruct their delegates as to the desirability of continuing the two thirds rule.

Alabama—20 Votes.—June 2.

Iowa—22 Votes.—Burlington, April 7.

Wisconsin—20 Votes.—Madison, May 12.

South Carolina—14 Votes.—June 1.

Virginia—22 Votes.—Richmond, May 19.

Arkansas—12 Votes.—Little Rock, June 2.

Ohio—44 Votes.—[illegible]

New Jersey—18 Votes.—May 19.

North Carolina—20 Votes.—June 17.

Pennsylvania—58 Votes.—April 28.

New York—70 Votes.—Syracuse, April [illegible]. Kelley Democrats, Syracuse, April 20.

Oregon—6 Votes.—Portland, April 8. Delegates said to favor Tilden.

Nebraska—6 Votes.—Omaha, March 31. Tilden delegation elected.

Vermont—10 Votes.—Montpelier, May 6.

Mississippi—16 Votes.—June 21.

Texas—16 Votes.—April 20.

Kansas—10 Votes.—May 26.

Illinois—42 Votes.—June 10.

Tennessee—24 Votes.—June 8.

Indiana—30 Votes.—June 9.

New Hampshire—10 Votes.—May [illegible].

Kentucky—24 Votes.—June 17.

National Conventions.

National Convention to be held at Chicago, June 9th.

[illegible]-Pomeroy Convention, held at St. Louis, March 4th.

The Battle of Shiloh.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

We read in last week's Blade an account from the pen of Adjutant Hannaford, 6th Ohio Volunteers of the efforts put forth by the gallant Gen. Nelson's division—Army of Ohio, to reach us at Shiloh on that never-to-be-forgotten Sunday, and while the Adjutant's account is new and interesting to us we still think that with the aid of Lew Wallace's fresh division we could have beaten the Confederate Army off, or at least to a stand still, until our shattered divisions had recovered there equilibrium, and by a clever use of our gunboat comrade's heavy rifles made the enemy sick of the job of putting us into the frothy waters of the Tennessee.

True, there were many regiments badly cut up and scattered—new and raw as they were—which has happened with *older commands*—in battles where there were sudden attacks by overwhelming numbers as at Shiloh; yet by midnight Gen. Grant had visited all his regiments, talked it all over with Sherman, Hurlbut and McClernand, and from that hour Beauregard would have—had he ventured a night assault—met with a different reception than he did when his yelling hordes poured through the camps of the gallant but unfortunate Gen. Prentiss in the morning. Notwithstanding ruin had rioted in our ranks all day long and the whistling storm of death that streamed from the hostile lines had made wide rents in our bleeding files, yet before a man had crossed the river to our aid the Army of the Tennessee had determined to "*knock it out" right there on that river bluff* or "go under" trying; and the idea of surrender was out of the question.

But the arrival of our comrades of the "Army of the Ohio" was most opportune; and we could appreciate the feelings of Wellington's troops at Waterloo, when Old Blucher and his Dutchmen hove in sight. We were glad they came, for our boys were almost fagged out with incessant fighting for hours, and the glorious sight of the splendid Brigades of Ammen, Bruce and Hazen pouring across the river bottom toward the opposite landing, the flutter of their flags and the music of their bands was a sight never to be forgotten. And the loud welcoming cheers that burst from the powder-begrimed lips of the "Army of the Tennessee," I shall never forget. Brave, hearty, rugged fellows they were, and though as they rose to the hill top, the sight of the red harvest of death that met their gaze was awful, yet they marched out on the field in front as coolly as if on parade.

J. D. English,
"Army Tennessee."

Danville, Ill., April 12, 1880.

Conkling Not Encouraged.

Washington Correspondence Richmond (Va.) State.

Mr. Conkling, having no second choice, is still strongly for Grant, but he is about the only Grant man who does not privately admit that Grant's chances are not improving.

No Suspicion of Tilden.

Chicago Times.

A package containing $1,000 in cash, and marked "income tax" has been received at the Treasury Department and turned into the conscience fund. No suspicion attaches to Mr. Tilden.

Magistrate—"It seems, prisoner, that you took 15 pence from the prosecutor's till. Now, I put it to you seriously; was it worth your while to risk your character, your liberty, your whole future for such a trifle?" Prisoner—"Certainly not, your worship; but I did not know there was not more in the till—I took all there was."

A FRESH FEAST.

New Books for Old and Young.

Novels, Miscellany, Standard Works, Etiquette, etc.

We have just opened a fresh assortment of books from leading Eastern houses which we can confidently commend to our readers as being fresh and attractive, and offering unusual bargains. The prices named are very much below the regular figures, although all the books named are sold every day by other dealers at full retail price.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, into several remote nations of the World; 314 pages profusely illustrated, new edition revised for general use. Regular price $1.50; our price 75c; Book and Blade, one year, $2.00.

HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE De La Mancha, by Cervantes; 424 pages, illustrated by Gustav Dore; very attractively bound in brown and crimson. Regular price $1.50; our price 75c; book and Blade $2.00.

ROBINSON CRUSOE, his life and adventures, by Daniel De Foe, with memorial of the author and essay on his genius, by Sir Walter Scott; 432 pages, illustrated, binding uniform with Don Quixote. Regular price $1.50; our price 75c; book and Blade $2.00.

DICKENS' PARLOR ALBUM OF ILLUSTRATIONS, with descriptive text, over 300 illustrations, full page portrait of Dickens, tinted paper. This book contains all the most familiar and characteristic designs made for Dickens' novels under his own personal supervision, and each accompanied by a page of explanatory text. The book is beautifully bound in cloth with illuminated gilt designs. Regular price $2.50; our price $1.50; book and Blade $2.75.

ADVENTURES OF VERDANT GREEN, by Cuthbert Bede, B. A.; 112 pages, 200 humorous illustrations. The story of a young man's life and adventures during a course at Oxford College, England. This book has an international reputation and has been read and enjoyed by thousands. Regular price $1.00; our price 75c; book and Blade $2.00.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK TOGETHER, or talks with Sothern, the actor, edited by F. G. Fontaine; 250 pages, numerous illustrations. A volume of entertaining talks and reminiscences about the stage, and numerous popular actors, with some excellent hints and criticisms for those who contemplate the theatrical profession. Regular price $1.00; our price 75c; book and Blade $2.00.

GUIDE TO ACCOMPLISHMENTS IN CONVERSATION, LETTER-WRITING, ORATORY, ETC., edited by Miss Jane Aster, two volumes in one, 554 pages. Full instructions for self-education in the three most brilliant and desirable accomplishments of the best society, a book of incalculable value to every young man and woman. Regular price $2.00; our price $1.50; book and Blade $2.25.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE, by Frederick Saunders; [illegible] pages, heavy tinted paper. A book for young people of both sexes on celibacy, wedded life, the ruling passion, and impediments to marriage. Regular price $1.50; our price 75c; book and Blade $2.00.

SORRY HER LOT WHO LOVES TOO WELL, a novel by Maria M. Grant, author of the "Sun Maid," etc., 352 pages. A brilliant and pleasing love story. Regular price $2.00; our price 75c; book and Blade $2.00.

ANGE, a novel by Florence Marryatt; 314 pages; one of the author's most effective and popular novels. Regular price $1.00; our price 75c; book and Blade $2.00.

ERRORS, or The Rightful Master, a novel, by Ruth Carter; 317 pages. A very ably written story of the South, with the scene laid during the civil war and the years following. Regular price $1.50, our price $1.00, book and Blade one year $2.25.

WILD SCENES OF A HUNTER'S LIFE, by John Frost; 468 pages 300 illustrations. Graphic descriptions of the hunting and hunters of all nations, with full extracts from the adventures of Cummings and Girard, the celebrated hunters. Regular price $1.75; our price $1.00; book and Blade one year $2.25.

JANET, a novel; [illegible] pages. This is a capital society story, by a writer who has always succeeded in catching and holding the ear of the best readers of current fiction. Regular price $1.00; our price 75c; book and Blade one year $2.00.

DANIEL BOONE, AND THE HUNTERS OF KENTUCKY, by W. H. Bogart; 464 pages, portrait and numerous engravings. A thrilling volume of early frontier life, including hunting adventures, fights with the Indians, etc. Regular price $1.75; our price $1.25; book and Blade one year $2.40.

HABITS OF GOOD SOCIETY, a handbook for ladies and gentlemen; 430 pages. Valuable rules and suggestions regarding social observances, nice points of good taste and good manners, and full instructions in the art of making oneself agreeable. With chapters on dinners, balls, morning and evening parties, weddings, etc., etc. Regular price $1.50, our price $1.00; book and Blade one year $2.25.

STIRRING STORIES FOR WINTER EVENINGS; 384 pages, numerous engravings. A volume of exciting short stories, making attractive reading for Winter or Summer. Regular price $1.50; our price $1.00; book and Blade one year $2.25.

GIVE ME THINE HEART, a novel; 448 pages. A story of life in New York, with a deeply religious vein running through it. A book well calculated to do good. Regular price $1.75; our price $1.00; book and Blade one year $2.25.

OUR LIBRARIES.

To meet the wants of those who desire to obtain a few good books at a low price, we offer the following selections from our catalogue, in connection with the Blade one year:

LIST NO. 1.

The Life of Christ, by Rev. John Fleetwood, 500 pages, price $1.75; A Winter Amid the Ice, by Jules Verne, 332 pages, price $1.75; Afloat in the Forest, by Capt. Mayne Reid, 202 pages, price $2.00; Aesop's Fables, 208 pages, price 75 cents; Brave Days of Old, a record of adventurous and heroic deeds, 208 pages, price $1.00; and the weekly Blade one year, price $2.00. Total, $9.25.

This entire list (including the Blade) to any address, postage paid on receipt of $5.00.

LIST NO. 2.

Lives of Columbus, Washington and Franklin (one vol.) 541 pages, price $1.50; Living too Fast, by Oliver Optic, 351 pages, price $2; Gulliver's Travels into several remote nations of the World, by Dean Swift, 314 pages, price $2.00; History of Pendennis, by W. Makepeace Thackeray, 480 pages, price $1.25; and the Weekly Blade one year, $2.00. Total $8.75.

This entire list (including the Blade) to any address, postage paid on receipt of $5.00.

LIST NO. 3.

Baron Munchausen, his travels and surprising adventures, 221 pages, price $2.00; Other People's Children by the author of "Helen's Babies," 303 pages, price $1.00; The Ladies Guide to Gentility, by Emily Thornwell, 226 pages, price $1.25; Child's Own Book of Fairy Tales, 300 pages, price $2.00; Hours in a Library by Leslie Stephens, 311 pages, price $1.75; and the Blade one year price $2.00. Total $10.00.

The Blade and the entire list to any address postpaid on receipt of $5.00.

It will be seen that the above lists are carefully arranged to meet the requirements of all the members of the family, and that they include the widest range of literature in standard and current books. Either list will give most abundant satisfaction at the figures named.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S LETTER-WRITER.

The demand for our popular "Standard Letter Writer," was so great as to exhaust our large stock, and since then we have not as yet been able to duplicate it. But we have procured a few copies of the "Ladies and Gentlemen's Letter Writer and Guide to Polite Behavior." This is a very tasteful volume of 125 pages, handsomely bound in crimson cloth and gilt, and clearly printed. It presents the greatest variety of letters and forms, and the fullest and most sensible chapters on American etiquette, including the uses of calling cards, visits and invitations, dining, dancing, personal behavior, etc. This book sells everywhere at $1.00, but we will send a copy postpaid to any address for 50 cents, or the book and Blade one year $1.75.

Correspondence.

HOME LETTER.

A Plea for the Children—What we Owe Them, Not What They Owe us—Health of Body and Health of Soul—Sound Frames and Sounder Minds.

Correspondence of Toledo BLADE.

NEW YORK, April 16.

Will you write something about the care of children, suggested the senior editor of this paper not long since. Well if I speak, it will be from a full heart, with the conclusions which the experience of years has been forcing into my mind. What is given me, I must speak, and not after the rules of the past, and this comfort cheers me, that the experience of the wisest physicians and most skilful teachers of the world comes to the same results, the same cautions, the same warnings.

The one feeling which absorbs all others in a mother's heart is that of overweighing obligation to her child. Poor little souls, children find themselves in this world by no act or desire of their own, and we who have brought them into its cares, its possibilities of honor or reprobation, owe them the best possible preparation of body and mind to meet their fate. If when he is grown to man's estate, a child of yours or mine shall sit down in bitterness, lamenting, "Why did my mother let me grow up with these slack habits on me, which will not let me succeed in any undertaking, be it ever so full of hope and fair success? Why did she leave uncorrected this morose humor which stands between me and the friendship of my fellows? Why did she not train me to be prompt, quick, sure, steady of hand and brains, and give me that skill and tact in dealing with human nature that would smooth my way among men. Why did she teach me always to submit, and never how to defend my own right or my brother's? I was taught all about the language I was to speak, why did she not teach me how to put kind thoughts into wise words, so that I might not make a wrong impression when I meant the best? I was taught to carry home a school report, up to a certain standing, why did she not teach me as carefully how to bear myself out of school, in the small affairs and the small difficulties that come about every child? Why was I taught everything of books, and so little of myself, and the world I would have to do with? Sometime this child may be grieving so, in his sore need, and you and I will not sleep easy in our graves under it!

It is Spring, childhood's sweetest season, when it ought to be in its own company of blackbirds and green grass and dandelions, getting back the strength and spirits the Winter's housing has lessened. The last time the little boy was at home from school two weeks ago, I noticed he was growing restless and fractious, always thirsty to be in the open air and hard at play. Everybody said he was looking well, but only his mother's eye saw the transparent tinge in his face, the little pencilled shadow under the eyelid, and marked the nervousness at night.

"Only a little restless," the wise ones said, "only a little tossing in his sleep, children always are so." But she could not feel easy over any sign that was not as it should be, or rest with anything less than the brightness and fullness of health in her child's face. One day the boy brought out his school report, which he showed with pride, not a mark below eight for weeks. But his mother grew grave as she looked at it; one, two, three—seven studies, history, arithmetic, analysis, what not, for a child nine years old. An acute German doctor, educated abroad, had warned me, had given me the serious advice not to let that boy learn to read till he was eight years old, saying that a child with a sensitive, quick brain needed all that time to ensure sufficient nervous and physical growth to endure the tax of study. Spite of anxious friends who feared he would make up for the start he was losing, or the judicious parents who pointed with pride to the performance of children of less than his age, and the disparagement of servants and neighbors who accused me of carelessness of his interests, and wondered if I meant to let him grow up in ignorance, I kept that boy out of school and away from books till the required age. He learned to read as by magic, half teaching himself, in his eagerness to know what was inside of books, which held such entertaining stories, and reading the daily papers with me, before he was quite out of his second reader at school. I let him go away from the city to a suburban school, with charges to the experienced persons who took him, to let his studies be light, but 30 years experience with children had not taught them that it was not safe to give a bright child, all it would study, and here was my little man with his small brains taxed with seven different processes of thought, and seven different subjects to carry in his memory, which would keep his mind bent on books for at least six hours a day. Eight hours such application of trained mental powers is a good day's labor for a lawyer, or editor, and I know few who work at their desks with the close effort it takes your Willie and mine to learn their lessons. Teachers and parents lose sight of the sensitiveness and tenderness of a child's mind. They would not set it to work its full strength two thirds of the day, because it was able to lift and carry pretty well, but they will make it do man's work with its brains from the time it can sit on a bench alone, and never know what harm they are doing. However, I had the persuasion that the mother who had watched him from his first breath, and the wise Heidelberg Doctor knew as well what was good for the boy as any interfering friends, and they scoffed to their hearts' content. Their soothing assurance this Spring that he was all right, and all that ailed his temper was a passing fret, like the shadow of a cloud, did not allay my uneasiness, caused by the pallor of his lip. He left school at once, and all day long, with hoop and skates and velocipede he hunts his lost health and spirits out in the green square.

The restlessness is gone. He is no longer worrying to camp out, or to hunt Indians, or to buy out a news-stand and set up in business so he can have more money to spend—or crying at a word. His sleep is soft and sound as a baby's, and his sweet, obedient temper is cause for daily thanks. With two hours' study a day at home he keeps up in his lessons, with the advantage of never losing what he has learnt. His drawing, music and arithmetic, with a little careful reading aloud, are carried on more as interesting ways of passing the time than as tasks, his mother studying or working with him. There is but one rule, that whatever he does must be done well, whether it is roller-skating or writing three lines of copy; and there is pure delight for his elders in seeing the quick, pleasurable working of his mind.

This is no more than any child will do, if left to the natural unfolding of its powers. It is natural for children to learn, and learn as fast as their brains can bear, and they are dulled by forcing. So I want to plead for the little ones, as they grow restless and troublesome in the Spring sunshine. Mothers, heed Nature's warning and shorten their school hours, and turn them out of doors. They will lose nothing in the end, in their studies, and they will gain endlessly in bodies and tempers. Three hours a day is all the confinement in a school-room or at studies that a child under 12 years old ought to endure, in the opinion of the best teachers and physicians. Do you call this lost time? Do you forget that the child has a body and nerves to be educated, and a heart and soul to be developed as well as a mind? The most important part of its training for life and eternity it should gain beside its mother or its father—not in formal words or ways, but working with them, playing with them, carrying the little end of life, while they carry the large one. "My mother used to say" always send a borrowed measure *grinning* home, said a *douce* Scotchwoman, as she set down the quart of sugar she borrowed, heaped in generous fashion. The mother dead across the seas, had taught her daughter the habit of just and creditable dealings with her neighbors, not the least thing which contributes to comfortable terms with those about one. "My father said always trim the butt when you cut a tree down," said a sturdy farmer, finishing up his day's work with a thoroughness which had gone far to make his comfortable independence. The children had not been in school, seated at desk and books when they learned these things which had been the keys to their credit and satisfaction in life. The girl had been in the kitchen helping with the seed cakes, and the boy in the woods with his father when they learned some of the best lessons of their lives.

People do not give their children time to learn anything but book-knowledge in the forced modern system. It is not only true that girls graduate ignorant of the commonest things of house keeping and nursing, and young men leave school without a single business habit, but they have a worse ignorance of principle and feeling. They know how to translate, to read grammatically, to call every weed and worm by its Latin name, and can talk about Herbert Spencer and the new etymology; they hold certain sentiments afloat in literature, about the divinity of womanhood—that is of pretty women—and the superiority of a lady or gentleman's feelings and tastes to anything a common or ill-dressed person can think or feel, they learn that it is creditable to be generous in a certain way, and devoted to certain things. But how much there is of setting the standards of society above principle, or even generous natural impulses. Who expects man or woman to day to follow any path or rule that will lead to a shabby coat, or an unpopular opinion? Who looks to see a young man or woman, bent on getting on in the world, step aside from an advantage to leave it for some one in worse need than themselves—unless they saw something still better beyond it? Who expects to put a piece of work in their hands, and not find it scamped and slighted, or done in routine fashion? Who expects them to keep their word, unless convenient, or to hold their tongues, when nothing but good feeling will be sacrificed if they speak. The practical godlessness and heathenism of the well-bred, well-educated young people of society has much that is discouraging for the future of the country, and it is owing to nothing so much as the one thing, that parents have left the education of their children's hearts and consciences to the schools and teachers. Who are so ignorant of the real impulses and imaginations of boys and girls out of babyhood, as their own fathers and mothers? They have never taken time or thought to win the way into their children's hearts and lives—they left it all to the grammar school, and the high school principal. There is an old command about teaching things to children "when thou sittest in the house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down and when thou risest up" which seems to include keeping our children by us, a good deal more than the common school system provides. It will be better for them and the world when parents take up their own work and cease to delegate it wholly to pastors and teachers.

SHIRLEY DARE.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

Our Rebel Congress—Incompetency and Neglect—The Policy of Silence—Political Riders—Tilden to be Shelved—Republican Bickerings.

Correspondence of the BLADE.

WASHINGTON, April 16, 1879.

Congress is not making history very fast nor in very large quantity; but it is growing more amiable, and its recent attitude of silence is much more becoming than its normal condition of bluster, with Mr. Sparks or Mr. Townsend dancing up and down the isles with violent gesticulations, and proclaiming to the world that some fellow Democrat is a liar, or with Mr. Blackburn declaring that every "jot and tittle" of Republican war legislation shall be "wiped out." Nor is it quite certain that this enforced silence is not a real means of grace. The passage of the Army bill with its much vaunted political rider is the first case, during the session, of an undivided party success, in which all the Democrats, Nationals and Greenbackers stood on one side and all the Republicans on the other side. They have therefore found their account in the virtue of silence. But it was an uneasy silence with a slumbering volcano underneath, and when Mr. Robeson ventured to interfere with it for a moment by asking leave to read "five lines" from the writings of our "liberty loving sires," there was great confusion and the bottom came near falling out. Mr. T. Turner (Ky.) was especially disturbed, and advancing in a threatening manner towards the desk of the Speaker, he demanded that the chair order the Sergeant-at Arms to take the gentleman from New Jersey into custody.

Mr. Sparkes, in reporting the political rider, acknowledged that it was pretty much useless and did not suit him. It had no edge to it and was, as he said, a "tame and cowardly amendment." The debate having been turned over to the Republicans it was not suffered to lag, and the silent Democracy had to listen to some pretty lively talk. Speeches were made by Mr. Hawley, of Connecticut, Mr. Robeson, of New Jersey, Mr. Keifer, McCoid, Haskall and others. Mr. Frye, of Maine, was particularly tantalizing. He called attention to the extraordinary words of Mr. Sparks, and asked if such a "tame and cowardly" measure was to be forced through under the party lash. He argued with the gentleman who was the mouthpiece of the committee that their work was "tame and cowardly."

The amendment, he said, was a measure born long ago, at the extra session, but it had not grown a particle since it was born. The mountain had been in labor, but only a mouse was brought forth. Mr. Frye went on to give a history of the big thing agreed on in caucus, and the process of paring down which took place under the action of the President's vetos, the mouse was at last produced. But the Democrats were not quite willing, after all, to let these speeches go without some reply; and, anxiously enough, the reply did not come from Speaker, or Townsend or Blackburn, or any of that class who denounce their press as liars, but from one who had been the chief sufferer from the policy of the extra session. It was your own Gen. Ewing defeated last Fall for Governor that was called on to lick the hand that had been raised to shed his blood. It is said that he was reluctant to undertake the task but he performed it with due courage and with his usual fluency and ability. One of his main points was that Republicans had always used riders on appropriation bills and hence were estopped from all complaint.

This is true in fact but not true in the sense put upon it. It is not a good practice, however it may be done, but it is particularly odious when it is done to force a measure through Congress that could not otherwise pass. When the Republicans used riders they had both Houses of Congress and the rider was used simply as a matter of convenience. It was a speedy way of putting a measure through the forms of legislation, and hence the bad practice was often resorted to. According to Mr Ewing's speech, the cases amounted to half a hundred. But the Democrats not only adopted the bad practice, but they applied it to a new use. They undertook to make it the means of coercion. When they lacked the constitutional power to repeal a law, they proposed to force its repeal by pinning it to an appropriation bill—virtually saying, "You shall have no money, and the whole country shall suffer if you will not do our bidding."

The rider that has just passed is the same that was finally consented to by the Republicans at the extra session. In that case many of them voted for it, although none of them regarded it as a wise or a proper measure. It was accepted because they did not wish to crowd the President into another veto. The Democrats have taken advantage of this complying spirit and given them a second dose of the same medicine. But this time the Republicans have not made the mistake of showing it any favor. On the other hand every Republican voted against it, and the hope is often expressed that the President will not sign the bill, should it pass the Senate in the same form, but will return it with his objections.

The session drags along with but little done, in spite of all resolves to urge business forward. The Senate has had four or five caucusses, and propose to let the Kellogg Spofford case lie over for awhile, but the effect is not visible on the progress of legislation. Yesterday Mr. Harris (Va.) brought up his resolution proposing that the sessions of the House shall begin at 11 o'clock instead of 12. He said that there were a *thousand bills on the calendar* awaiting action. Every report day adds one or two hundred to the list, and there are bills enough awaiting action to keep Congress here a dozen years. Such incompetency almost passes belief. Mr. Wood's funding bill may be cited as an example. This or some other funding bill is called for by the Government and necessary to proper economy in the management of the finances. Mr. Wood's bill was reported from the committee on Ways and Means two months ago and was made a special order, but the order is always set aside when it is reached, and there is no expectation that any funding bill will be passed.

The Democrats of the District are agitated by word that Mr. Tilden is about to withdraw from the canvass for the Presidential office and will leave the field to his competitors. Every Democrat seems to be delighted with the news which most of them regard as too good to be true. This is no positive proof that such a catastrophe is impending, but every body seems to believe it, and the increased aversion to him as a possible candidate makes many willing believers. Surely no man was ever nominated for a great office who was so generally distrusted and disliked. In the mean time the Republicans are in no mood to avail themselves of the Democratic distractions and blunders, but are tearing out each others eyes and fitting themselves for a doubtful contest by arousing prejudices and breaking down well earned reputations. The great Republican cause is forgotten in the selfishness of individual interests and it is greatly to be feared that all the advantages gained will be thrown away. Oh, that the ordeal of this perilous nomination were safely passed.

BUCKEYE.

—SCROFULOUS swellings, carbuncles and boils, blotches, pimples and eruptions, enlarged glands, internal soreness, torpid liver, and general clogged condition of the system, all yield in due time to nature's sovereign remedy—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Sold around the world by druggists and chemists. Foreign trade supplied from London branch. World's Dispensary Medical Association proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y., R. V. Pierce, M. D., President.

WEST BLUE MOUND, WIS., March 8, 1879.

Dr. R. V. Pierce:

DEAR SIR—Having suffered many weary months from liver complaint without relief, I was last Summer induced to try your Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets. At the time I was scarcely able to walk. Owing to their effect I commenced to improve rapidly, and am now as strong and well as ever. I thank you from the depths of my heart for the good they have done me and wish you all success.

Yours truly,

MRS. S. STAGNER.

POWDER WORKS EXPLOSION.

Buildings Torn to Pieces and Workmen Blown into Atoms.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 16—The Powder Works in the district of Berkely across the bay exploded this afternoon killing 12 white and 12 or 15 Chinaman. This is the third explosion the company has sustained all attended with a loss of life. The explosion occurred in the packing room and all at work there were killed. About 6,000 hands were in the room. All the victims were blown to atoms. A large piece was found with a part of the skull of a Chinaman and cue attached. There were six houses inside the works all blown to slivers but the workmen in them escaped excepting one man in the magazine, no trace of whom was found. Outside of the works are six houses including a boarding house of the hands all more or less but entire.

The cause of the explosion is supposed to be the carelessness of workmen who are hired by the piece and directed to use wooden mallets in packing cartridges but they found they could work faster and make more money by using an iron hammer, a risky business around giant powder. It is supposed that some man hit once too many and his cartridge went off igniting the powder before him which communicated with adjacent packages with the terrible results noted.

"Crooked Haertel."

Accept a thousand thanks for that Golden Remedy. I suffered for many years with rheumatic pains in my limbs, my legs were drawn together, and people called me "crooked Haertel." I used St. Jacobs Oil, and was cured, and now feel so well that I think I could dance as in my young days.

JOHN HAERTEL, Fremont, Ill.

A Parliamentary Prophecy and Dread

London World, March 31.

Trade and commerce will apparently be represented more conspicuously in the new House of Commons than in the last.

"Brewers and bankers, men of hideous omen,
Auriferous fellows of immense abdomen,
Flashy directors with their diamond rings—
Such is the sum of our six hundred kings."

As it was in the Parliament of 1874, so it will be in that of 1880. Either political ability of the kind which once plentifully adorned the House of Commons is a lost quality, or it finds the opportunities for its exercise elsewhere. What the English public has really to dread is, not that a party pledged to a "policy of decomposition" should get the upper hand at St. Stephen's, but that the Parliament which in another month will be on the eve of meeting, should surpass in power of dullness and lack of interest that which was dissolved last week.

Neuralgia—A Remarkable Cure.

The following extracts are from a letter received from S. A. Russell, Mescalero Agency, New Mexico, dated June 5, 1879: "I felt satisfied that if the remedy (Compound Oxygen) was really what you claimed it to be, it was just what I wanted for a daughter who had been a *sufferer with neuralgia for more than fifteen years* I wrote you for a copy of your Treatise on Compound Oxygen. After reading this little work, and the certificates of such men as Judge Kelley, T. S. Arthur, and others, I felt that if these were genuine, there must be REAL MERIT in the remedy. * * * I then ordered the remedy sent to my daughter in Kansas. That was about one year ago, and since using the supply then ordered, *my daughter has not only not had neuralgia, but considers herself in perfect health.* * * * Regarding my daughter as having, through the blessing of God, been *permanently cured of as stubborn a case of neuralgia as it is possible for any person to be afflicted with and live, by the use of your Compound Oxygen*, I esteem it a PLEASURE and a DUTY to send you this statement." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, which contains a record of many remarkable cures, sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATS.

The Great Democratic Double Infant.

SYRACUSE, April 20—A special train containing New York and Brooklyn delegates to the Kelly, or anti-Tilden, State Convention, arrived at half past 8 o'clock and the delegates marched to headquarters which they filled to overflowing. The State Committee met made up the roll of the Convention and chose temporary officers. Meak, Chairman of this Committee, was absent attending the murder trial of Jesse Billings. The Convention assembled in Shakespeare Hall, where the organization was formed last year, and ex-Lieut.-Gov. Dorsheimer named temporary Chairman. He walked to the platform attended by John Kelly and Erastus Corning, of Albany, and cheers were given for each.

Dorsheimer said it was the duty of every Democrat in Syracuse to do all in his power to bring about the union and consolidation of party to the end that some Democrat might be named in the National Convention who would secure the united support of the Democracy of New York. Let those who wish to keep part disunited take the responsibility. It should not be upon him, and he did not believe it would be upon those present. If there was wisdom enough to take a long tried statesman, if there was wisdom enough to recommend the nomination of Horatio Seymour, (wild chers,) that would unite the party, and it would move forward to victory with the resistless curren of waves.

After the usual Committees had been appointed, Mr. Parker offered a preamble and resolution, which were adopted, providing for a Committee to confer with the Committee of the other Convention so as to secure a united delegation from the State to Cincinnati. Recess.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., April 20.—The simultaneous holding of two Democratic State conventions prevented the usual crush at the entrance to either. Lester B. Faulkner, Chairman of the regular State Central Committee, called the convention to order and said Democrats would not bow to faction and sacrifice Democratic principles in order to tempt success. That was their attitude in the nomination of Lucius Robinson, (applause.) He commented on what he called the elevation of Haye to the Presidency by fraud. If he who fact elected had chosen to lead the can revolt, had said the word, a armed men would have sprung to establish the result. The of Tilden was received with gre lause, mingled with hisses, when the speaker stated that Tild bore the assertion of his own righ Presidency out of greater regard peace of his country. He was formed whether that distinguishe zen would again accept a call to posit [Laughter.] He has been def ted before the peop plause] an never will be.

John C. acobs, State Senat Brooklyn, was named as temporar man.

SYRACUSE, April 20.—During of the roll, there was great con so many contesting delegations a be heard. Seymour's name wa tioned on discussion and it was r with mingled cheers and hisses. proceedings were interrupted by mittee from the rival Convention for a conference to consider me securing harmony in the party united delegation to Cincinnati. chair informed the committee the would be placed before the Convention as soon as the roll was disposed of.

A Cough, Cold, Catarrh or Sore Throat should not be neglected. *"Brown's Bronchial Troches"* are a simple remedy, and will generally give immediate relief. Imitations are offered for sale, many of which are injurious. The genuine *"Brown's Bronchial Troches"* are sold *only in boxes*.

BLOWN DOWN AND BURNED.

Frightful Loss of Life and Property.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., April 19.—A severe storm swept over Memphis early this morning. Two houses in the southern portion of the City were struck by lightning. At Covington, 40 miles north of Memphis, the Court House was struck by lightning.

From passengers who passed through Marshfield on the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad at 8:30 last night, a few facts concerning the terrible disaster are gleaned. A man who came to the depot at the edge of the Town while the train was there reported that at 6:30 o'clock a furious huricane struck the place and levelled all that part of the Town lying west of the center of the square flat to the ground. The debris immediately took fire in several places and the flames could be seen at some points by passengers on the train. Forty dead bodies had been taken out, and more are supposed to be buried in the ruins or burned up. There were also many living still imprisoned in the debris of falling buildings. All the physicians of the Town are killed excepting two, and there was a great need of doctors to attend the wounded, of whom it was said there are some 200. A relief train with 20 physicians and nurses and fully supplies left Springfield, Mo., this A. M. for Marshfield and propably another train will arrive during the day. The storm was general in southwestern Missouri and other places probably suffered damage, but as the telegraph wires are all prostrated no advices had been received. Violent hail and rain accompanied the wind.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
For Mental Exhaustion, Overwork, Etc.

I have taken Horsford's Acid Phosphate. It has done me more good than any other medicine I ever took. I shall take more.

REV. S. N. GRIFFITH.
Racine, Wis.

Grant's Reception in Cairo.

CAIRO, Ill., April 16.—Gen. Grant arrived at 3 P. M., and was escorted to the stand by the Committee, followed by a procession of about 2,000, consisting of the military and fire companies and civic societies. After an address by Mayor Thistlewood, and an address in behalf of the people by Judge William H. Green, Gen. Grant being introduced, spoke as follows:

"GENTLEMEN, FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS: After an absence of 17 years from Cairo, the point from which I might also date the beginning of my late military career, it affords me great pleasure to come back and find instead of addressing a camp, a prosperous City, built up and devoted to the interests of peace. It has been my good fortune to have just passed through a little bit of every one of the Southern States, lately in rebellion, and it is gratifying to me, and I know will be to you, that in every one of them the scenes, decorations and speeches were the same as we see and hear here to-day. The Stars and Stripes were floating everywhere; the great portion of the speakers, in every instance, were men who in the conflict, wore the gray, and the speeches which they made show their present devotion to the flag for which we fought which is all we ever asked of them that they should respect and honor the flag and become good citizens and hereafter, if it should be assailed by a foreign foe, that they should unite with us as one people. From the assurances they gave I believe they are sincere and I hope they expressed the sentiments of the great majority, for united as one people, united as generous rivals in the building up of our several States for the whole union and feeling that loyalty for the flag, we are a great people, the greatest nation in the world. To stand divided, we are too nearly equal, man to man, to be a great and prosperous people. Let us all hope that there may be a genuine union of sentiment, a generous rivalry for the building up of our several States and National pride above State pride. I had no idea I should say so much. It was the remarks made to me that brought this out." The General leaves for Bloomington at 9 A. M., to-morrow by special train.

A TERRIBLE TORNADO.

The Town of Marshfield, Mo., Totally Destroyed.

ST. LOUIS, April 19.—A telegram from Springfield via Vinita and Kansas City to C. W. Rogers, General Manager of the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad, says: A terrible hurricane passed a few miles south of Springfield about 7 o'clock last night, doing immense damage and killing a great number of people. Fifty deaths are reported on the James River, 60 miles south of Springfield and a great many persons are missing. The train dispatcher of Conway, 14 miles this side of Mansfield, reports arriving there from Springfield at 11 o'clock, and says he found a terrible looking country from North View, seven miles west of Mansfield, to the latter point. Trees, three feet through, are torn entirely out of the ground, telegraph poles twisted off and everything wrecked. The Town of Marshfield is demolished. Brick as well as frame buildings are torn down. We did not see more than half a dozen people as we came through that Town. The place seemed deserted. The doctors and nurses, about 20 in number, went from the depot alone to hunt up the people, there being no one at the depot to receive them. We sent a relief train from Lebanon to Marshfield at daylight this morning with about 50 doctors, nurses and helpers, and full supplies of provisions, clothing and medicine stores: also material for repairing the telegraph line. The line is down at different points between Springfield and Conway, perhaps 10 miles altogether. A new Catholic church at Cuba, 90 miles from here, was blown down. No damage was done to the railroad except the destruction of one small section house. The names of the killed and wounded at Marshfield have not been received yet, telegraphic communication not being restored at this writing. There are also reports here that the City of Granby, about 100 miles southwest of Springfield, is greatly damaged, and that Warrensburg, on the Missouri Pacific Railroad, 65 miles this side of Kansas City, was badly injured, but the reports are not verified.

ST. LOUIS, April 20.—A complete list of the killed and wounded at Marshfield Sunday night has been received. The following are the additional names of the most seriously wounded: John Potter, Eliza Widermeyer, Jos. N. Wider-

way of cuts and bruises.

Among the merchants who suffered a total loss of buildings and stocks are, D. T. Graham, harness; F. C. Norvell, furniture; E. Housmer, hardware; Z. T. Janusen, drugs; James & Sons, drugs; K. J. Acusmer, groceries; G. Gumbert, dry goods; Webster County bank; Mrs. Dustin, millinery; Vinout & Rockwell general merchandise; G. E. Gilbert, groceries; W. J. Moor, paints and oils; A. Smith, provisions; R. P. Wisby, drugs; O. R. Winslow, bakery; G. A. Cohen, clothing. Badly damaged—W. H. Hampton, drugs; Smith & Sons, books and stationary. The store of P. G. Potter and Foster Bros., is standing but injured. A hundred and fifty families are left homeless and helpless by this blow. They need provisions and clothing to help them in their immediate distress, and money to aid them in rebuilding their homes. The neighboring Towns of Southwest Missouri are responding nobly. Dispatches have been received here this morning addressed to Mayor Overstolz, the Merchants Exchange, and others, from the Mayor and other prominent citizens of Marshfield, stating the urgency of their needs and appealing for help. What is needed most money for the entirely destitute. Shelter, clothing and provisions can be readily obtained, and have been liberally provided by the surrounding country, and to partially meet the demand for shelter, Capt. Rogers, General Manager of the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad, has ordered all the box cars it can possibly spare to be sent to the scene of desolation and want for the benefit of those most in need.

ed the representation larger than
John W. Lewis, of Washington,
elected temporary chairman over
G. Landrum, of Gallatin County,
ote standing 800 to 500, the former
ing Grant's strength in the conven-
Mr. Lewis, on taking the chair,
a strong speech in favor of Grant,
h was loudly applauded. Thomas
d, of Louisville, was elected tem-
ry Secretary.
motion, pledging every delegate to
ort the nominee of the Chicago Con-
ion, created a long and hot debate be-
n friends of Grant and the opposi-
but was adopted.
4 o'clock the committee on perma-
organization reported Jas. Speed,
chairman, and Thomas Speed for
etary; adopted. The report of the
mittee on credentials, in favor of ex-
ing the anti Grant delegates from the
ested wards of Louisville, was ad-
d. The committee on resolutions re-
ed in favor of instructing for Grant,
before their adoption the minority op-
e report was presented and received
wild applause by the anti-Grant
. The majority report was adopted
0 majority, so the delegates go in

THE STORM.

It Has Blown Down Telegraph Wires in Every Direction.

CHICAGO, April 19.—The storm referred to in last night's dispatches developed into still greater violence towards the morning. The wind and rain did considerable damage in the city this morn. The Western Union Telegraph company had 81 wires severed in nearly every direction. Reports from such points as were not cut off indicate that the storm has been wide spread and has done serious damage, in many towns East, West, North and South the wind continues unabated. No further disasters on the lakes are reported, although any vessels which were out last night must have suffered. The wires are gradually being repaired and coming up, Turning cold; threatening snow.

CHICAGO, April 20.—The following reports of ravages by the storm are received by telegraph. In Rock County, Wis., the Village of Shopiere was struck by the storm Sunday afternoon and torn up fearfully by the wind for two hourt. The adjoining Township of Turtle, La Prairie, Bradford and Johnson, had suffered also in loss of cattle, buildings, fences etc. The total damage in the County reaching propably $100,000. Among the chief losses are E. Mosley's blacksmith shop and house wrecked, $1,000; Methodist Church damaged, $600; George Sears, large stone mill torn to shreds, $2,000; two large barns.

Hon. William H. Starks' orchard was uprooted, some of the trees being carried a long distance, 70 hives of bees were destroyed, the fences of the farm destroyed, every window blown out of his house, barns wrecked and contents scattered and the family escaping destruction only by holding on to trees and dodging the flying debris with which the air was filled. Loss, $4,000.

The house and barns of Thomas Holmes were torn to bits and the contents utterly destroyed. Mrs. Fearns and two children who lived in the house were carried away in the flying timbers and landed 40 rods distant with slight injuries. Fearns had $170 in his pocket book, which was carried off, and part of the money was subsequently found a half-mile away.

The barns of R. W. Schenck were razed to the ground, though built of extra heavy stone walls, the stones weighing tons were hurled about like chaff. Two horses were killed outright and two wounded. The house and out buildings of S. S. Hart, were destroyed, three thousand.

Charles Youmans was picked up from the barn yard and carried about in the air like a leaf and finally landed uninjured on the wood pile. Robert Sillburn's orchard and barn were damaged $1,000. The cyllone demolished Mr. Anderson's house and badly injured his wife, who is reported dying. The family of Lyman H. Richardson, at Johnstown, took refuge in the cellar and saw the house swept from above them. No trace of the contents of the house could be obtained. The County building and poor house were dismantled.

The storm cut a swath as though of fire, destroying every bit of vegetation in its way. It was accompanied by rain and hail. The gale in Illinois was most severe in the central part of the State.

West Point Investigation.

WEST POINT, April 16.—At the afternoon session, Col. Lazelle gave the reasons why he thought Whittaker was shamming. He was strongly impressed with the idea that the handwriting of Whittaker compares closely with the handwriting in the note of warning. The finding of the necktie was, he thought, against Whittaker, because no person in civilian's dress would have brought it there. Whittaker's manner since the occurrence has been of uniform frankness and candor; extremely so, and so have all the cadets been frank and candid. He thought Whittaker could have freed himself of all peculiarities of his case could it have been the result of practice. He had no reason to doubt Whittaker's veracity outside this affair. He believed if civilians committed the deed they would have brought cords to bind him with instead of using strips of belts. He did not think the belts used were brought in to the room. Mr. Townsend questioned the witness, who, in reply, said he thought a vigorous kick would have broken the fastenings on Whitaker's feet. A man who would commit such a deed would not hesitate to deny it. He thought it improbable that one cadet would do it and lie, still more improbable that two cadets would do it and lie, still more that three cadets would do it and lie, and yet he thought a cadet had enough to do it would not hesitate to lie. He said if there were reasons why others should have committed the outrage to drive Whitaker away, there were equally strong reasons why he should have done it to stay, as the witness understood he was steadily going back in his studies.

WEST POINT, N. Y. April 19.—Superintendent Gayler, of the New York Postoffice, an expert in writing, created a sensation this morning in the inquiry into the Cadet Whittaker case by his testimony. He had been given several days ago 257 pieces of paper from the 257 cadets, on which the cadets had written sentences containing words in the note of warning found in Whittaker's room. Before handing the papers to Gayler last week the recorder tore the signature of the cadet from each and numbered the paper and attached signature alike, he, himself keeping the signatures. When asked what was the result of his comparisons Gayler testified in substance that he had found no similarity between any of them and the note of warning except in the case of the paper numbered eight. He had been given several other papers written by the person that wrote sentence numbered eight, and in each instance the writing strongly resembled that of the note of warning. Gayler noted resemblance in the letters "D" and "F," in the word "fixed," the letter "P" in April, and the "th" following the latter word. He said the writing of the person designated as No. 8 was the only hand that presented points of resemblance strong enough to warrant opinion, and he recommended the Court to pursue an investigation in the direction of No. 8. It is not yet announced who is No. 8.

When Gaylor returned from inspecting the list, three papers were handed him. He said he was clearly of the opinion that the writing on one of them was written by No. 8, but not the other two, though some of the writing on the latter bore resemblance. No one but Recorder Sears knows No. 8, and he says the name will not be revealed till further along in the investigation.

Cadet Dickinson testified that he inspected Whittaker's room four times since last November, and said there was no pillow case on his pillow; never saw the other cadets' pillows without a pillow case. This witness gave many reasons why he thought Whittaker assaulted himself. He said the letter was found on the floor of Whittaker's room written to Whittaker's mother in Whittaker's hand-writing. It was only partly written, and was in two pieces and partly burned. It was taken from the room and destroyed, Cadets Carnish, Hodgson and the witness not thinking it ought to be preserved.

SHARP PRACTICE.

Swindling the Government.

WASHINGTON, April 18.—A curious case involving some sharp practice has recently been discovered by the Treasury officers. A man obtained the numbers of some United States bonds held by an acquaintance of his, and in order to raise money on them, concocted a story to the effect that the original owner of the bonds was dead; that previous to his death he gave the bonds to a brother, who subsequently embarked for Europe on a vessel, the name of which is given; that the vessel went down, and all on board were lost. The vessel referred to actually did go down, and all on board were drowned. The person having the numbers of the bonds applied at the Treasury Department as the administrator of the original owner, alleged to be dead, for a duplicate issue of the bonds said to be lost by shipwreck, and upon producing what appeared to be properly indorsed letters of administration, his explanation was accepted and the bonds were duplicated, reissued, and at once redeemed. Recently the original bonds were presented for redemption, and an investigation has revealed that the presumed Administrator was an impostor; that the signatures on the papers held by him were forgeries, and that the bonds had never been on shipboard, having been held by an old gentleman who did not need the money, and hence refrained from presenting them for redemption. The bonds will, of course, have to be redeemed again. The question before the Department is, whether or not it will require a special appropriation.

The Kind of Candidate Wanted.

St. Paul Globe (Dem.)

We want a man of sound mind and vigorous physical powers to direct the forces in the coming campaign. He must be able to awaken enthusiasm among the masses by the magnetism of his presence, the force of his character and the purity of his record. We cannot afford to run a crippled horse in such a race as that about to commence. There are plenty of sound ones to be had and the party should see to it that such an one is placed in the field.

Horsford's Bread Preparation never loses strength by age, but will keep perfectly good. Always uniform in quality.

It Beats Gold or Silver Mining.

Gen. Beauregard, whose adversaries tried to use the panopy of the U. S. Postoffice Department as a shield for their covert malice, by an honest, clear exposition of the mode of drawing of the far-famed Louisiana State Lottery, on the second Tuesday of every month, has won a decided triumph. The next monthly drawing (the 120th) will take place at New Orleans, on May 11th, and $2 sent now to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., or to No. 319 Broadway, New York City, may then realize $30,000. *It beats gold or silver mining.*

No mistake can be made in giving Denig's Worm Syrup to children; it gives tone to the stomach, aids digestion, removes all systems of worms and leaves the child well.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer the only reliable preparation for restoring gray hair to its original color.

THERE is no use denying that "Favorite" Cooking-stoves are so firmly fixed in the minds and affections of the people, by the wonderful perfection of their construction and operation, as to place them in the lead of all others.

—THERE is no sweetness in a kiss,
Unless your teeth are just like pearls,
Then would you share its trembling bliss,
Use Sozodont at once, sweet girls;
For it alone gives to the mouth,
White teeth and fragrance of the South.

STARVING TO DEATH.

Pathetic Case of a Child Perishing from Being Unable to Swallow.

Special Dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer.

WAYNESVILLE, O., April 15.—Mr. Frank F. Williamson arrived here last Monday from Ellinwood, Barton County Ks., bringing with him his little son Eugene, aged 25 months. Seven weeks ago on that day, while in the kitchen of his father's house playing about, he spied a can of concentrated lye upon a shelf, and with childish curiosity, he reached and obtained possession of it, instantly putting the can to his lips and swallowing with unaccountable avidity a portion of the fiery liquid before his movements could be arrested. Immediately his gums and tongue began to swell. He lay in spasms, and in a few minutes not a tooth in his mouth was discernible. Every thing that inexperienced minds could suggest was done as quickly as possible to neutralize the effects of the burning draught, and medical assistance supplemented the efforts of father and mother. In time the swelling subsided, and apparently the soreness of the throat disappeared; but still the poor child could take nourishment in liquid form alone, mild beef tea, etc., being his regular diet. When anything solid was introduced it would descend apparently only to the entrance of the stomach, where, finding an obstruction, it would at once be thrown up.

Ten days ago the State Medical Convention was in session at Topeka, and Mr. Williamson determined to take his child before this confederation of medical talent. For hours the best skill and learning of this body were directed to the child's case, terminating in a recommendation to apply to Dr. Wood, of Kansas City. There the father and his little suffering charge betook themselves. Dr. Wood examined the case, and said: "Go home with your child, sir, and let Nature alone. She is the best and only competent physician in this case. I think the boy will get well."

But the father was not satisfied, especially as he had been advised to come to come to Dr. Mussey, of Cincinnati, and to this practitioner Mr. Williamson applied on Monday last. Dr. Mussey made an examination of the throat, after subjecting the patient to the influence of chloroform, introducing an instrument which failed to penetrate through a stricture in the œsophagus, which is the chief cause of trouble. Dr. Mussey then desisted from further treatment, instructing the parent, in case the child should improve by Friday (to-morrow), to bring him for an operation. But since Monday the poor little fellow, instead of improving, has not been able to swallow even fluids as well as before. After long and frantic efforts, he succeeded yesterday morning at 5 o'clock in swallowing a quantity of milk, and that was all until this morning at eight. To witness the child's efforts to take sufficient nourishment to keep him alive is the most pathetic scene any one can behold. He calls for milk, water, nice cookies, or anything his fancy suggests, or he has been accustomed to, and although the instant after he drinks or eats it all comes up again, yet he is so plucky and frantic from hunger that he does not desist until completely worn out.

The little stomach is all right, and the blood seems in a healthy state. It is the cicatrix formed at the mouth of the aorta, or at the end of the œsophagus, by nature's effort to heal the damage done by the lye, which is now jeopardizing the little one's life. Perhaps his chances for recovery are as one in a thousand. The only hope is thought to lie in the pliability of youth, the repairing force of nature, and the otherwise healthy condition of the child and his inherent power of resisting disease. But Drs. Mussey and Dawson regard his death as only a matter of a little time.

Mr. Williamson, the father, who does not leave his boy's side day or night, is a son of the late Dr. Francis Williamson, who died here two years since, and the son and grandson are now at the home of Dr. W.'s widow, in this Town. In all probability, fear of results will deter the father from submitting his child to an operation to-morrow. The case is a most melancholy one—a little child, bright and full of life when for the time forgetting the excruciating pangs of hunger, starving to death by inches—and one which is entirely unique in cause and circumstances.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

The Suit Which Will Disclose the Weakness of a Divinity Student.

The New York *Times* of this morning says: "The suit of Robert F. C. Pennell against the Rev. George C. Pennell, Rector of St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, Newark, N. J., for $2,444, which has occupied so much public attention, is set down for trial in the City Court on Monday. The plaintiff claims to be the defendant's son by Mary Hannah Schroeppel, to whom the defendant was married in May, 1852. A male child was born a month after the marriage. It was immediately taken away. The mother never saw it, and believed it to be dead. About that time the Rev. Mr. Pennell's father took a male child to one Raphael Renta, in Brooklyn, and agreed to pay $8 a month for its support. Mr. Pennell paid the money until his death. The suit now brought by the young man claiming to be Robert F. C. Pennell is to recover the amount of money at the rate of $8 a month that should have been paid from the date of old Mr. Pennell's death until he was 21 years of age. After the birth of her child, Mrs. Pennell resumed her maiden name of Schroeppel and returned to live with her relatives in Oswego County. She died some years ago quite wealthy. The Pennell's refused to acknowledge her as the wife of their son, who was a divinity student at the time, and for that reason she resumed her maiden name, concealing her marriage lest the fact of her previous ruin should be made public. The plaintiff obtained an order to examine the defendant before trial. In that examination the Rev. Mr. Pennell admitted the marriage to Miss Schroeppel, and that a male child was born to her one month after the marriage. He obtained a divorce in 1861 on the ground of abandonment.

When a woman wants to be pretty, she bangs her hair, and when she wants to be ugly, she bangs the door.

TUTT'S PILLS

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulderblade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

CONSTIPATION.

Only with regularity of the bowels can perfect health be enjoyed. If the constipation is of recent date, a single dose of TUTT'S PILLS will suffice, but if it has become habitual, one pill should be taken every night, gradually lessening the frequency of the dose until a regular daily movement is obtained, which will soon follow.

Dr. I. Guy Lewis, Fulton, Ark., says: "After a practice of 25 years, I pronounce TUTT'S PILLS the best anti-bilious medicine ever made."

Rev. F. R. Osgood, New York, says: "I have had Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach and Nervousness. I never had any medicine to do me so much good as TUTT'S PILLS. They are as good as represented."

Office 35 Murray Street, New York.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a Natural Color, acts Instantaneously, and is as Harmless as spring water. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office 35 Murray St., New York.

Fever and Ague, Sick headache, dizziness and faintness cured by Malt Bitters.

A New Name for the Drooping Sorghum.

There has been much talk of late particularly by the Kansas Board of Agriculture, about a new kind of grain which was supposed to be easy of cultivation on arid soil. The Produce Exchange received a sample of this grain yesterday with a long communication from an expert in cereals. He wrote that the grain is no novelty and was cultivated in Europe as early as 1596. It was introduced into this country long before the arrival of the Mennonites, who have been credited with being the first to plant it. The grain is constantly coming up before the public under new names, such as Egyptian corn, ivory wheat, Indian millet and papyrus rice, which is its latest name. The expert says it is nothing else but the drooping sorghum (*sorgum cernuum*). He counts that it is easier of cultivation than other grains, but says it is in great favor in the East Indies and Africa on account of the ease with which it can be cooked. The cobs are eaten like green corn, and the plant which sometimes attains a height of seven feet is covered with a thick foliage.

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L.S.L.

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NIGHT SCENES—5 for 25c; by mail, sealed.

The Household

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this Department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write Household Department on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.
4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Unfermented Wine.

"Camellia" asks for a recipe for chocolate cake, as I think mine about right I will send it; for the cake I use my usual layer-cake recipe—two eggs, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, one-half cup of flour and one heaping teaspoon of baking powder, or if preferred in place of baking powder one teaspoon of cream tartar and one of soda; this will make four layers, baked in the usual layer cake tins; when taken from the oven I turn them out on a towel to cool, and make the filling in this way: Take two squares of Bakers' chocolate and cut up in small pieces in a basin (a pint basin is good size) with about four tablespoons of sweet milk, put on the stove and stir until the chocolate has dissolved and thickened quite stiff, and add one-half cup of sugar and a drop or two of the extract of vanilla, spread on the cakes while it is warm, and unless it is very thin it will not run off, as the cakes are cold and it cools very quickly. To finish it up nicely, beat the white of an egg to a froth, add sugar as for frosting, then stir in grated chocolate until quite brown, and if your cake is not good I shall be disappointed.

Another cake that we think a good deal of here is the cream cake. For this cake I use the sponge cake recipe on the baking powder box, (any good one will do;) bake in two-layer cakes and then they are ready any time. For one cake take six tablespoonfuls of sweet cream and beat as you would the white of an egg, until it will stand alone, then add one tablespoonful of sugar and flavor to the taste. Be sure to have the cream cold or it will come to butter.

I enjoy reading the letters in the Household very much, and in the one from "Aunt Sarah," I was glad to hear that one man had stopped using tobacco and had not died. I think a few more might with the same effect—or if they died we would have this consolation, that they were better prepared.

And now I have a new subject to bring before the Household, or not entirely new, as it bears on temperance. Why is it that fermented wine is used at the communion table in so many churches yet? It does seem as though we might have that pure at least, and as it is so easily obtained in many places, at least where grapes are raised at all, as it takes but a few to make enough for our country or even large village churches. The way we make it I will give as it is liked very much wherever it is used. Pick the grapes from the stem into a pan or stew kettle and add a little water as they will not burn, when cooked until all are soft turn them into a collander and let them drain into an earthern jar; when you have a sufficient amount cooked add about one third water to the juice and one-half of sugar to one pound of juice and let it boil 10 minutes then put in to cans or bottles and seal air tight the same as canned fruit and it will keep as long as you want it. If the grapes that are used are half the common grape it makes it just as good as they are more tart than the nice varieties, just before using if heated up it will have a pleasanter flavor, as the acid part forms in little particles and settle in the bottom of the can, and unless they are dissolved it is too sweet to be just right. If put into quart or two quart cans as the amount used at one time is known then there will be no waste, as what is left must be [illegible] and put up air tight again to keep. Hoping this will do some little good, I will bid you good-night.

MRS. H. B.

From a New Contributor.

Hear a gentle voice from California. I am a native son of the Golden West. I read and like the WEEKLY BLADE, but I don't agree with some of the letters that I find in the Household. They don't have the California ring to them. The letter in February 12 signed "A Spectator," contains more nonsense than it ever seemed possible to me to get within so small a space. He says, "Girls, don't give your husbands 'curtain lectures'," "few men can stand it," "it makes them worse," "it makes them desperate." Great heavens! what kind of men do you have in the East. I can't get my imagination down to form any idea of what such creatures must look like. I have often heard some of our 10 year old boys say, after being made "desperate" by getting a slipper lecture, "I won't stand it, I'm going to run away, I'm going to be bad, bad, bad," but about supper time they were glad to get within reaching distance of their mother's hot biscuits. The husbands he talks about, seem to have just about as much manhood as our 10 year old boys. Perhaps if some solid old mother-in-law were to come around and spank them once or twice, it might improve their baby minds. His distinction between a "real man" and the other kind of "man" is a distinction with very little difference. If those are the only kinds of men you have, you need to import another kind and get a "man, what is a man."

He has no pity for the wives of drunken, abusive husbands. I do not cry Shame! shame! for there is no shame, but tar and feathers is too respectable a coat for such an animal as a husband, that abuses his wife, whose weak arm is rendered powerless to strike back, by the love she bears him, notwithstanding her treatment. My prayer for such a condition of things would be, "O Lord, let thy lightning strike the cowardly thing" or else "O Lord, let me retain my disposition, and for one short hour, make me the wife of such a man." Either answer would be a remedy.

I will not enlarge upon, but I utterly repudiate the sentiments, "Young ladies alone have the power to eradicate intemperance;" that if, by their "negligence," young ladies get a drunken sot for a husband, they "will be without the pity or concern of their more fortunate neighbors;" that a man, ("what is a man") is such a weak, contemptible creature, or to be so "easily spoiled."

In fact, in my estimation there is not one manly sentiment in the whole letter.

I don't see how "Moss Rose" can be what she claims to be, and get time to write such a letter. She is sensible to the last, in her words, and though I believe the clothes soaking has been sufficiently ventilated, I want to suggest a kindred idea before I close. I believe as "Moss Rose" does—"put your clothes to soak on Sunday afternoon," if you feel that way, but from the bottom of my heart I pity the woman who is driven to any such necessity. The woman who needs Sunday to get physical rest, in order that she may bear the strain of the week's hard work, is to be pitied. The woman who has so much work to do week days that she must needs put her clothes to soak on Sunday, is to be doubly pitied.

So long as labor is a condition of life, it accords with the universal fitness of things that woman should bear some of the world's burdens, but let her have work according to her strength. When Sunday comes she should be able to hang up her week day cares, with her week day dress, and think of nothing but the bright, the beautiful and the spiritual. She, who is designed to be the noblest, the most beautiful work of creation, should clothe herself in robes of beauty, and with a nature "little lower than the angels," she should seek and enjoy all the blessings that her surroundings afford; sunshine and flowers, hillside and valley, rambles and quiet rests, lively conversation and enjoyable company. Then would the world be a better one, and life be worth living.

AZA HARTE.
Benicia, Cal.

Letter from Alcyone.

Yesterday I received a postal card, on which was sent the following remedy for chronic inflammation of the stomach: "Take one ounce of red cinchona bark (pulverized) and put it in one pint of good wine. Dose, one teaspoonful three times a day, more or less, according to age; shake well before using." I have heard that the juice of lemons was considered good for neuralgia. Apply to seat of pain, rubbing the part thoroughly; also that it will promote the growth of the hair by rubbing it well into the roots. I think it good for the complexion. It should be applied to the face for a few moments, when it may be wiped off with a moist cloth. If it causes any smarting of the skin, it will be better to dilute with a little rain water.

I have been told that a calla will blossom much longer if the old stem is removed as soon as the flower fades. It may be severed two or three inches below by inserting the point of a penknife, and can then be drawn out, when in a short time the young bud will appear. Continue this treatment as long as there are any more buds to bloom.

I wish to tell the young housekeepers, and especially young mothers, how to make good Graham bread, as this is a very necessary article of diet, and should be used in every household. Set a sponge at night with white flour, using hop yeast. In the morning add half a teacup of molasses to each loaf. Mix with Graham flour, stirring with a spoon until stiff enough to mould with the hands. A little white flour may be used to mould with, as the Graham is pretty sticky to handle. Don't let any one prevail upon you to stir Graham bread with a spoon, for if you do you will have hard bread, full of holes, which no one can eat. It does not need to be mixed as hard as white bread, nor moulded so long, but it must be moulded, and let it rise again in a pan, before putting it into the baking dish to rise. Will some one try it and report?

I send also a recipe for raisin pie: Take one pound of raisins, cover with water and stew one hour. While hot add one sliced lemon (peeled), three tablespoons flour, two cups white sugar, half a cup cold water. Remove from the stove immediately. Bake with two crusts. If there is not sufficient juice, more water may be added. This makes three pies; so you see they are not very expensive, and they are certainly delicious. A huckleberry pie is much improved by adding half a sliced lemon or a tablespoon or two of vinegar.

I am willing to send domestic remedies free to all so far as lies in my power. What little knowledge I possess in this direction I learned by experience, which may be very well so far as it goes. I will close with the following, which is considered a good wash for the hair: Put half an ounce of the flour of sulphur into one pint of warm water; let it stand a few days. Pour off and add one-third part of glycerine. Apply to the scalp thoroughly once or twice a week.

ALCYONE.
Box 46, St. Charles, Mich.

Card Playing.

So far I have kept out of the debates, but "Conscience" has troubled me somewhat in the article on "Card Playing," as it is a subject that the writer is well acquainted with. Not that I am a gambler or habitual card player, though I do manage to have a social game during the year, as many times at least as there are cards in the pack. No "Conscience" not in a Saloon but in the home circle. Just think of it, card-playing at home and that too, often with children. Now I am no church member but have all due respect for those who are. "Conscience," do you really know what the "Queen of hearts' is? She is no monster neither are her relations allied to such a being. Because people have gambled with wheat, and many a necessity should we continue it? No rather let us "prove all things and hold fast all that which is of good." "Conscience" I am afraid you are a little narrowminded on the subject in question. I thank Heaven for the good principles given me by a kind father and mother.

They have guided my steps aright through many a folly and helped me to shun evils that in youth I knew not of. Yet that father and mother, though nearly 60, will sit down in the evening and play a game with their son. Is this a sin or a crime that one need be ashamed of? No, it is rather a pleasure to be enjoyed. Did the command to "Eve" not to touch the fruit save her from the sin? No, it opened a mine of fascinated curiosity, the "tempter" came and behold the result. You were young once, "Conscience" and you must have been a great curiosity if you did not enjoy some of the childish games and sports, and were they wrong? Shall we look frowningly upon all players of games and say, I am glad I am not as they? No, for "Judge not that ye be not judged" would be as mountains on our heads. One question more, "Conscience." Is there evil in a pleasant game of checkers, dominos, cards, chess, or the like, that we should raise our hands in holy horror? You will not hesitate to say they in themselves are right. A woman once said to her little girl, "you must not go near those flowers." At last the child, all eager curiosity and delight, ventured too near, grasped one, ran to her mother, and in tears said: "Momma, I couldn't help it!" To the mothers of the "Household" who have boys let me say, surround them with games and plays; make your homes places of amusement as well as good, earnest study, enjoy their sport, they will want to stay at home then. It costs but little, and there is a benefit that you may never realize. The evil of card playing is for the greater part an imaginary one. Let the boys play. It may sound wicked to some; but, mothers, remember that the evil is gone when the temptation is removed. Abhor the game, cover it with holy curses, where it is not evil of itself, and a temptation will lurk around it that will sometimes o'ermaster a weak will.

JUSTICE.
Hutchinson, Minn.

Beaux!

Is it not very natural that girls should devote more time and thought on the idea of "having beaux" than is proper or sensible for them, when from their very childhood it is instilled into their minds? I have heard parents teasing children six or seven years old about their beaux, or going to see their girls, etc., thus cultivating in them a sickly sentimentality which in later years develops into prudery on one side and precocious "young gentlemanhood" on the other. It is only a little while since I saw a little boy five years old very naturally throw his arm 'round a little girl at his side. Straightway a big Oh! was made about it, as if it could possibly be at all out of the way. Why can we not let our children be natural with each other, so long as they play together innocently, and leave the idea of "belles and beaux" for future years? It will come soon enough without our aid. I have a little girl six years old who does not yet know the meaning of the word, yet I think there is no danger, in playing with little boys, that she would be anything but a modest child. Boys should be taught to be gentlemanly and chivalrous in their intercourse with girls, and girls need not be novices in the study of human nature, or unable to "distinguish truth from flattery," as was stated by one writer for the Household, because she has not from her childhood "had beaux," in the sense the word is generally used. I see nothing wrong in young people of opposite sexes, though only 14 or 15 years old, associating with each other, or even attending such gatherings and entertainments together as their parents may think proper; and if they have been brought up in a sensible way, such association need not be feared. It has been demonstrated by actual trial that young people, educated in entire seclusion from the opposite sex are much more likely to overstep the bounds of propriety when they are brought in contact with them than would be the case had they been allowed to mingle together. I remember having a boy friend ("beau" I suppose many would call him) at that age, and we thought a great deal of each other, too, but there was never any approach to sentimentality on either side, and we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly, walking to school together, and whenever we happened to meet. Our paths separated after a few years, and I think we were neither of us any the worse for our boyish and girlish preferences. If a girl from childhood has been allowed to associate with her boy playmates in a natural and proper manner, and has not had the idea of "catching a beau" put in her head, she will, in later years, be far more like to form an attachment from love of the character of its object, than to fall in love at first sight, as is thought proper by some. Let the friendship between boys and girls be the same as among boys, as much and as long as possible, and there will be a healthier state of mind in the relations of the sexes.

JENNIE L.

"My Deal."

As I am one of the "old regulars," and have not had my say in matters of discussion lately, I think I will venture to say something to "Conscience" about card playing, but am afraid I will not be able to run the gauntlet of critics, fretters and fault-finders without being severely handled by some of the correct ones. In the first place, I don't think it a sin for one to play cards, even if he be a "Divinitatis Doctor." Cards, like any other game, can, of course, be indulged in to excess, and are oftener used for gambling purposes than anything else, and from that fact they have inherited their bad name, but in reality, in my judgment, there is no more harm in using them than there is in playing croquet, checkers, or any one of the numberless other games. As for mothers trying to prevent their children from indulging in it I do not feel at liberty to give my opinion, as there are exceptions on both sides; but I will say this, that I know of any amount of families that do allow card playing in their houses, and don't know of one single case of any member becoming adicted to it, or a gambler. I also know that the members of some of those families are just as good Christians as the "straight laced" ones, and by allowing their boys and friends to play at home unrestrained, may very often keep them from going to worse places to spend their leisure and learning other things often much worse than card playing. If at any place in the Bible card-playing is prohibited, I will gladly admit that I am wrong but as for myself until then I will dance play cards and read novels (of course in moderation) and do it with a clear conscience too and at the same time try to be a good church member, and not let them in anyway interfere with my duties as one.

SELAH.

I want to say just a few plain words from experience to the "Young men" adout the much abused "school ma'ams" for wives. Dont let that vocation be the least bit of an objection but rather take one of them in preference and I think you will well find I am right—at least that is just what I—— JUVENIS.

Among the Heathen.

I'd like to shake hands with Lou Dean and Gretchen, but as that is impossible, I'll tell them to "just keep your old goose quill a floppin' and give 'em a good one for me." I've "been West" among the heathen, too—away out on the sunny plains of Kansas, dotted with schoolhouses, villages containing elegant churches, and magnificent roads over which the heathen lovers scamper on their pretty Texas ponies, or ride in a remarkably fine carriage. Then these Western young folks sit up until the rosy light in the East warns them that it's 'most breakfast time, and all because they don't know any better. I'd like to have the Brownie, Hope and Penns girls go out there as missionaries. If I had a dozen girls all I'd want would be to have them endowed with plenty of good common sense. Let them roll up their sleeves and get right into the dish-pan, and I wouldn't think it best for them to put on kid gloves and then use a mop to wash with. I wash, scrub, bake, play the organ and piano, and—hold up your hands, every one of you—sit up 17 nights out of a week!

Mrs. Axtell has certainly given us some fresh ideas on the subject of reading. Now I know I should quarrel with my brothers and sisters for the honor of reading "Pilgrim's Progress" while the rest of the family were eating breakfast of fried ham and eggs. If such a thing were possible I would suggest the reading of Twain, Josh Billings, or a good book of clown's jokes, for we all know that we ought to be jolly at the table. Here we are at the tea-table, the children from school brimful of chatter, the boys from the fields tired, but good-natured. Who, with any common sense, would sit down and read them a long, dry political speech? Any one that wants to read can find time between meals. Let's change the subject and tell the men who we are going to vote for next Fall. I'm for Grant, Garfield, Blaine, Sherman, or that other fellow that has not made his appearance yet. Now for fear the whole Household Department will fall in love with me, I close.

CAP. CARRY.
Charloe, Ohio.

Under a Mansod Roof.

Being a constant reader of the BLADE especially the Household Department, I find that we as a people cannot always agree. In February (No. 12) I agree with the "Spectator" in regard to "Curtain Lecturing," as I would call it. A few kind words fitly spoken will do more good to reform a man than a dozen scoldings will; besides this continual scolding soon becomes powerless to man and it seems to me if I were a man I would stay out later of evenings on purpose to miss this part of the program. But enough of this; I am a young married lady (if three years' experience is counted such) and have had no personal experience in being left alone or neglected, but I have seen enough to convince me that this truly is the cause. One lady said she lived under a "dirt roof." I do, but we call it a "mansod" roof, and find it more comfortable than I had anticipated. I have mine lined inside with muslin. Some people living here have dirt roofs and dirt floors. What will some of our lady readers think of that? But they must bear in mind that the majority of Western people came from the East, and don't expect to always live in "shantys" under dirt roofs, and I doubt if any of them can beat us making *box furniture*.

I have a nice organ, bureau and Sewing machine, but the rest of my furniture is "Box" and we find it very nice and convenient. "Will some lady of the "Household" tell me how to clean caster bottles which have had vinegar standing in them until they are made yellow?

Many ladies have taken claims in this County and are doing as well as young men, and they teach school too, enough to pay for all necessary improvements. Teachers are paid here by grade of certificate and not by gender, $15 to $45 per month.

"FOGEL."
Walnut City, Kan.

Dont Whip.

The following has been handed us for publication by one who is greatly interested in the proper treatment of children in regard to their government:

A parent who doesn't know how to govern a child without whipping it ought to surrender the care of that child to some wiser person. Sportsmen once thought it was necessary to lash their dogs in training them for the field. They know now that the whip should never be used. Horsemen once thought that it was necessary to whip colts to teach them to start and stop at the word, and pull steadily. They know now that an apple is better than the lash, and a caress better than a blow. If dogs and horses can be thus educated without punishment, what is there in our children which makes it necessary to slap and pound them? Have they less intelligence? have they cold hearts? are they lower in the scale of being? We have heard many people say, "If we were to bring up another child, we would never whip it." They are wise, but a little too late. Instead of God doing so little for children that they must be whipped into goodness, he has done so much for them that even whipping can't ruin them—that is, as a rule. But, alas, there are many exceptions to this rule. Many children are of such quality that a blow makes them cowardly, or reckless, or deceitful, or permanently ugly. Whipping makes them steal. Whipping breaks their spirit. Whipping makes them hate their parents. Whipping makes home distasteful—makes the boys runaways, makes the girls seek happiness anywhere and anyhow. Whipping is barbarous. Don't whip.—*Golden.*

Bridal Presents.

I would like the opinion of the Household on the presents most suitable for parents to give to their daughters after marriage. It is the custom with a great many fathers to limit their gifts to a horse and a cow, nothing more or less. Do not the Household think other presents, judiciously chosen, would be more suitable, even if they did not cost quite so much—something that will be a direct help to her about her work, and which newly-married people think they cannot afford to buy. Of course we all know that a horse and cow are a great help to the husband, especially if he is a poor man. But these things are given whether he is rich or poor, and they are really no help or benefit to the daughter in any way. While if you gave her the price of them in labor-saving machinery, you would save her a great deal of hard work, as well as saving health and strength. You say she can sell the horse and cow and buy the machinery. No she cannot do that. Husband would be angry, and the neighbors would ridicule her. Husband can sell that horse and cow and buy the machinery that he wants, and the neighbors never think of abusing him. Is there a sewing machine that can be made to run without a treadle or crank? I think Shirley Dare spoke of one once.

UNCLE HARRY.
Sunbeam, Ill.

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Some Answers.

I have preserved the recipes by pasting them in an unused account book. I now consider myself quite a wiseacre in the culinary art, and in a great many other things, all gleaned from the BLADE.

I think I can tell Mrs. Jeffreys how to make balls for fancy work. Wind crewel or Germantown yarn around two fingers, held slightly distended; slip from fingers, and sew securely in center; cut the ends, hold to thread, and with a pin pick until each strand is separated, after which cut and trim to ball shape; fasten cord by making a knot and drawing through the ball.

I can also give "Camelia" a choice chocolate cake recipe: Two thirds cup of butter, two cups white sugar, beaten thoroughly; two thirds cup sweet milk the whites of six eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, two teaspoonsful baking powder, using flour to judgment; bake in jelly tins; mix chocolate powder with the whites of two eggs, adding a little sugar, spread between layers, same as jelly. This recipe will make a splendid spice cake by using ground spices in place of chocolate.

I will suggest a pretty filling of pressed ferns and bittersweet berries for the quaint cornucopea described in a recent issue of the BLADE.

MAUD MULLER.

It Sounds Easy!

Girls I am 18 years old and the baby too, but let me tell you how you can go to school in the Winter. "Get up" early and get the meal while mother sleeps (of course your good bothers will get up and build the fires.) After breakfast wash the dishes, make the beds, sweep the floors, wash, comb, and dress, and you are ready for school and mother has only to do what she pleases, till dinner time. And when you come home at night also lend a helping hand, and don't forget to improve your leisure hours by "study." Try this girls and see if you don't win the prize, and get praise. Sister teachers do you think it best to give prizes to small scholars, or to give them all a "treat" upon the last day, (this is always a sad day and we want to make it pleasant as possible.) Will some one please answer; and next time I will tell you what I do to keep the children a wake, which never fails, unless the children are too small to go to school. I do not think a child should be allowed to enter school under eight or nine years old, how many agree?

GOOD GRACE.
Livingston, Ill.

Some Requests.

Will the lady who wrote to the BLADE about Kansas flowers, and signed her name "Western Wander," please send a card with her address to P. R. Sybrant, Beaver Dam Wis.

A lady wants to know how those foot muffs are made that Shirly Dare wrote about; what shape and how large; think they would be so nice for long cold rides. Will she please answer through the BLADE?

I dearly love the BLADE and how glad I am the lady who calls herself "Aunt Fanny," can take it again. I hope the hard times for many of our dear Kansas sisters are nearly over.

I showed a man the article by "Lillie," in the BLADE and wanted him to read it. He did so, then sneeringly remarked—"Oh that does very well for a woman, but you would not have thought it smart for a man" I know he can't do half as well, but I did not say so. It does some small weak men so much good to think themselves superior to women.

I second the motion for Mr. Rennie to write often about flowers. I love flowers dearly but have never had good success with house plants. I water every day but they never thrive.—P. R. S.

Please some one send directions for coloring cotton goods a good, bright red that will not fade by exposure to the air or sunlight. State quantity of goods, and kind of vessels to be used in coloring.

Should any one desire it, I can send recipe for curing hams, which is worthy of all confidence, keeps perfectly, and just salt enough to be good.—MARY E. MILFORD.

In a November or December Number (not certain which) a sister said she would give a recipe for coloring cotton crimson and brown, and also one for washing black calico without fading, and in last week's number, Jimmy Jones says he will give recipes for graham gems and mush, and vinegar for four cents per gallon. Please send them in to Household.—M. W., Reso, Ia.

I would like to ask why the old birds pull the feathers out of the young ones, and a remedy to stop them.

I have a pattern of a card basket made in the shape of maple leaves, some make it of white wood and tie it together with the ribbon. I have made one of pasteboard stained and varnished it, and every one thinks it pretty. Anyone wishing it can have it by sending postage. I wish I could describe a photograph frame I have so the sisters of the Household could make one like it. It is made of black cardboard and worked with white zyphyr.—MRS. R. SHARRA, Mexico. N. Y.

Well, don't you all think Shirley has subdued the Household somewhat by her last letter? Even if she is not, I for one, felt rather indignant that she should speak so disparagingly of our Household, for I think it is just splendid. would like to ask a few questions. Can anyone tell me how to clean a zinc resorvoir that has become badly rusted, and how to make a pretty pin-cushion and easy made, for I am a poor hand at fancy work, and also a pretty what not of spools.—NEW COMER.

I come to say to some one who lives in Washington Territory, that if they would like to have a correspondent in Missouri, that I will correspond with any one that will write to me. I would like a full description of the country, and the price of land, and the price of all kinds of produce and any other important news that would be of interest to any one who would like to go West to locate. There are quite a number of families here who are talking of going out there this Summer. So I would be very glad to have some one write to me, as they would all like to hear first. Write and oblige a friend, and I will answer all letters and questions.

Will some one give a recipe to cure white swelling.—SUSIE F. HASCALL, Saverton, Ralls County, Mo.

I would ask Gretchen if she uses glue or flour paste in her scrap-book. I have used mucilage, but do not like it.—MINNESOTA GIRL, Havana, Minn.

Will Mr. Rennie or some one that knows tell us whether houseplants will thrive as well on the west side of the house as on the east?—MRS. M. E. CONAWAY, Ripley, W. Va.

Can any of the Household inform me through the BLADE of any one that has used mullen for consumption; how much to be used during the day, and at what time, before or after eating, and is there danger in getting it too strong? I have seen mullen recommended very highly through some paper, but it did not state how to use it.—LOU G.

To the mother whose children are troubled with sore mouths, I would give the following recipe: Take honey three parts, alum and borax one part, make a wash, and use thoroughly until better.

A splendid cake recipe: Take eight eggs, nine ounces of sugar; beat all together for one-half hour. You must not stop beating after you commence, for it will be heavy if you do. Have seven ounces of flour to stir it in, and put in the oven as soon as possible and have a good fire.

Will some of the sisters tell me how to make buns.—SISTER SALLY.

Will some reader of the BLADE send through the Household Department a recipe for coloring white straw hats a nice seal brown?—F. C. B., Hebron, Ill.

Will some of the readers, living near the sea coast, or at any point where sea moss or sea weed can be procured send their address to—MRS. C. W. KILLEN, Bailey, Mich., Muskegon Co.

My mother used to make hard soap from the common soft soap farmer's wives make of grease and wood ashes. But I do not know how it was done. If any of the Household will send me a recipe that they know to be good I will be very much obliged; and please send it very quick.—ELSIE, Pa.

BEAUTIES OF POLYGAMY.

A Striking Illustration of the Celestial Order of Marriage.

Salt Lake Anti-Polygamy Standard.

The following was related by the wife of a noted United States explorer to a Gentile lady of this city, who will vouch for its genuinenss: "While traveling in Southern Utah we came to a small settlement, where we were detained for a day or two by inclement weather. We found shelter in the humble, but neat and hospitable home of a monogamist saint, whose family hated polygamy, and through whose influence we were permitted a glance at some of the beastliness that characterizes the peculiar institution. Only a short distance from the dwelling of my friendly entertainers there stood a miserable abode hut, I could not conscientiously call it a house, where lived a saint with three wives, all of whom had families. My hostess made some neighborly errand an excuse for paying them a visit, and permitted me to accompany her; but before going she made me acquainted with the relationship existing between the three women who were living with and had borne children to the same man.

"The first and second women were sisters. The latter had been a widow with one child when she married her sister's husband. When this child had grown to be about 16 years old her step-father had also married her, but after a few months she left and was sealed to another man as plural wife by whom she had two children. Then he died, and she returned to her first husband bringing her children with her, the eldest of whom at the time I am speaking of was a girl about 15 years of age, and my informant stated for a fact that the old wretch had thoughts of marrying her, too.

"When we entered the hut the scene that met my eyes totally beggars description. Imagine one low, smoky, filthy room serving as living-room and sleeping apartment for three women and their offspring; some of the latter almost grown up, the majority, however, being little children. I could never have dreamed of such dirt, rags, and squalor existing in a Christian country. I had seen nothing to equal it even among the Digger Indians; in fact, the latter were quite civilized in comparison. But the worst of my story is yet to come.

"The girl of whom my hostess had spoken as a probable bride of her grandfather was sitting in a corner sobbing and crying. Upon inquiring the cause of her distress, we were told quite frankly that her grandfather had given her a severe castigation for speaking disrespectfully about polygamy, and declaring that she never would become the wife of her mother's and grandmother's husband. When we left I could not restrain my indignation, and I said, 'What a lovely religion this is to make such beasts out of human caestures.'

"'It is not religion, but the lack of it, that makes them beasts,' quietly rejoined my hostess, 'and you will find many cases as bad as this one if you travel far in Utah.'

"But the sequel is still more horrible. About a year afterward we had occasion to pass through that particular settlement again, and for a day were the guest of our former hostess. She told me that the young girl was really sealed to her grandfather, being literally forced into it by her own mother and grandmother under circumstances so revolting that delicacy forbids me from repeating them even to one of my own sex. Even in that polygamic community the excitement was so great that talk was had of lynching the degraded trio, the man and the two elder women, but the feeling soon passed over, and was eventually forgotten or only remembered as an episode of this peculiar religion."

Weary of Voorhees.

From the New Orleans Times, March 21.

Congress, the press, and the country are becoming tired and disgusted with Senator Voorhees' exodus investigation. He started out to prove that the colored people who have emigrated to Indiana from the South went there in pursuance of a plan to colonize enough colored people in that State to carry it for the Republican party. He has failed in his purpose. Instead of manufacturing political capital for his party, he has afforded the Republicans an opportunity of getting a great deal of stuff before the country which will be beneficial to them in the coming campaign.

Our Young Folks

THE CHILD-MUSICIAN.

He had played for his lordship's levee,
He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said—too late—"He is weary!
He shall rest for, at least, to-night!"

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
As they watched in the silent room,
With a sound of a strained cord breaking,
A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,
And they heard him stir in his bed—
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God;"—was the last that he said.

THE CRADLE.

How steadfastly she'd worked at it!
How lovingly had drest,
With all her would-be mother's wit,
That little rosy nest!

How longingly she'd hung on it!
It sometimes seemed, she said,
There lay beneath its coverlet
A little sleeping head.

He came at last, the tiny guest,
Ere bleak December fled;
That rosy nest he never prest—
Her coffin was his bed.

—*E. C. Stedman.*

Enchanted Caps.

There was once an unnatural father who had three sons and one daughter. He loved his daughter very much, but the sons he could not endure, he was always dissatisfied with them and made their lives very bitter, which grieved the poor boys, making them often wish themselves far away from their father's house. They often sat together weeping and sighing, and knowing not what to do.

One day when the three brothers were together, one of them sighed and said: "Oh, if we only had a Fairy's cap now—that would help us a great deal."

"What about it?" said one of the brothers.

"The dwarfs, that live in the green mountains," replied the first, "have caps which are called little cloud caps, or mist caps, and with these one could make himself invisible merely by putting it on his head. That would be a good thing, dear brothers, for by having one we could get out of the way of people that dislike us and those who always speak ill of us. We could go away, wherever we wished, and take whatever we happened to fancy, for no one could see us."

"But how could we get such a rare little cap?" said the youngest of the brothers.

"The fairies," answered the oldest, "are a comical little people, who are very fond of play. They take a great pleasure in throwing up their little caps in the air and catching them as they fall, allowing nobody a chance to get them but themselves; for the fairies hold them as great treasures. The best thing to do would be to get hold of the dwarf and catch the little cap before he could reach it. For then he must remain visible and one could be master of the situation. Now we could either possess one of the little caps and make our invisible, or we could demand for the return of the cap as much as would last us for a life time, since they have full power over all the metals in the earth. They know all secrets and wonderful works of nature; they can also, by their teachings, turn a blockhead into a wise man, out of a lazy student make a learned professor, and change a barber into a doctor."

"Oh, that would be fine," said one of the brothers. "Then go and try and get us a little cap apiece, or at least one for yourself, that will help us to get away from here."

"I will do it!" said the oldest; and soon he was on his way to the green mountains. It was toward evening when he reached them; there he lay on the grass where he could see the marks made by the fairies dancing in the moonlight. After a little while he saw some of them turning somersaults in the air. Soon one of the little caps fell beside him; he tried to catch it, but the fairy to whom it belonged was to smart for him, for he caught it himself and then screamed for help, whereupon a legion of fairies surrounded the boy as an army of ants would surround a big bug. He could do nothing, for the fairies took him prisoner and led him down into their subterranean dwelling.

As now the oldest brother did not return, the two younger ones and their sisters grieved very much after him.

The father, who was a miller, grumbled and said, "He can go where he wishes. What do I care? He was a useless expense. There will be one less to eat bread in the house. He will come back again when he gets hungry, never fear."

But day after day passed and the boy did not return, and every day the father became more severe toward the remaining ones, who often were very sad and discouraged.

"I think I will go myself to the green mountain," said the second eldest of the brothers one day, "maybe I can get a little cap; I can think of no other reason of our brother's not returning but that he has secured one and has gone out in the world to make his fortune, and in the meantime has forgotten us. I will certainly come back if I am lucky, but will never return if I fail."

So this one was soon on his way to the green mountains, everything happening to him as it did to his brother before him. He saw the fairies playing, tried to catch a little cap, but they were too sharp for him. They cried out for help, and in an instant the boy was surrounded by fairies, and soon carried by them to their subterranean abode.

The youngest brother at home now bore his sorrows with patience, waiting for the return of his brother; but in vain, for now indeed he felt sad as he knew that his brother must have been unfortunate. The sister too was sad, but the father remained as stern as ever. "Let him go if he does not like his home; the world is wide. He is like the donkey who had too good a time, going on the ice and breaking his leg. Don't grieve for him; I'm glad he is gone. Out of sight out of mind." Such were the heartless father's words.

The youngest brother was inconsolable since his two comrades were gone. At length he said to his sister, "I will also go and it is very likely I will not return, if I have the same luck as my brothers. If I remain here I shall have to bear all the scoldings alone; so farewell! and I hope you will be happy!"

The sister didn't want to part with her youngest brother, for she loved him most; but he went away nevertheless, and on his way was thinking how he could obtain a fairy's little cap. When he arrived at the Green Mountains he soon saw the tracks in the grass where the fairies had been dancing and playing with their head gear.

One of them came quite near and threw up his cap but the boy was not lively enough to catch it. Still he did not get discouraged. "I have yet time," he thought; "I will first try to capture the little chap himself."

The fairy again threw up his cap which fell very near the boy. Another and still another fell near him. "It rains little caps here;" said he, but he did not try to catch them until one came into his hand and he held it fast. The fairy to whom this one belonged cried for help in so shrill a voice that all the fairies came to the rescue; but the little cap made the boy invisible, so he could not be harmed. Then the fairies raised a pitiful cry and begged him to give up the little cap.

"Well, may be we can make a bargain," said the boy; let me hear and see what you will give me for it. First—Where are my brothers?" "They are in the lap of the Green Mountains," answered the little fairy.

"And what do they do there?" "They work for us," said the fairy.

"Ha! ha! they work for you, do they? —And now you will have to serve me!" Go down, my little darlings and lead the way to my brothers. I am anxious to see them;"—for the little cap gave him full power over the fairies.

The cheated and sorrowful imps then led him through an opening in the mountain, which closed after them, like the shutting of a door. They passed through various kinds of rooms, long halls, small rooms, and little chambers, which were very beautiful; but the boy's first wish was to see his brothers. As they were brought to him he saw that they were dressed as slaves. Speaking mournfully they said, "Oh! have you, dear brother, our youngest, come too? Now we are united, but alas! in the power of the fairies, and never again shall we see the light of heaven, the grand forests, or golden fields!"

"Dear brothers," said the youngest, "don't fret; the leaf will soon turn."

He held the little cap very tight and demanded fine clothes for himself and his brothers, and his command was immediately obeyed; he also ordered a table to be set with rare wines and the best of everything, and music and dancing; then costly beds to lie on, and the whole subterranean kingdom illuminated; a glass carriage with a magnificent span of horses that they might view the interior of the green mountains.

The three brothers then rode through grottes covered with precious stones, by beautiful water fountains playing in them with shining metals blooming as flowers, —silver lilies and sunflowers of gold and parti-colored roses of the lustre of glittering gems.

Then they began making a bargain about returning the little cap, but first they wanted a cup of the enchanted waters that it might change their father's hard heart, turn it to love for his three sons; second, a bridal outfit as rich as if it were for a queen for their sister; third, a wagon full of precious stones and wonderful works of art that only the fairies could manufacture, also a wagon full of money, enough to last a life-time.

These demands quite vexed the fairies, but they had to comply with every request.

"If you don't," said the boy, "we will stay here forever. It is very nice here and we will take all your little caps, and then you will see what will become of you. I will go up into the world, and lead down a regiment of bull-frogs to croak at you and a squadron of wasps to sting you while asleep."

When they heard the word bull frogs, they all fell upon their knees and begged for mercy, for bull-frogs are the greatest horror of fairies.

"You foolish creatures," said the boy; "I don't ask for everything in the world; I have been modest, for I am kind-hearted; I could take everything and the little caps too, and be king forever over you; for as long as I keep the little cap I shall not die—that you know—well, then, are you going to do as I bid you?"

"Yes, yes, master!" cried the fairies, and they went to work at once to fulfill his demands.

Now when the three boys were gone everything seemed to go wrong at the old mill, and the miller would say "They are all gone now from me but you, dear daughter." Moreover he often found her crying, "This is the way we bring up children, to turn their backs upon us," he would often say.

"Crying again:" said the old man one day. "Don't think I believe you are crying for your brothers, you are crying on account of your lover, who is poor, and as empty as a flour bag. He has nothing; neither have you or I anything—listen! We can not hear the sound of the mill; you can not marry for I can not give you a fortune!" Such talk as this the poor girl had to hear nearly every day and it troubled her exceedingly. But the leaf was about to turn.

One morning three fine wagons stopped at the mill, and the little coachman opened the door of the first and three elegantly dressed gentlemen stepped out.

The servants soon unloaded the other two wagons in which were trunks, boxes and valises filled with fine things which were carried all into the mill. The miller and his daughter did not know what to think.

"Good morning, father! good morning, sister! here we are again!"

"Drink to our return, dear father," said the oldest, taking a flask from his servant, and pouring a dram into a golden cup. The old man drank and the treat was passed around.

The cold heart of the father was warmed, lit by the fire of love. He shed tears of joy and embraced his sons and blessed them. The sister's lover soon came and he also drank and his heart grew warm and soft. Even the mill wheel that had stood still so long as if sullen like its master now seemed to feel the water from the fairy fountain, for a few drops accidentally let fall on its paddles set it spinning round as if the power of a mighty mill race were applied.

All were happy and the young men never reminded their once poor and hard worked father in his old age of the harshness with which he treated them as boys.

—*Translated from the German by* JULIA L. CLINTON.

STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

A Fishing Fish.

Philadelphia Times.

When Agassiz, the man who courted nature so long and so happily, was a bit of a boy he exclaimed to his mother one day: "I would like to be a catfish for a whole week." "Why, my son?" asked Mrs. Agassiz, for she was puzzled at the old outburst. "Because I would like to swim around and see the million things of the rivers and oceans," replied the boy. Young Agassiz even then knew that the waters as well as the land and sky were alive with creatures, some very pretty and some very peculiar, but all fit for study. If Agassiz had been on the "Speedwell" when that yacht was sailing off Cape Cod, on the sea coast of the State of Massachusetts, one afternoon last Summer, he would have been a fish that would have given him great pleasure. The men who were sailing the "Speedwell" had a trawl net dragging in the sea, and once when they hauled the net on board a singular monster hopped out. The monster was a frog-fish, or angler, or sea devil, or bellows-fish, or monkfish, for it has five names. The one caught by the "Speedwell" was longer than a very tall man. Its huge mouth was 15 inches across and the mouth opened directly into the stomach, there being no neck. There were several rows of long, sharp teeth. The edge of its head was fringed with growths like seaweed. It can change its skin like the wonderful little animal known as the chameleon. But the most interesting about the frog fish is its manner of fishing for its food. In the first place it changes its color to suit its surroundings—turning green to suit the water or black to suit the rocks. Then it elevates three long threads or filaments that grow out from the top of its head. At the end of the foremost of these threads is a tassel, which to smaller fish looks like something good to eat. The tassel is the bait, in fact. When the victim swims toward the tassel the frog fish leaps out and swallows his prey.

AN ORIOLE AS A MACHINIST.

Mr. H. Mills, who lives on Front street, in the City of Binghamton, in the State of New York, lost a valuable piece of wire early last Spring, and though he searched high and low, was unable to find it. The other day the wind blew down the limb of a tree in his yard, and noticing an oriole's nest hanging to the limb, he examined it carefully. There was the wire—the very piece. It had been used by the oriole last year to hang its nest securely to a limb. The wire was wrapped round and round the limb as though a man had done it.

STORY OF A BLUE BIRD.

Near the Town of Stanley, in Morris County, in the State of New Jersey, the other day, a blue bird was seen perched on a telegraph wire. Just then a train dashed along. The blue bird was so frightened that it flew directly at the locomotive, striking the headlight glass with great force. A man picked the bird up supposing it to be dead, but the little fellow revived in a few minutes and flew away.

THE SPARROWS AND THE RAT.

Out at West Chester, the other day, several men saw a dozen sparrows attack a rat in the lumber yard of Mr. W. H. Painters, on High street. The rat snapped at the birds, but they were more than a master for him and drove the old fellow into a hole. If the rat had not sought safety in flight the birds would very soon have killed him.

EDITOR BISMARCK.

How the German Imperial Chancellor Conducted a War Newspaper.

Detroit News.

As anecdotes of the great Chancellor are likely to be in order, the *News* will be among the openers of the ball by narrating how Bismarck became initiated in daily journalism.

During the Franco-Prussian war, when the German headquarters had been fixed at Versailles and the siege of Paris commenced in earnest, communications between the Capital and the departments were rendered impossible. The French press, of course, was gagged, and no one knew, save those in very high places, what was going on or what was going to happen next. The thirst for information, indeed for something of any kind to read, at headquarters became intolerable, so much so that when Dr. Levyson, an accredited correspondent, proposed to start a miniature daily paper he was granted permission at once. He established, accordingly, an afternoon paper about the size of a sheet of foolscap, entitled *Le Petit Journal de Versailles*, which contained short notices and notes, jokes, camp stories, wretched poetry, and war news such as the editor was able to lay hands upon. The speculation was a great success; it paid hand over fist; the publisher was unable to print copies enough, and he became the envied one of all the journalists at headquarters. Dr. Levyson was congratulating himself upon his luck and dreaming dreams of purchasing a house and lot in his native Potsdam when he was, in the very hight of his felicity, sent for by Bismarck.

Do you recollect the passage in Louisa Mumbach's "Court of Joseph II." where Maria Theresa sends for the counselor who had written the pamphlets advocating Austria's right to the possession of Bavaria? Do you remember how the counselor, with a heart beating with the proud hope that at last he was about to receive the Imperial recognition and reward of his labors, summoned his household and communicated to them his grand news, and how, instead of favor, he received from the masculine Empress a rebuke which broke his heart and killed him? Dr. Levyson was in pretty much the same frame of mind when he was summoned by Bismarck.

He imagined he was in for some new measure of luck, and he told the correspondents with great glee of what honor and glory were in store for him.

Arrayed in his best and armed with the all powerful autograph of Bismarck, the editor made his way to the bureau of the man who directed the fortunes of German arms. Bismarck was, as usual, up to the eyes in business. He gave the editor a single look and went on writing for a good hour, as if for dear life, in the crabbed hand which is the despair of his subordinates. Then he laid down his pen, and, after a sharp glance at the Doctor, said:

"So you are Dr. Levyson?"

"I am, your Excellency."

"How long have you been a journalist?"

"Fifteen years, your Excellency."

"Then," said Bismarck, in the sternest tones, "I think it is a very serious pity for you that you have not acquired in all that time something of journalistic insight. You do not seem to have the first idea of your business," and, without giving Levyson a chance to say a word, he tore open the last issue of the *Petit Journal* and, placing his finger on an account of a battle reprinted from the Paris *Figaro*, the ablest representative of the French press in the matter of straightforward up-and-down lying, said,

"You are supposed to be on our side; now what do you mean by scattering about lies like that?"

Levyson quailed down under the glare of Bismarck's eyes, and stammered out:

"Your Excellency seems to have overlooked my note at the conclu——"

"Overlooked!" roared Bismarck, "to overlooked nothing! Do you imagine that the effect of an unfriendly report will be counteracted by a note saying that the news is from a French source, and therefore improbable? I repeat that you don't know your business, and you have ceased to be editor of this paper." Had the earth opened beneath him Levyson could not have been more astonished. When he recovered his tongue he urged that he was the founder of the sheet; that his capital was invested in it, and he would be ruined. Bismarck simply shrugged his shoulders and said: "There is nothing more to say. The sooner you get away from headquarters the better you will please me."

The next day the paper appeared as usual, but with the name of another accredited correspondent, Dr. Goldschmidt at the head of the column as *Verantwortlicher Redacteur*—responsible editor.

Three or four numbers had appeared under the new management when Dr Goldschmidt was summoned to Bismarck's Bureau. He was treated on his arrival with a little more courtesy than had fallen to the share of his predecessor.

"My dear Doctor," said the Count, "don't you think I have enough business on hand without you making more for me? Do you want to embroil me in trouble with England?"

The editor looked surprised and a little hurt, and asked wherein he offended.

"You have reprinted here," replied Bismarck, "a notice of the renunciation of the Treaty of Paris, which cannot fail to stir up ill-feeling in London. What do you mean by such conduct?"

The trembling editor explained that he had taken the article from *Le Nord*, of Brussels, which is well known as a Russian organ. The news was from a Russian source, and the whole article was friendly to Germany.

"I wish to God," said Bismarck, "you would leave politics to me and my people. Coquetting with Russia through a newspaper published at the headquarters of the German army and in an enemy's country can only bring trouble, and there is already dissatisfaction in London."

Bismarck walked up and down impatiently; while the editor felt pretty much as a man does who stands over a hot-air register.

"Doctor," said the Count, after a few minutes, which seemed to the journalist like centuries have been passed in this uncomfortable way, "have you ever been in Sicily?"

"No, your Excellency."

"Well, I suppose it's of no consequence," said Bismarck, "Prepare for a journey immediately; leave this evening for Syracuse, where letters patent will follow you, appointing you Consul General there. And now go."

Dr. Goldschmidt went. Dr. Levyson left the same evening, having procured the grace of a short extension of time, and sailed for America at the earliest possible moment. He is understood to be employed upon some German paper on this side of the water, and spite of Bismarck's condemnation he is a capable journalist and a learned man.

The *Petit Journal* was suspended and replaced by the *Moniteur de Versailles*, edited in Bismarck's bureau. Every line published in the paper was submitted to Bismarck. Its issue ceased with the triumphal entry into Paris, when the reason for its existence disappeared. With it began and ended Bismarck's career as managing and responsible editor and publisher of a daily campaign newspaper.

An Ohio Congressman's Idea.

Detroit Post and Tribune (Rep.)

The most serious blow ever aimed at the farmers of the West come from Hurd, Democratic Congressman from Ohio. It is a proposition to tax every bushel of grain and every head of live stock for the benefit of the Lake Shore and Pennsylvania Railroads.

Not Wholly Indispensable.

Washington Post.

Another practical demonstration of the possibility of running our complicated governmental mechanism, in the absence of the Acting Vice-President, thrills every patriotic mind with renewed confidence in the stability of our institutions.

The Farm.

In this Department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Contributions should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

Vegetable Gardening.

"The present would seem to be a capital time to make practical suggestions about 'making garden'."—*Chit-Chat, April 8, 1880.*

It seems a little strange that more people do not cultivate the juicy lettuce, the tender radish, the savory onion and delicious green peas. There are other vegetables all worthy of cultivation, but as I cannot in one letter do justice to the subject, I shall only speak of a few of the easiest grown, with some hints about how to manage them.

If the garden was plowed or spaded last Fall, as I then recommended, so much the better, in order that the frost might exert its mellowing influence upon it. Supposing, however, this was not done, lose no time in having a liberal coating of well rotted manure put upon the soil, and then after it is spaded, take a steel rake and make the surface smooth. Have it planned before hand just what vegetables you want, and remember that two crops can be taken from the ground the same season by sowing peas, lettuce, radishes, spinach and early beats as soon as the ground can be worked. During the Summer the space which the above had occupied can be planted to turnips and late cabbage. Let us suppose the ground is ready to receive the seed. Do not make the mistake to put all kinds in the same day, because while some may be planted before frost finally leaves us, other seeds again must not be put in the ground before May. Onion seed is among the first to be sown. I sowed about a quarter of an acre with a drill yesterday. The ground must be very rich. Stretch a line across the bed, make a drill about a quarter of an inch deep, sow the seeds thinly about three to an inch, then cover very slightly. Leave 14 inch space and then plant next row. It is a good plan to mix a few radish seed along with the onions for as they are much stronger in constitution, they burst the surface soil much easier than the tiny onion seedling. As soon as you can see them above the ground hoe between the rows just enough to break the crust of the soil; a few days later go over them again and remove all the weeds. Frequent hoeing and care to avoid collecting the soil around the growing bulbs will be all the after cultivation necessary. Peas are generally grown in double rows six or eight inches apart and the tall growing varieties should be staked. For an extra early crop put in seeds as soon as the ground will crumble when turned by the spade, and for cultivation put in seeds every two weeks. Nearly everybody has their favorite of the pea family, but after trying a great many I prefer Carters First crop for early, and white marrowfat for late.

Radish, lettuce, onions, beets and spinach can all be sown out doors with safety in April. Melons, corn and some kinds of beans should not be planted until May. These will grow larger and quicker with a shovelful of manure to each hill. The seed of early cabbage, cauliflower, tomato and egg plant can be sown in boxes placed in a sunny window. Over and over again I have planted the seeds obtained from boxes left at the stores, and found many of them would not grow, so every year I raise seeds myself and generally have more of some kinds than I want. I will send any one a good sized paper of vegetable seeds for a three cent stamp. Peas, beans and corn, being heavy require double postage. It must not forget to advise every housekeeper to put in seeds of herbs, some are useful as a pleasant flavoring, and others are grown for medical purposes.

I have written so much on this subject and the half is not told, I must ask the correspondents to wait until the next letter for answers to the numerous enquiries received from them.

MR. RENNIE.

Ainsworth, Iowa.

Shepherd Dogs.

Field Farmer.

The intelligence and natural instinct of these valuable animals cannot be too highly praised, and it is a matter of pleasure to all lovers of fine stock to see the rapidity with which they are becoming introduced into our country. No farmer should be without one. They are watchful, docile, and indispensable, especially in wild and mountainous localities, to the successful raising of sheep. So strong are their instincts for the care of stock, it is a matter of little trouble to train them, and once they have learned what is required of them they are faithful and untiring in the performance of their duties.

In Europe, when large flocks of sheep are under the care of but one shepherd, with the aid of these dogs the sheep are allowed to roam over vast territory, oftentimes in such rough places as to render man's attempts to follow them impossible. The dogs' sagacity is such that they at once become familiar with the flock, and not only do they keep them closely herded, but prevent their intermingling with the flocks of others who may be grazing in the same localities. In the mountains of Scotland and Switzerland it is a common thing to see flocks of sheep and goats under the sole care of these dogs, they following them all the day, and driving them into fold in the evening.

In England, within the last few years, field-trials have been instituted, in order to improve the breed and training of these valuable animals. The performances recorded of some of these dogs at such trials are extraordinary. They are managed in this way: first, a few sheep are allowed to roam a long way off from home; then the dog, or dogs, are laid on to drive them into an enclosure built for the purpose. Strict time is kept, and the one which accomplishes the feat soonest is declared the winner. Another more difficult task is then imposed, and one which tries their sagacity to the fullest extent: a number of sheep from different flocks are placed together, and the dog is required to go among them, pick out and drive into fold his master's particular ones.

No one can look into the calm, intelligent face of the thoroughbred "Colley," without admiring him. He notices every action, and listens to every word of his master, as though he knew exactly what he wished, and was only sorry that he could not reply to him in words. The many authentic anecdotes related of these dogs are so wonderful as still almost to cast a doubt upon their truthfulness. For instance, it is related of a Scotch shepherd, who had in his charge seven hundred sheep, that one night as he was quietly driving his flock home, a thunder-storm burst upon and so terrified them as to create a stampede, and away the whole lot went scampering back into the hills. It was too late for the poor man to follow them, and then, could he have done so, to bring this great number to order again was an impossibility. Sadly did the poor shepherd feel; and in his saddest manner he spoke to his favorite dog: "Sirrah, they are awa." In an instant the dog was off. It was so dark he could not tell which way the dog had gone. Disconsolate he wandered about during the long hours of the night, and as dawn appeared, the dog not having returned, he had determined to go at once and report the disaster to his master, when, happening to look down a valley near by, to his joy recognized "Sirrah," not with a portion only, but with the whole flock. A story is told of another one of these dogs having driven the cattle from a burning stable, though perishing himself in the effort.

A sheep stealer in Scotland had one of these dogs so well trained that it is said he could, while walking past a flock of sheep, designate the one he wished; and at night the dog would go into the fold and drive out that particular one.

Another equally astonishing account is given of a "Colley," whose master was a cattle dealer. This dog would drive a drove of cattle to a neighboring market-town unaided. Should he chance to meet another drove in the road he would so manage as to pass it without allowing his charge to mix with the others.

But the most remarkable instance of their sagacity is when they are used for smuggling. On the frontier between France and Belgium a deal of this business is done in passing laces from one country to the other. Not only do these dogs know how to circumvent the custom-house officials and learn how to avoid them, both by scent and hearing, but when two or more are on the same errand at the same time, if they find an officer by himself, they not only attack and punish him severely, but instantly return with their valuables to their starting point, apparently knowing that what they have done will put others on the lookout to kill them for the injury they have committed.

With such evidences of sagacity as the above, it should stimulate the breeding of these dogs, and once the country is stocked with them the farmer can go to bed with the assurance that his flocks and herds will be carefully guarded, and the fearful loss by sheep killing dogs put to an end. They can do the work so much better than men that the cost should not be a consideration, as they would pay for themselves in a very short time, no matter what was the price paid. In the famous Central Park of New York two of these dogs can be seen every day guarding a large flock of sheep. They keep them where ordered, or change them from one meadow to another, as directed; sometimes the shepherd divides the flock, leaving one portion in the care of each dog when he goes off to other duties. What a comfort that would be to many of our sheep-breeders who have large ranges for their animals, and who do not know half the time where they are!

Diarrhea Among Calves.

London Agricultural Gazette.

Diarrhea, familiarly called scouring, is one of the chief scourges of young calves. It tithes many a herd; it reduces by thousands the bovine census; it does not always respect the most aristocratic descent. It attacks calves house fed by hand much more frequently than those sucking their dams in the fields. It is most common and fatal where the young things are crowded—are kept in dank, damp hovels, or carelessly and irregularly fed. Some good managers, carefully rearing a few calves, for years entirely escape it. A correspondent writes: "I was wont to declare that I never had disease among my calves; I cannot now say so, for out of forty I have this spring lost seven from white scour, and, in spite of precautions, all the others have been ill."

The troublesome disorder has been prevalent in many parts of the country. The cold, unseasonable weather, may have rendered the young animals more susceptible to gastric derangement. The unwonted confinement late into May, alike of cows and calves, by stress of weather and want of grass, is doubtless a source of this and other ailments. Full supplies of cotton-cake and dry food, which the exigencies of the season have rendered necessary, increase the casein rather than the fatty matters of the milk, and hence a tough, intractable curd is formed on the calve's stomach, resisting its solvent and reducing powers. But the feeding may be otherwise at fault. Anxiety to rear as many calves as possible at a cheap rate frequently injudiciously shortens the supplies of milk, leads to the premature, undue use of skim-milk, or permits the giving of stale, sour milk.

As to the contagion of such attacks, there is some difference of opinion. Where one case occurs, other calves are apt to fail, and sometimes are stated to have been subjected to the same insanitary conditions. In thoroughly airy, well-ventilated, carefully-cleansed premises, one or two diarrhea cases certainly sometimes occur among calves without spreading; but this is a fortunate exception to the general rule. Constantly the complaint is observed to spread to the calves nearest those first affected. Often it extends from the foul-smelling pen where first it appeared. From a scouring new-comer fresh cases frequently arise.

The symptoms are only too familiar. Discomfort, dullness, fullness, and other indications of indigestion, occur. The calf neglects its food, sleeps more than usual, his nose is dry, his bowels irregular. From the irritable bowels the fluid, sour, fetid discharges are expelled with spasmodic efforts. Any milk taken is hurried rapidly and undigested through the canal, and hence the feces have the appearance which give rise to the title of "white scour." The disorder, when neglected or mismanaged, soon assumes a serious aspect. Patches of inflammation overspread the delicate mucous lining of the stomach and small intestines, the little patient lies outstretched, dull and moaning, and dies exhausted in two or three days.

Young animals have proverbially a small reserve of vitality; they are soon fatally pulled down; and hence it is important to act promptly and effectually. Where the purging is early noticed, and the calf is tolerably bright, a couple of ounces of castor oil and twenty drops of laudanum will gently clear the bowels of stale, acid matters, and allay irritation. If the calf continues too full, usually indicating that tough coagula are lodged in the stomach, a drachm of bicarbonate of soda should be given with a few drops of ammonia in water or starch gruel. Even if the calf continues to drink, his supplies of food must be restricted; half a pint of fresh milk from a newly-calved young cow, given three times or four times daily, will suffice.

If, after twelve or fifteen hours' observation, diarrhea, however, still continues, and the milk passes undigested, well-boiled wheat flour gruel must, for a few days, take the place of the milk, and with each half-pint of gruel ten or fifteen drops of laudanum may be administered. If the patient is cold, dull and languid, he should besides, at intervals of two hours, have a little hot whisky or gin and water, or other such stimulant. Good nursing is valuable; especially important are a good bed and a warm, clean pen, while, both for the sake of the patient and his fellows, it is desirable that he should be isolated from other calves.

Better Hay and Pastures.

Anyone passing throug agricultural districts, say in June, when the herbage has about or nearly reached its full growth, must notice how much land is only half or a quarter utilized, by allowing the unchecked growth of all sorts of weeds. A large portion of this land is pastured, and the way the poor cattle have to seek out the grass from among the overwhelming weeds is a source of actual sadness. These pasture fields, too, are allowed to go on producing noxious weeds for a series of years without an effort being made to get rid of them by the surest mode known to the observing farmer — *frequent cultivation.* Then, again, we see the same proportion of weeds in many fields from which the cattle-hay is to be cut, and this is done year after year just as though cows and other cattle would eat the weeds any more readily dry than green.

It is as apparent as the sun at noonday that to whatever extent weeds are allowed to grow, just to that extent is the land wasted—in fact, worse than wasted. Now that this can be avoided is clear; and that it can be profitably avoided, in most cases, scarcely admits of a doubt. And what is true of the pasture fields, is the same where the herbage is left to become hay. The good clean field is the exception. Not only the oxeye-daisy, but sorrel and plaintain, and asters of various kinds, which cattle care no more for when dry than when green, constitute the bulk of what is to be hay, and it is tolerably good stuff which has but one-fourth of extraneous matter.

We have before suggested that our agricultural societies, which give so many and such high premiums for fast-trotting horses, might at least spare a little for the encouragement of the food which the noble animal is to eat. Premiums for well-grown hay, clean hay, hay from improved grasses, and well-managed hay-fields, would surely be objects worthy of the attention of even a "State Agricultural Society, and we think that it will become so if the press will ultimately unite in commending the subject to general attention.

Surely there is no greater eyesore than a field, looking as though it might produce thirty bushels of wheat, seventy-five of corn, or from two to three tons of first-class hay to the acre, allowed to be covered with masses of noxious weeds, which can and should be destroyed. A merchant from the city who may pass through a rural section, and seeing these myriads of oxeyed daisy flowers, will almost invariably ask why they are there, and if they cannot be exterminated and good hay and grain raised instead?—*Germantown Telegraph.*

CONGRESSIONAL.

Forty-sixth Congress—Second Session

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, April 14.

Bills introduced and referred:

By Sen. WALLACE: To define the amount and manner of purchase of public loans to be made by the Secretary of the Treasury.

Sen. VOORHEES submitted a resolution instructing the committee on pensions to report the bill authorizing pensions to the surviving soldiers and sailors of the Mexican War.

After the morning hour had expired, the Geneva Award bill was taken up, and Sen. CALL spoke in opposition to the committee bill.

At the conclusion of his remarks the pending bill was informally laid aside and the consular and diplomatic appropriation bill taken up. The amount appropriated is $1,146,135, an increase of $79,000 over the bill as passed by the House. The committee proposes an amendment changing the classification of the consular officers.

Sen. EATON, from the Appropriation Committee, offered an amendment appropriating $24,000 for the compensation and necessary expenses of the commissioners appointed to act with the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to China, to negotiate and conclude the treaty and settlement of matters of interest to the two Governments now pending between the same. Agreed to.

Sen. BAYARD, from the Committee on Finance, reported with amendments, the Senate bill to provide for the appointment of a commission to investigate the question of tariff. Placed on the calendar.

The commission will consist of nine members to be appointed from civil life by the President, by and with the advice of the Senate. The first named will be President. The commissioners will receive $10 per day each, during the period engaged in active duty and actual traveling and other necessary expenses. It shall be the duty of the commission to take into consideration and thoroughly investigate all the various questions relative to the agricultural, commercial, mercantile, manufacturing, mining and industrial interests of the United States, so far as the same may be necessary to the establishment of a judicious tariff or revision of the existing tariff upon a scale of justice to all interests, and for the purpose of examining matters which come before it. The commission is empowered to visit such different portions of the country as it may deem advisable. They shall report to Congress the result of their investigations, and testimony taken from time to time, and make a final report not later than the first Monday in December.

Sen. SLATER introduced a bill forfeiting to the United States the unearned lands included in the grant made to the Oregon Central Railroad Company, by the act of May 4, 1870, and for other purposes. Referred to the Committee on Judiciary, which has charge of all bills to forfeit railroad grants.

HOUSE.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole, Mr. Whithorne in the chair, on the Indian appropriation bill.

Mr. WELLS made a brief statement in regard to the money feature of the bill.

The bill was then read by sections for amendments.

Mr. HOOKER gave notice that he intended to offer amendment to the bill transferring the Indian Bureau from the Interior to the War Department. Then there would be agents that would not only command the confidence of the people they represent, but the confidence of the Indians themselves.

Mr. HUTCHINS introduced a bill to establish a uniform system of bankruptcy. Referred.

The House then took a recess until 7:30 P. M., the evening session to be for the consideration of bills reported from Committee on Naval Affairs.

The Army Appropriation bill was taken up, and Mr. EWING addressed the House.

At the conclusion of Mr. Ewing's speech, which was frequently applauded on the Democratic side, and which met with slight bursts of applause on the Republican side, when he incidentally alluded to Grant as the possible next President, a vote was taken on the amendments relative to troops at the polls, and it was agreed to—yeas, 116; nays, 95—a party vote.

SENATE

WASHINGTON, April 15.

Sen. BALDWIN, from the Committee on Commerce, reported favorably on the Senate bill making an appropriation for the purchase of a site and the erection of a light-house and fog-signal at or near the entrance to Little Traverse harbor, Lake Michigan. Placed on the calendar.

On motion of Sen. Withers, chairman of the Committee on Pensions, the pending and all prior orders were postponed, and the Senate considered the pension bill on the calendar favorably reported.

The regular order being demanded, the SPEAKER announced the pending question to be upon the bill reported last night from the Committee of the Whole, providing a construction fund for the Navy. Without debate the bill was passed, as was also the bill to equip an expedition to the Arctic Sea.

The morning hour was then dispensed with, and the House went into Committee of the Whole. Mr. WHITTHORNE in the chair, on the Indian Appropriation bill.

HOUSE.

Mr. BAKER moved to amend by increasing from $130,000 to $150,000 the appropriation for the purchase of clothing for the different tribes of the Sioux.

Mr. BARKER submitted an amendment increasing to the extent of $95,000 the appropriation for the subsistence of the Sioux.

Mr. FORT opposed the amendment. The bill appropriated $1,400,000 for the Sioux, representing a tax of $3,000 on every congressional district in the country. The longer the Sioux were supported in idleness, the more idle and vagrant they would become.

Mr. RYAN, of Kansas, submitted an amendment providing that all bids for the provision of Indians, and for transportation of the same, shall be opened, and contracts awarded at some suitable place in the Mississippi Valley or the Missouri Valley. Pending the discussion on the point of order the Committee rose and the House took a recess until 7:30 P. M., the evening session to be for the consideration of bills reported from the Committee on Naval Affairs.

New Jersey on Fire.

SEAGIRT, N. J., April 14—A district of dense pine forest and cedar swamp 50 miles long and ten miles wide has been burned over. The fires continued to rage last night.

Thousands of game and other birds, and many cattle were suffocated. The smoke is so dense that the sun has not been seen for two days. This district burned over is sparsely populated. The flames are extending through Cumberland and Atlantic Counties, and unless a heavy rain comes, will only be extinguished when they reach the sea.

MANCHESTER, N. J., April 14.—There seems no abatement to the terrible forest fire which surrounds us. The fire has spent its force here, but is burning towards Barnagete. The trains on the New Jersey Southern Railroad, to-day, run a fiery gauntlet with closed windows, which were blanketed. Few passengers undertook the dangerous ride. The heat was intense and the cars badly scorched.

TOM'S RIVER, N. J., April 14.—The great forest fire has crossed the river and is spreading towards Good Luck point and Island Beach. Fears are felt that it will reach the town. The people are fighting the fire. Ormill's mills in the suburbs of the town are reported destroyed.

FORKED RIVER, N. J., April 14.—The entire country about here is a mass of blaze. One hundred square miles of cedar and pine forests is consumed. The greatest alarm is felt by the villagers, who are out fighting the flames. Two houses have been burned.

A little Michigan girl, upon hearing an account of the baby born without arms a few days ago at Saginaw, said: "Why, God had not finished him yet, had He?"

MASSACHUSETTS CONVENTION.

The Republicans meet to Nominate Their Delegates to Chicago.

WORCESTER, April 15.—The Republican State Convention met to day, and United States Senator Dawes was chosen permanent chairman, after which the usual committees were appointed.

The address of Sen. Dawes presented in a favorable manner the history of the Republican party, and his arraignment of the Democratic party elicited frequent applause.

It was voted that all resolutions should be referred to the Committee on Resolutions without debate.

Rhree hundred and eighteen Cities and Towns were represented by 1,115 delegates. Twenty-eight Towns are not represented.

Samuel Hoar moved to ballot for four delegates-at-large to Chicago. Adopted.

Col. W. G. B. Hopkins, of Worcester, said that he believed that a great majority of the Convention is in favor of the nomination of George F. Edmunds, of Vermont. [Applause.] If this is so, the convention would wish to have delegates to Chicago, who would represent their sentiments. The Committee recommended to the caucus of 300 men in favor of the election of Edmunds, a ticket which he desired read as follows: For President, George F. Edmunds, of Vermont. Delegates, Geo. F. Hoar, of Worcester; Julius H. Seelye, Amherst; Chas. R. Codman, Boston; John E. Sanford, Taunton. Alternates, Eben F. Hone, Newburyport; James M. Barker, Pittsfield; Charles Allen, Boston; Robert R. Bishop, Newton.

Parker C. Chandler of Boston said that at the request of the friends of Hon. John Sherman of Ohio, he arose to second the nomination of these names for whomsoever these gentlemen with others should nominate at Chicago, the friends of both Sherman and Edmunds would support him.

Gen. R. P. Banks asked leave to make nominations for delegates to Chicago in accordance with the request of gentlemen with whom he had been in conference. He recommended the following delegates at large: Alexander H. Rice, Enoch R. Mudge of Swampscott; Chas. A. Stott of Lowell; L. L. Brown of Adams. Whoever should be nominated the gentlemen offering these names would give to him their full support. This ticket will vote, as I believe, for the candidacy of Gen. U. S. Grant (Applause.)

Banks closed by saying "Whatever end shall be reached by the Republican Convention at Chicago, it shall receive my earnest support.

Ex-Gov. Boutwell seconded the nomination made by Banks and in the course of his speech said "There are two gentlemen more prominently mentioned for the chief magistracy than any other. They are Gen. Grant [applause] and Sen. Blaine, [subdued applause]. Three-fourths of the delegates to assemble at Chicago Sen. Hoar had said in a letter, will be in favor of Gen. Grant or Sen. Blaine. The only thing remaing to Massachusetts is a choice between these two." [Cries of "doubted"] after a warm eulogy of Blaine. Boutwell closed by expressing the belief that "all our interests are bound up in the nomination of Gen. Grant.

The chairman announced that the Republicans of Iowa in Convention assembled, telegraphed greeting to the Republicans of Massachusetts. The substance of the telegram was that the State of Iowa had endorsed the candidacy of Sen. Blaine, five to one.

Rev. Freeman Clark arose and was received with great enthusiasm. He said if Aontwell had propheside before the last National Convention he would certainly have said somebody else, besides Hayes would be nominated; and that the condidate has done his work nobly and satisfactorily. (Cheers and appause) Some partisans said after the last convention that the moral influence of Massachusetts killed Sen. Blaine, and this was true. "I have no doubt Blaine will receive the nomination from the South, but I doubt very much if they can elect him. If we do not get New York, we can not elect our candidate. That State will be lost to the party, if Gen. Grant is nominated. When we remember that he went into office with a tremendous majority, and left it with scarcely any following, I fail to see why he should be recommended to the Republicans of Massachusetts. Mr. Boutwell speaks about a "threatening revolution." I do not fear one, nor believe it is to come; and how little it is apprehended abroad is apparent by the fact that we are able to sell our four per cents above par." [Immense applause.]

It was voted to ballot for four delegates at large and adjourn for dinner. Pending the vote the following resolutions were offered and referred to the Committee on Resolutions:

Resolved, That the Republican party of Massachusetts, by its delegates in convention assembled, hereby tenders to the Republican party of the country the assurance that the candidates who may be nominated at Chicago in June next for President and Vice President of the United States, shall receive the cordial and earnest support of the Republican party of this common wealth.

By Mr. Miner, of Andover:

Resolved, That we denounce as thoroughly reprehensible the doctrine advocated by the leaders of the Democratic party, that "to the victors belong the spoils." That we stand ready to give our hearty and enthusiastic support to any nominee of the Republican National Convention who has firm faith in the practicability and desirability of the civil service reform.

By Churchill of Milford: *Resolved*, That the Republicans of Massachusetts demand as their candidate for the Presidency a man of stainless character, of unblemished public record, and one who will not put the party on the defensive from the moment the nomination is made."

WORCESTER, April 15.—After recess in the Republican Convention, the ballot for delegates was then taken and the result announced immediately as follows: Whole number of votes, 1,060; necessary for a choice, 531. Geo. F. Hoar, 703; Chas. R. Codman, 656; John E. Sanford, 672; Julius H. Seelye, 158. The remaining votes were distributed among 10 candidates. The following were unanimously chosen alternates: Eben T. Stones. Jas. M. Barker, Charles Allen and Robert R. Bishop.

John E. Sanford, from the Committee on Resolutions, read the platform declaring adherence to the ideas and principles of the Government and the policy which has made the Republican party distinctively the party of freedom and equal rights, of patriotic devotion and union of progress and reform. The belief in honest currency, with every dollar equal in value to every other dollar, and in inviolable sovereignty of the National Union, as established by the Constitution, over all States and all people and in the duty of the National Government, by wise laws efficiently executed, to protect the ballot in all National elections and to maintain and vindicate the Constitutional rights of all citizens of the United States wherever and under whatever fiction of State sovereignty, or other pretense, such rights may be asserted. It declares also for a more effective civil service legislation and deplores the existence of sectional strife and animosity between the parties bounded by territorial lines, and demands the actual recognition of equal rights of all by all. Upon the subject of candidates the platform says the duty of all Republicans is to loyally support the candidates of the party, and the duty of the nominating convention to present candidates who are acceptable to all Republicans, are reciprocal duties of equal force and obligation. Profoundly sensible of the importance of the impending election to the Nation's safety, honor and well-being, the Republicans of Massachusetts demand of their delegates to the National Convention that they use all proper efforts for the nomination of a candidate who, having the requisite qualifications for the high office of President, will also have the confidence and approval of all who have hitherto acted with the Republican party, who will invite the support of other patriotic citizens desiring good government more than party success, whose nomination will be the most expedient because the most worthy and the least objectionable, and whose triumphant election, to which we pledge our hearty and united efforts, will give assurance of the continuance of sound and beneficial policies of administration and of an uninterrupted and growing national prosperity. While we do not instruct our delegates, we recommend to their consideration a Republican statesman who possesses in an eminent degree such qualities and requisites for the nomination—the Hon. George F. Edmunds, of Vermont.

The resolutions were received at the time by great applause, and upon motion of Gov. Boutwell, were unanimously adopted.

Iowa Republicans.

DES MOINES, April 14.—The Republican State Convention assembled at 11 A. M., 865 delegates in attendance. Every County in the State was represented, Waldo M. Potter, of Clinton, was made temporary Chairman. He alluded to all the candidates for President: Edmunds, Washburn, Sherman, Grant and Blaine. The names of all were cheered as they were mentioned. Grant's very heartily, and when Blaine's was reached the Convention rose to its feet and repeated its cheers three times. The cheering lasted for a minute or two.

The convention reassembled at 2 P. M., John W. Chapman, a pronounced Grant man, was made chairman, as an indication of party harmony and made a felicitous speech as a Grant man presiding over a Blaine convention. The Committee on Resolutions, headed by ex-Sen. Harlan, reported resolutions endorsing Blaine as the choice of Iowa, instructing the delegation to Chicago to vote for him as a unit and use all honorable means for his nomination. The resolution was adopted by five to one. Names sent in forenoon dispatches were ratified by the convention as delegates to Chicago, and Huff and Butler were added to represent the Fourth District. The convention then voted on delegates at large. J. S. Clarkson, Des Moines; S. M. Clark, Keokuk; D. B. Henderson, Dubuque, and George D. Perkins, Sioux City. The Blaine delegates receiving 725½ votes against 152½ votes for the Grant delegates. The utmost harmony prevailed.

Kentucky Republicans.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., April 14.—The Republican Convention was called to order by George Denny, jr., Chairman of the State Committee. The call of Counties showed the representation larger than usual. John W. Lewis, of Washington, was elected temporary chairman over John G. Landrum, of Gallatin County, the vote standing 800 to 500, the former showing Grant's strength in the convention. Mr. Lewis, on taking the chair, made a strong speech in favor of Grant, which was loudly applauded. Thomas Speed, of Louisville, was elected temporary Secretary.

A motion, pledging every delegate to support the nominee of the Chicago Convention, created a long and hot debate between friends of Grant and the opposition, but was adopted.

At 4 o'clock the committee on permanent organization reported Jas. Speed, for chairman, and Thomas Speed for Secretary; adopted. The report of the committee on credentials, in favor of excluding the anti Grant delegates from the contested wards of Louisville, was adopted. The committee on resolutions reported in favor of instructing for Grant, but before their adoption the minority opposite report was presented and received with wild applause by the anti-Grant men. The majority report was adopted by 700 majority, so the delegates go instructed to vote as a unit for Grant.

The Cadet Outrage.

WEST POINT, April 13.—In the Whittaker inquiry, Supt. Gaylor of the New Postoffice, testified to the writing in the additional six pieces of paper handed him yesterday. He was positive none of them were written by the person who wrote the note of warning to Whittaker. The note is not in a woman's hand. A portion of the words were written in a natural hand, while the rest was disguised. This was another point in favor of Whittaker.

Chas. T. Alexander, Post Surgeon, who was called to attend Whittaker, told the story of what he saw of him, and what he said. He said he could not ascribe Whittaker's condition, if his story was true, to any other cause but fear, and said Whittaker told him two stories about the broken looking glass.

This afternoon each of 300 cadets were given a sentence to write in which, unknown to them, were words which appear in the note of warning. These sentences were giving to Superintendent Gaylor, who took them to New York and will report in a day or two whether any of the writing corresponds with the writing in the note of warning.

WEST POINT, April 15.—General Schofield says the public have a wrong impression that the present investigation by the Court of Inquiry is the first. The fact is that upon the presumption that the guilty parties were in the cops of cadets the Commandant of the cops had used all his powers in a thorough and exhaustive investigation, and then sent his report of his failure to ferret out the perpetrator to the Superintendent. General Schofield then ordered the Court of Inquiry to investigate the imputation cast upon Whittaker, he being present. The following card explains itself:

"I am authorized by a wealthy citizen of New York City to offer a reward of $1,000 for the detection and conviction of the person or persons who committed the outrage upon Cadet Whittaker on the night of April 5, 1880. I assume the responsibility of payment at the request of the gentleman referred to.

"MARTIN I. TOWNSEND."

Mr. Townsend questioned Whittaker at length upon his social standing in the corps. He said he had no associates in the corps; he never had a social coversation with any of them, and that it has been so ever since he arrived at the post in 1876. The Cadets have outdoor sports, but he never participated in them, and the young men in his class never visited his room except officially. He also told Mr. Townsend how he had been ignored in the mess room by the waiters. Dishes, on being passed around, would be passed by him. He said his standing at the last annual examination was 47 in a class of 58. Up to April 5th he had not known or suspected any change which he supposed would endanger his passing at the coming examination.

When the testimony was concluded, Whittaker's counsel said Mr. Whittaker desired to make a voluntary statement.

Whittaker rose and said: "Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Court:—I wish simply to make a remark concerning the statement in the newspapers of to day, saying that I had said that I did not expect to get justice from this Court. In justice to my honor, and inasmuch as it touches the honor of the Court, I would say the statement is as base and cowardly as it is false. I pronounce it to be a malicious and arrant falsehood."

When Whittaker uttered the last word there was applause among the spectators.

WEST POINT, April 16.—At the opening of the Whittaker case to-day, the Recorder read an official letter, defining Martin I. Townsend's position before the Court as advisor and counsel for the Recorder.

The first witness called was Commandant Lazelle, of the Corps of Cadets. He testified to the orders he received to investigate the Whittaker case, and how he proceeded. He called each cadet before him, put him on his honor and each one denied all knowledge of the affair. He examined pieces of the belt with which Whittaker was bound, but found no marks on them which would give any clue to the perpetrators. He went to Whittaker's room and with the consent of Whittaker examined his correspondence and also compared handkerchiefs in his possession, but found none to correspond with the one found in Whittaker's room. He had the building searched to see if any citizen's clothing could be found. In a package brought Whittaker from the laundry he found two handkerchiefs which corresponded with the bloody handkerchief. He was at the hospital when Whittaker was examined, and saw no bruises on him as the result of the investigation. He made a written report based upon such thorough investigation as the limited time would permit. When asked to state what he saw and heard when he entered Whittaker's room, he detailed the story already told by previous witnesses. Whittaker said he didn't recognize any of his assistants as Cadets, but they seemed to be familiar with things in his room. Whittaker said so far as he knew he hadn't an enemy in the Corps. It was by order of the witness that Whittaker's room was cleaned after the affair occurred.

A MILLER WHO WORKS MIRACLES.

Said to Heal the Afflicted by the Mere Touch of His Hand.

WYTHEVILLE, Va., April 14—For some weeks past the people of Scott County have been terribly excited over the miracles which are alleged to have been performed by Richard Miller, of that County. His fame has extended all over this section of the State, and hundreds of the afflicted are daily visiting him. Miller is a middle-aged man, employed as the keeper of McMullin's mill, near Estillville. He is deeply religious, and claims to have had a dream a month ago, in which the idea was impressed upon him, that with God's help, he could perform wonderful cures simply through faith. He says that the next day after the dream, after fervent prayer, he healed a sick man by touching him. The intelligence of such a miracle went all over the country, and the afflicted of all kinds came to him and were healed, it is said, by the simple touch of his hand. Yesterday G. N. Wertz, a photographer at Abingdon, visited Miller in company with a paralytic uncle, the seat of paralysis being in the mouth, and the man thereby was deprived of both speech and hearing. Miller looked at the afflicted man, and, after a short prayer, touched him and told him that before he reached home he would be well. Last night, as Mr. Wertz entered the door of his house, it is said that his hearing and speech came back to him, and to day he is apparently hale and hearty. Miss Irene Feawton, beautiful young lady of Bristol, Tenn., helpless from rheumatism was brought to Miller last week, and when an attempt was made to lift her in the carriage, she rose from the sedan chair without assistance, it is said, and declared that she was entirely well. One of the most wonderful of the alleged miracles of Miller was the cure of Mr. Peter Whitaker, who has been for some years afflicted with cancer. The cancer was touched, and in three days, according to reports, had disappeared. The miracle worker is an exceedingly modest man, and always indignantly declines any compensation for his services alleging that he is but the humble instrument of God. He takes no credit to himself, and the people in this section believe firmly in his miraculous powers.

THE BILLINGS TRIAL.

Second Trial of a Man Accused of Murdering His Wife.

TROY, N. Y., April 15.—The evening of the 4th of June, 1878, was bleak and blustery. As Mrs. Jesse Billings, jr., sat by a window in her home on that night, at Northumberland, Saratoga County, she was shot and instantly killed by an unknown assassin. Her daughter was the only witness of the unfortunate woman's death. When Jesse Billings returned home he found his house filled with excited neighbors. The body of his wife lay in a bedroom adjoining the sitting-room. While weeping at the sight, his daughter dramatically accused him of the willful murder of her mother. Detectives from Troy and Albany were set to work to discover the murderer, and on Thursday, June 6, sufficient evidence was accumulated to warrant the arrest of Billings. On the way to the jail at Ballston he was followed by an excited throng, and he freely expressed his fear of violence at their hands. On the 20th of the month he was indicted for murder in the first degree. The trial opened on Sept. 10. Judge Landon, of Scenectady, presided, assisted by Judge Crane and Justices Tallmadge and Bogert. The people were represented by District Attorney J. C. Ormsley, Hon. N. C. Monk, Hon. L. B. Pike, and John Foley. The prisoner was defended by Gen. Charles Hughes, ex-State Senator, J. S. L'Amoreaux, D. S. Potter, and James P. Buster. The defense was an *alibi*. The case was given to the jury on the afternoon of Oct. 11. On the 14th they reported their inability to agree, and were discharged. One juror voted for conviction (his name was [illegible]) and 11 for acquittal. Billings was bailed in bonds of $30,000.

During the trial George Washington Jones testified that he saw the prisoner enter the residence of Justin Washburn a few minutes before the fatal shot was fired. The witness did not see him emerge until after the shooting. This testimony was considered of the greatest importance, and it was believed that Jones' statements influenced the Jury against conviction. The prosecution was impressed with the fact that G. W. had sworn falsely, and secured his indictment for perjury. He was tried and convicted. A new trial was granted on the ground of newly discovered evidence, and the case removed to the Circuit Court on a writ of *certiorari*. In January last the people refused to proceed to trial, and Jones was released on his own recognizance.

The second trial of Billings was set down for the 24th of October, 1879, but a postponement was secured by the defense until January 19, 1880. A second postponement placed the opening of the trial on to-day the 13th. So generally has the crime been discussed in Saratoga that it is feared great difficulty will be experienced in procuring a jury. The trial may last three months. All the witnesses will be examined anew. Billings is a wealthy boat-builder, and is widely known throughout this section of the country. His acquittal is expected, although the prosecution claim to be in possession of conclusive proof of his guilt. Some time ago Billings stated to a reporter for a New York paper that his prosecution was nothing less than a persecution by the District Attorney. This official denies that he has any prejudice in the matter. He has nothing to gain by the second trial but hard work, and he will receive no additional compensation.

DESPERATE PISTOL PRACTICE.

Bull Dozers of Bloody Edgefield Slay Each Other for Variety.

COLUMBIA, S. C., April 13.—An election for Intendent and Wardens at Edgefield, yesterday, was productive of considerable excitement and several shooting affrays, none of which, however, terminated in bloodshed, but this morning a bloody fight occurred there between four of the most respectable and prominent young men of the place, which will certainly end in the death of three of them. Dr. W. E. Bland became involved in a quarrel with Mr. A. E. Clisby; they drew pistols simultaneously and began shooting; both were severely wounded and fell. The father-in-law of Clisby, Col. Glover, immediately appeared upon the scene and struck Dr. Bland over the head with a heavy pistol, fracturing his skull. A brother of Bland's hastened to the spot, and fired upon Glover, shooting him through the thigh, wounding him severely. The affair has caused the wildest excitement in Edgefield County. Dispatches late to-night state that the three wounded men cannot possibly live.

Verdict for Damages.

BOSTON, April 14—Charles E. Worten, who sued the Grand Trunk Railway Company for damages received by a collision owing to carelessness of the company's servants in 1876, received a verdict yesterday for $45,000. On the first trial he was awarded $18,000, and on the second $26,000.

The amount is the largest award for damages ever obtained in the Massachusetts Court. Worthen in 1876 was salesman in the employ of Field, Leiter & Co., Chicago. The 23d of July that year he left his home in New Hampshire for Chicago on the Grand Trunk Railroad, and met with the accident which crushed his left leg making necessary its amputation.

Tea-tasters in New York get as high as $100 per month, but milk tasters get nothing but chalk and water.

Dr. Harter's IRON TONIC

Is a Preparation of IRON and CALISAYA BARK, in combination with the Phosphates.

Endorsed by the Medical Profession, and recommended by them for Dyspepsia, General Debility, Female Diseases, Want of Vitality, &c.

Manufactured by the Dr. Harter Medicine Co., No. 213 N. Main Street, St. Louis.

The following is one of the very many testimonials we are receiving daily:

Gentlemen.—Some three months ago I began the use of DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC, upon the advice of many friends who knew its virtues. I was suffering from general debility to such an extent that my labor was exceedingly burdensome to me. A vacation of a month did not give me much relief, but on the contrary, was followed by increased prostration and sinking chills. At this time I began the use of your IRON TONIC, from which I realized almost immediate and wonderful results. The old energy returned and I found that my natural force was not permanently abated. I have used three bottles of the TONIC. Since using it I have done twice the labor that I ever did in the same time during my illness, and with double the ease. With the tranquil nerve and vigor of body, has come also a clearness of thought never before enjoyed. If the TONIC has not done the work, I know not what. I give it the credit. Most gratefully yours,

TROY, O., Jan. 2, 1878. J. P. WATSON, Pastor Christian Church, Troy, O.

For Sale by Druggists and General Dealers Everywhere.

FRANK LESLIE'S WILL.

His Children and His First Wife Contesting It—Grounds for Their Action—A Son on the Stand.

NEW YORK, April 14.—The contest of the will of the late Frank Leslie, the publisher, was begun to-day. The contestants are Alfred A. Leslie, Henry Leslie, alias Frank Leslie, jr., and Lonetta Leslie, three children of the decedent. The principal grounds of the contest are the alleged insanity of Frank Leslie, and the undue influence of his second wife, who is the principal legatee under the will. The insanity would be shown by the hallucination under which Leslie labored that he had been deserted by his sons, and that they were working against him and his interests. In fact, all litigations between his sons were brought by his father. Another delusion was his impression that Mrs. Squires had made a sacrifice in marrying him. The undue influence of his second wife would be shown to have begun before their marriage and while she was Mrs Squires and continued until his death. It showed itself at his last illness, when Alfred went to see him, and he said to his wife, "I see you do not wish me to see them and I will not."

The counsel said that it would be claimed that his divorce from his first wife, mother of the contestants, known as Mrs. Carter, was not valid. It was also claimed that Leslie's diseases had affected his mental condition.

Alfred A. Leslie testified to a visit he paid his father in his last illness. He learned of his sickness, not through Mrs. Leslie, but through the family physician. The first time he called he saw his father, who kissed his hand, seemed glad to see him, and wanted him to call again. The next time he was met by Mrs. Leslie, who said that his father could see no one. He asked to be allowed to sit up with him but she refused permission. Witness was in the employ of his father for 16 years as cashier and general financial manager. The appointment of J. W. England, as assignee of the property, threw witness out of this employment. England made him business manager, but his father's anger at him obliged him to leave the place soon. At one time his father wanted him to make the business as poor as possible, so that he could buy it at 25 per cent of its value. At another time he wanted him to make it appear as good as possible, so that the Trustees would allow him more than $10,000 a year. Witness said he first became acquainted with Mrs. Leslie 16 years ago, when she was living in Ninth street, in the same house, with Mr. Squires. She and her husband, Mr. Squires, occupied different rooms in this house, and also in houses in Thirteenth and Thirty-ninth streets. While they were thus occupied, but Mr. Leslie's room adjoined that of Mrs. Squires. Witness said he once went into his father's dressing room and found Mrs. Squires's clothing scattered about, and his father came out of his room in his night dress. He said he witnessed some other scenes which he would not describe.

ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

Views of a Distinguished British Explorer—Glowing Predictions of Success for the Jeannette Expedition—A Timely Hint to the United States Government.

By Telegraph to the New York Herald.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 82.—The British steam frigate "Triumph" left the bay this morning for Esquimalt, British Columbia, where she will be overhauled, revictualed and put in in perfect condition for a lengthened cruise in Chinese waters, and, as is supposed, to watch developments in the threatened Russia Chinese imbroglio. During the "Triumph's" stay here every facility was afforded the public for visiting this magnificent ship of war. Rear Admiral Sterling and Capt. Markham extended the utmost courtesy to our naval and military representatives, and the "courtesies" were evidently naturally gratified. Your correspondent sought and cared more to know Albert H. Markham, the great explorer of the Arctic regions, than the Captain of that name commanding the "Triumph," and was exceedingly gratified in listening to his warm expressions of interest in the American Arctic expedition under command of Capt. De Long.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC EXPLORER.

On the first mention of the "Jeannette" his whole soul was aglow with Arctic enthusiasm. How his evidently wished to be in command of something from the Pacific side of the world! He had been the furthest north from the Atlantic side, and he saw no small degree of reason expected fields of discovery from the Pacific. With his large experience and familiarity with Arctic difficulties he was free from random prophetic utterances and weighed well the words that he spoke of the same. He felt assured that, whatever might transpire, the "Jeannette" expedition would contribute largely to the world's knowledge of the northern regions. Little was yet known of the Pacific Arctic regions with any degree of accuracy, but, with such a galaxy of scientific gentlemen on board the "Jeannette," he looked forward to great results.

THE JEANNETTE EXPEDITION.

From all the information he had gleaned of the Jeannette's whereabouts when last heard from, he thought Capt. DeLong would reach, before last Winter set in, the south of Wrangell Land, and there finding some cove, if not an anchorage, protecting the ship from the crushing ice of the Arctic Sea. As a British subject he was extremely guarded in his expressions of what should be done by the United States Government, but he thought it would be a graceful compliment to science, as well as a well performed expression of interest, should a steamer of 300 or 400 tons burden be sent north of Behring Strait immediately to return before the ice closes at the Strait in the Fall.

NO DISASTER ANTICIPATED.

He did not anticipate any disaster to the Jeannette, but if such a steamer as that suggested saw her, if she even required such assistance as it could render from the Jeannette would doubtless be interesting; and if by a good chance she could render such an assistance as that steamer could render the Government would have a great reason to congratulate itself in its opportune work. Captain Markham thought the same effort should be repeated every year while the Jeannette was in the Arctic seas, as such an exploration was not a commercial venture to be considered in the return of dollars and cents.

The language of this gallant explorer savored nothing of criticism, evincing only the deep interest he felt in seeing the American Arctic expedition a grand success, and the Jeannette returning from the frozen North laden with imperishable, though dearly won honors, as all such devotion and labor must certainly be.

The Paper Monopoly.

Detroit Free Press.

The Eastern papers, which so long held their peace concerning the paper monopoly, have suddenly awakened to a conviction of the imposition which the press of the country is called upon to bear for the benefit of a combination. Two of the New York journals have raised their subscription rates, one 25 per cent. and the other 33. Even the New York *Tribune*, the most persistent supporter of protection in the country, has come out in opposition to the robbery.

DENIAL.

No Yellow Fever in Memphis This Spring.

MEMPHIS, April 16.—Dr. R. W. Mitchell, resident Member of the National Board of Health has telegraphed to the Secretary of the Nation Board of Health as follows: "A special press dispatch from Washington states that the National Board of Health have an official report of two cases of yellow fever having occurred in Memphis during the month of March. How is this? No case has occurred here to this date. Answer at once.

Dr. G. B. Thornton, President of the Local Board of Health in response to the telegram says: "Reports not true. No case of yellow fever has occurred in Memphis since last Fall."

ENGLISH POLITICS.

Death of the Head of the Birmingham Radicals.

LONDON, April 16—Dr. Edward V. H. Kenealy member of the last House of Commons for Stoke upon trent and well known Counsel for the Claimant in the Tichborne case is dead, age 61.

The Irish member Parliment elect are arriving. They ask the equalization of Irish franchise with English and the extension of Ulster tenant rights to all Ireland.

The death of J. S. Wright, Liberal member of Parliment elect for Nottingham is a heavy blow to the Birmingham school of Radicals. Wright, not Joseph Chamberlain, was the originator and head of that party. It is stated that a petition will be lodged in the House of Commons on behalf of Kettle the Parnellite candidate, defeated in Cork county by Col. David Colethurst, (Home ruler.) The Ground of the petition will be clerical influence used against Kettle. The result of Cork County election is regarded one of the greatest surprises of the time.

A Dublin dispatch says the defeat of Parnell's nominee, after the tremendous efforts made to secure his return, is a heavy blow to Parnell's dictatorship, and the successful stand made by the Catholic clergy and respectable laity, including, doubtless, many Conservatives, will be regarded as a great moral victory.

LIFE ON THE LEADS.

A Queer Community that Grew Up, Not Under the Czar's Nose, but Over it, Unsuspected.

London Globe.

A queer story is told of the Winter Palace of the Czar, which may be given as illustrating the great extent of the place and the possibilities of mischief it affords. In the time of Nicholas, the father of the present Czar, a number of sentries were posted on the roof to guard against fire or foes. Finding the climate up there not altogether so comfortable as could be wished, this permanent watch at length contrived to convey on to the roof the materials for a number of huts or cabins, which, in course of time, they erected under the shelter of the chimney-stacks. So snug and cozy did they make themselves that it at length occurred to the married men among them that as there was plenty of room up there, they might as well enlarge their establishments. Accordingly, wives and families one after another, found their way out on to the Imperial leads. Several of the single members of the guard, finding such a tempting opportunity of setting up housekeeping economically, took wives to themselves, and after a while a quite considerable colony had sprung up. How far the development might have gone on if the individuals composing this parasitic little Village had been reasonably cautious and careful in their behavior, it is difficult to guess; but the establishment of families among the chimneys of the palace led gradually to the accumulation of domestic animals. Fowls multiplied amazingly, and goats became numerous and flourished so well in the bracing atmosphere that at length it was suggested that a cow might conveniently be added to the farm stock. How the animal was elevated we are not informed, but it is stated as a fact that it was by some means hoisted to the roof, and was eventually the ruin of the community. The lowing of the cow came to certain official ears, and led to an investigation and the total breaking up of the queer little society. Even at that time, it is said, the Russian Emperor felt so little confidence in his personal security that nobody ever knew in which bedroom he was going to sleep. A large number were always kept ready and unoccupied, and at bedtime the Czar would quietly slip into any one of them, selected at the moment.

LUCKY CARELESSNESS.

How a Stock Boom Struck a Woman of Kentucky.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

A singular piece of good fortune recently happened to a well known lady of this County, for which she has no one to thank but her own carelessness. She had purchased a lot of Louisville & Nashville Railroad stock at a figure less than $40 per share, and was naturally rather anxious in regard to its safety. When the stock began to go up she watched it with interest, and when it got to $41 she wrote a letter to her broker in the City to sell the stock. As business-like as the generality of women she forgot all about sending the certificate of stock, and of course her broker could do nothing without it. He wrote her a note, and told her that he must have the certificate. She began to search for the paper, but it had been mislaid, and while she was making the search it climbed up into the 50s. This redoubled her anxiety to sell, and every nook and corner of her house was thoroughly ransacked, but without avail; the paper had disappeared.

She then rested on her oars and did not make further investigation, as the stock was still advancing. The stock finally reached the seventies, however, and the unbroken advance seemed at an end; it hung fire for several weeks, up one day and down the next. The lady began to be uneasy, and as the quotations vacillated she began to grow excited. The house was again turned upside down, and every part of it scrutinized with a microscope, as it were; but it was made more evident that the desired paper was hopelessly lost. The lady was becoming more and more nervous every day, and watching quotations with feverish excitement. While thus under this high pressure the stock sailed up into the nineties, and then, with a rush that almost made her wild, jumped to 110. Then she rushed into the City and begged her broker to sell at once and not delay until she could find her certificate, but he explained that it was impossible to sell the stock when she did not possess the certificate. He also claimed that she could have another certificate issued by application to the Secretary.

This she did with all celerity, but, despite her haste, the stock advanced to 141 before she could get it ready for sale. At this figure just 250 per cent. above that at which she first desired to sell, she finally disposed of the stock. Her carelessness in misplacing the certificate paid her well, and if she had lost her second certificate she would have realized at least 20 per cent more.

News of the Week.

THE CAPITAL.

At Washington April 13, the House Committee on Elections instructed Rep. Manning to submit to the House the Washburne-Donnelly case in behalf of the Committee, and recommend the adoption of the following resolutions:

Resolved, First, That William D. Washburne is not entitled to his seat for the reasons submitted, and which are embodied in the majority report already published; and,

Second, That Ignatius Donnelly is not entitled to a seat in the House from the Third Wisconsin District, for the reasons embodied in the minority report, also published.

A dispatch says the receipts from the tobacco tax the first six months of the present fiscal year, compared with corresponding periods of the last fiscal year, in all districts which returned $30,000 and upwards during the last fiscal year, show a total increase of $716,790.

At Washington D. C., an order has been issued by the Postmaster-General, declaring the following to be fraudulent concerns, and forbidding the delivery to them of registered letters and money orders: Massich & Cossuilh, No. 159 Common street, New Orleans; S. Passans, No. 153 Common street, New Orleans; J. Garcia, 126 Exchange Place, New Orleans, and E. N. Carr & Co., alias E. J. Price & Co., and Emery & Co., No. 31 Park Row, New York.

The Secretary of the Treasury has decided to resume coinage at the United States mint at Carson May 1, sufficient bullion having been accumulated. The Department is in receipt of advices leading to the belief that silver bullion will be delivered at Carson at prices paid in San Francisco.

It is announced that Sec. Sherman has issued a circular to the Collectors of Customs that hereafter the specific duty charged upon hoop iron shall be collected upon cut hoops, which have heretofore been admitted under an ad valorem duty of 35 per cent. This order will stand as the construction of the law unless the Committee on Ways and Means, which has been considering the matter, shall report and secure the passage of a bill amending the laws.

EAST.

A Philadelphia dispatch says Rev. Wm. B. Orvis has been expelled from the Philadelphia Association of Congregational Ministers because of his connection with the Philadelphia University of Medicine and Surgery, where a reporter recently purchased a certificate to practice medicine. The Dean, President and Secretary of the concern were ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

A Washington special to the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin says: "A Democrat of prominence, one who has held a high position in the councils of his party, informed your correspondent that Tilden has written a letter, to be read at the New York Democratic Convention at Syracuse, declining to be a candidate before the Cincinnati Convention and withdrawing his name. The reason assigned for this course is the condition of his health. This same gentleman says Tilden prepared a letter two months ago, withdrawing his name, but the intercession of personal friends prevented it from being made public."

The Maine Democratic State Committee have decided to hold the Convention June 1st, for the nomination of Governor and selection of delegates to Cincinnati.

WEST

At New York, April 13, at a meeting of the Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific Railroad Directors in this City Cyrus W. Field resigned as President and Director. Fred S. Ames, of Boston, was elected to fill the vacancy in the Board of Directors, and Solon Humphreys was elected President of the Company.

At Pittsburg, April 14, the Western Nail Association held a meeting and agreed unanimously to a further suspension of two weeks. After discussing the advisability of reducing prices it was decided to maintain the present rates.

At Chicago, April 14, a mass meeting in the interest of Grant was held in the Central Music Hall at which nearly 3,000 people were present, all available room being closely occupied. R. E. Lincoln was chairman. The Speakers of the evening were Emery A. Storrs, Stephen A. Douglas, jr., E. C. Larned and others. Gen. Logan, who had not known of the arrangements for the meeting until his arrival, being urgently requested to remain, spoke at some length, giving his reasons why he was for Grant. In conclusion he said: "Gen. Grant, it seems, is not to have an immunity from the malice of the ingrates, for at the head of those who are attempting to organize an army of malcontents in this State, is one who was treated most generously by him when he was in the military and civil command, but in this instance detraction and defamation will fail in their work, for the man whom the world has honored, as man was never honored before, will not be deserted nor dishonored by the people of his own state of Illinois.

At Springfield, Ill., April 15, the newly organized Lincoln Guard of Honor, held a memorial service at the catacomb of the Lincoln monument, in commemoration of the fifteenth anniversary of Lincoln's death. The services began at 7:22 o'clock, the time of the President's death at Washington, about 300 persons being present, notwithstanding the early hour and uncomfortable atmosphere. Major G. S. Dana, President of the Guards, presided, and the services began with an impressive prayer by Rev. James A. Reed. There was singing by a Quintette club, and readings from Lincoln's addresses. Letters and messages by Rev. Albert Hale, Lincoln's famous letter to Mrs. Eliza P. Gurney, written in September 1864 was read by John Caroll Power. The quintette sang the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and Clinton L. Conkling read, after which Rev. W. B. Affleck of New York spoke eloquently. Governor Cullom was then called upon and spoke without preparation, but warmly and heartily of the deceased patriot. Mrs E. S. Johnson recited Lincoln's favorite poem "Oh why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud," and benediction was pronounced by Rev. J. H. Noble of the First M. E. Church.

At Bloomington, April 18, Gen. Grant arrived at about 11 o'clock. He received a hearty welcome, and made a brief speech. He has spent the day very quietly, attending church and driving about the City. This afternoon he visited the Soldiers' Orphans' Home, made a speech to the children, and shook hands with each one. To-morrow he will hold a public reception from 9 to 10:30, and will start for Galena at 11.

At San Francisco, April 19, in the Police Court Kearney's request for a delay to enable him to make an application to the Supreme Court for a writ of habeas corpus, was denied as unusual and extraordinary. The commitment was made out, and Kearney, evidently greatly depressed and chagrined was drawn to the House of Correction where, after going through the hands of the barber and donning the convict's garb, he was placed in a cell. As he left the court room he asked the Judge if the commitment contained any reference to the provision of the new constitution fixing eight hours as a day's labor. The Judge replied that the Superintendent of the Workhouse would see that he had sufficient work to do and not too much. His counsel will apply for a writ of habeas corpus, but it is not expected to avail the prisoner anything.

NASHVILLE, April 19.—The city is beginning to fill up with returning turfmen from Mobile and New Orleans, and from the eastern and western cities. It is now assured it will be the largest collection of race horses ever here at one time. The stables arrived include the Texas Contingent, Cottrills Lakelands, Morris and Caldwells. Dwyer's stable will arrive to-morrow, also Merrill's, Young's and Swigert's. The Spring meeting opens Saturday with four races for the Nashville Grand Centennial stake that day. The probable starters are "Shaker," "Bramble," "Buckden," "Lass Largenteen," "Beatitude" and "Bobe."

SOUTH

A dispatch says the Kentucky Legislature has passed a bill amending the charter of Mayville & Big Sandy Railroad Company, so as to authorize the company to build a road from Cattlettsburg to Newport and Covington, making a connection for the Chesapeake Ohio Railroad.

A Petersburg Va., dispatch says the forest fires which have been raging in this vicinity the past week, have become uncontrolable. The flames are plainly visible here. Barns and stables in large numbers have been destroyed. In many instances farmers lost all their crops, horses and farming implements. A number of cabins have been burned, the occupants barely escaping with their lives. The destruction of cord wood timber is immense. In Prince George County the fire has been very destructive, invading orchards and destroying hundreds of fruit trees. It is feared, unless an early rain occurs, the fire will destroy the railroad bridges and telegraph poles.

FOREIGN.

Great Britain.

At Madrid, April 14 Otero, who attempted to assassinate King Alfonso on on the evening of December 30th as the royal carriage containing the king and queen was passing through the palace gate, was executed. At the time of arrest Otero gave his age as 19.

A dispatch says the United States frigate "Constitution" with provisions and clothing for Ireland's poor, entered Queenstown harbor Tuesday morning.

The Home Rule members have been asked to meet for consultation the 27th instant. The requisition is signed by William Show and others; the action of the party not consulted causing dissatisfaction.

Sweden.

A Bremen dispatch says, two thousand Swedes have left here this Spring for the United States, and 1,000 left Christiana on the 14th inst.

A dispatch says all the Ministers are in Town, also all the Liberal leaders except Gladstone, who is at Hawarden, where John Bright is visiting him. Speculation is rife respecting the composition of the new Ministry, but there has been no formal consultation among the Liberals. Candidates for office are numerous. The general impression is that Gladstone's Premiership is inevitable, unless he should refuse the office. The position and influence of Advanced Liberals, as distinguished from Moderates or Whigs, seems likely to be very strong.

At Stockholm the new Cabinet constituted Hans Ludwig Forssell Minister of Finance, Baron Von Otter, Minister of Marine, Taube, Minister of War, Hederstyens, Minister of Interior, and Posse, Minister of Foreign Affairs pro tem.

Spain.

The Madrid Diario Espanol publishes what purports to be the confession made by Otero to the Grand Chamberlin, in substance, as follows: He says he does not wish to compromise anybody. He was deceived, led astray, and entered an unknown society. He was taken before a secret meeting of masked men at Toledo who decided that he should kill Senor Conovas DeCastillo. After receiving 130 francs and a pistol, he returned to Madrid. Soon afterward the order was revoked and he was directed to kill the king. He declares that if he had not made the attempt he would have been assassinated. Two associates accompanied him to the gate of the palace and remained near him.

THE WELSH MOUNTAIN GANG.

Capture of a Wealthy Farmer and Recovery of Stolen Property.

By telegraph to the New York Herald.

WESTCHESTER, Pa., April 17.—In the northwest portion of this county, adjoining Lancaster and Berks counties, there is a very rugged strip of land known as the Welsh Mountains. For years the heavily wooded fastnesses have been the safe retreat of a set of land pirates known by the name of the Welsh Mountain gang. It is a thoroughly organized body, including members in all classes of the community from the very some to the wealthy farmer. They prey upon their neighbors and commit every crime short of murder. Things have been growing from bad to worse every year, until these desperadoes began to think no one would attempt to stop them in their evil ways. A few weeks ago they procured a Bible, nailed it to a tree, and threatened to burn the barn of every member of the Harmony Detective Association, a local protective society. They even extended their depredations to Downingtown, and have entered a number of stores and dwellings in that place. On Wednesday the above named association were rewarded by capturing a wealthy farmer by the name of J. Lewis Robinson. It appears this wealthy Dick Turpin, feeling safe in his respectability, had the temerity to actually put in use openly some of the stolen goods. The particular article that was the means of bringing the officers of the law upon him was a whiffletree that had been stolen from Mr. W. F. Swymelar, who was a member of the association. Seeing it in use he proceeded to have Robinson arrested. Suspicion had, however, pointed at him before, as he was noticed to be making heavy shipments of poultry to Philadelphia, and it was well known that he had lost his chickens last year by cholera, and that he had not been making any purchases. A silk dress was also identified by a lady as having been stolen on her wedding night a few months ago. The evidence being sufficiently strong against Robinson, he was arrested at his house by Constable C. J. Moore, who had with him a search warrant.

LOST TREASURES RECOVERED.

A thorough examination of the house and premises revealed the fact that Robinson's house must have been a kind of headquarters at which to deposit the booty, or else that he was the captain of the gang, and what was found was his share of the plunder, horse collars, double trees, shovels, spades, stovepipes, clocks, crockery and glassware, silk and other dress goods already made up, shawls, scarfs, bedding and sheets, lap robes, afghans, blankets; in fact every imaginable thing for the use of man, woman or beast.

ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.

When this evidence was unearthed before the wealthy prisoner he made an attempt to escape to his retreat in the mountains, but was captured, and finding he had no chance to get away, confessed that he was guilty of sundry thefts, and implicated one Cyrus Davis. Robinson being well connected he was released on bail in the sum of 1,000. Davis was arrested and lodged in the Chester County Jail, at Westchester on Friday morning. It is said that Robinson made a practice of shipping large amounts of poultry to New York, which he disposed of with much less likelihood of being detected than he could have done in a Philadelphia market. It is believed by some here that he will run away and forfeit his bail, which to him would be a mere song. Other reports have it that he will "squeal" on his fellow thieves and in this way may be the means of breaking up the whole gang.

Talking English.

Boston Herald.

Our English speech, uttered by a cultivated woman, is as delicately enunciated, as full of exquisite cadences, as Italian itself. Perhaps the most charming English is spoken by the ladies of Maryland and Delaware, States lying midway between Northern nasalization and Southern broadness of speech. But this is a matter of taste.

It is not generally known that Fitz John Porter was intended for the church. His education was completed, and everything was ready, when suddenly, in obedience to the ruling instinct of his nature, he refused to "take orders." The Pope himself afterward had trouble with him on the same account.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

CONGRESSIONAL.

Forty-Sixth Congress—First Session.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, April 16.

The VICE PRESIDENT laid before the Senate a message from the President of the United States transmitting the report of the Secretary of State concerning the Executive with reference to the investigation of certain cases in which awards were made by the late United States and Mexican Commission. Referred.

On motion of Sen. BECK, the Senate joint resolution authorizing the Secretary of War to loan flags, tents and camp equipage for the soldiers' reunion at Milwaukee in June next was passed.

On motion of Sen. DEBRELL, the bill passed authorizing the Secretary of War to turn over certain condemned cannon to the Governor of South Carolina.

On motion of Sen. VALENTINE, the bill passed for the relief of settlers on public lands.

The Senate resumed consideration of the Geneva award bill.

Sen. KIRKWOOD gave notice of an amendment to strike out of section five the words "and the interest accruing therefrom." The section now reads: "That judgments tendered under the act shall be paid out of the money paid to the United States pursuant to the treaty of Washington, and interest accruing therefrom not extended in the payment of claims heretofore allowed," etc.

Sen. JONES, of Florida, spoke against the bill.

Sen. CARPENTER endorsed the argument of the Senator from Illinois (Davis,) which had not been really answered in the debate. The right of subrogation had been ridiculed, but not overthrown. Sen. Carpenter will continue his remarks Monday.

HOUSE.

Considerable miscellaneous business was disposed of.

The Senate bill removing the political disabilities of Roger A. Pryor was passed.

Mr. COX, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported the resolution requesting the President to take steps to abrogate the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. He reported it for printing and recommittal, as the committee had taken no definite action upon it. The resolution was ordered printed and recommitted.

Mr. WILSON, from the same Committee, reported the joint resolution for the disposal of the Chinese indemnity fund. Referred to the Committee of the Whole.

The SPEAKER announced the appointment of Messrs. Carlisle, Gibson and Garfield as members on the part of the Ways and Means Committee, to take into consideration the losses of revenue arising from the alleged evasion of the stamp tax on cigars and other articles subject to excise duty.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole, Mr. Whitthorne in the chair, on the Indian appropriation bill.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, April 19.

Sen. DAVIS, of Illinois, from the Committee on Judiciary, reported a bill to provide that whenever the Circuit and District Courts of the United States are held at the same time and place, there shall be but one Grand and Petit Jury summoned to attend the same Courts at one and the same time. It provides that Juries summoned for one Court may serve in the other, but either Court may serve several panels if necessary. The bill passed.

Sen. WALLACE, from the Select Committee to inquire into alleged frauds in the late election, submitted a report on prevention of elective franchise by threats of deprivation of employment; laid on the table and ordered printed.

Sen. WITHERS reported back the army appropriation bill; placed on the calendar.

On motion of Sen. CAMERON, of Pennsylvania, by a vote of 38 to 21, his joint resolution for a commission to consider and report what legislation is needed for better regulation of commerce between the states was taken up.

Sen. SAULSBURY offered an amendment instructing the commission to inquire into the effect of railroad consolidation and what power Congress has in the matter.

Pending debate the morning hour expired and the resolution went over.

A concurrent resolution was adopted to print 100,000 copies of the special reports on diseases of swine.

The Senate resumed consideration of the Geneva Award bill, and Sen. Carpenter continued his speech in support of the committee's bill.

Bills introduced:

By Sen. Hamlin: Authorizing the President to make the necessary arrangements to carry into effectuary convention between the United States and Nicaragua for the adjustment of claims which may be duly concluded between the two governments. Referred.

The Committee on Railroads reported Sen. Garland's bill to extend 10 years the time for the completion of the Texas Pacific Railroad was taken up and amendments adopted, making its terms substantially identical with those of the amended Northern Pacific bill. Motion then prevailed by a majority of one vote that the Texas Pacific bill, as amended, be reported back for action of the Senate, and was placed upon the calendar without recommendation. Several members of the Committee say this order will probably be changed to a positive recommendation in favor of the bill before it is actually reported to the Senate.

HOUSE.

Under the call of states, bills, etc., were introduced and referred:

By Mr. HERBERT: Providing that the President of Senate shall submit to the Senate and House when assembled to count the votes for President and Vice President, all packages purporting to contain electoral votes.

By Mr. WEAVER—A resolution directing the Secretary of the Treasury to report whether or not the Treasury Department has at any time anticipated the payment of interest on the public debt, or any part thereof, as provided by the joint resolution approved March 17, 1864, and, if so, for what period, to whom interest was paid, in what amount, and whether with or without rebate.

The call of States concluded, the SPEAKER announced the pending business to be a motion of Mr. McLane to suspend the rules to enable him to report from the Committee of the Pacific Railroad bill to alter and amend the sinking fund act approved May 17, 1878. The motion was defeated, 76 to 75, a two-thirds affirmative vote being necessary.

DE COSMOS.

He Made the Longest Speech on Record.

The longest speech on record is believed to have been made by a member of the Legislature of British Columbia named De Cosmos. It was in the interest of settlers who were to be defrauded of their lands. De Cosmos was in the hopeless minority. The job had been held back till the eve of the close of the session. Unless legislation was taken before noon of a certain day the act of confiscation would fail. The day before the expiration of the limitation, De Cosmos got the floor about 10 o'clock A. M., and began a speech against the bill. Its friends cared little, for they supposed that by one or two P. M. he would be through, and the bill could be put on its passage. One o'clock came and went, and De Cosmos was still speaking—hadn't more than entered upon his subject. Two o'clock—he was saying "in the second place." Three o'clock—he produced a fearful bundle of evidence, and insisted on reading it. The majority began to have a suspicion of the truth—he was going to speak till next noon and kill the bill. For a while they made merry over it, but as it came on to dusk they began to get alarmed. They tried interruptions, but soon abandoned them, because each one afforded him a chance to digress and gain time. They tried to shout him down, but that gave him a breathing space, and they finally settled down to watch the combat between the strength of will and weakness of body. They gave him no mercy. No adjournment for dinner; no chance to do more than wet his lips with water; no wandering from the subject; no sitting down. Twilight darkened, the gas was lit; members slipped out to supper in relays and returned to sleep in squads, but De Cosmos went on. The speaker to whom he was addressing himself was alternately dozing, snoring, and trying to look awake. Day dawned and a majority of the members slipped out to breakfast, and the speaker still held on. It can't be said it was a very logical, eloquent, or sustained speech. There were digressions in it; repetitions also. But the speaker kept on, and at last noon came to a baffled majority, livid with rage and impotence, and a single man who was triumphant, though his voice had sunk to a whisper, his eyes were sunken and bleared and blood shot, and his legs tottered under him, and his baked lips were cracked and smeared with blood. De Cosmos had spoken 26 hours and saved the settlers their lands.

THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE

The Second Son of Emperor Nicholas and Brother of the Czar.

London World.

The huge mass of granite building known as the Marble Palace at St. Petersburg, standing on the Palace quay, in a line with the imperial residence and the hermitage, is the abode of the Grand Duke Constantine, the second son of the late Emperor Nicholas, and a man of whom Prince Bismark is reported to have observed that he has the soundest brains of any male descendant of Peter the Great. In tastes, habits, and appearance the Grand Duke is a thorough Englishman of the student or scientific type. He was standing one day on the pier at Ryde, when an American tourist, lately landed in England, and very enthusiastic about everything English, observed: "Now, that is a thorough specimen of your English aristocrat. There is no other country whose nobility produces such a vigorous build joined to the highest standard of education."

Though an inch or two shorter than his Imperial brother, he still towers above an ordinary crowd; and his auburn hair, fair, healthy complexion, and light blue near-sighted eyes with light eye-lashes always peering through spectacles, bear a strong resemblance to his father's, But his thoughtful intellectual expression has nothing of the absorbing melancholy which was almost as visible in Nicholas in his later days as it is in the present Emperor; and one can hardly be surprised that Nicholas, early recognizing the superior abilities of his second son, and contrasting them with the hereditary tendency to hypochondria which had already begun to show itself in Alexander, should have ardently hoped that his eldest son and Queen Victoria might be so mutually attracted in their young unmarried days, when they met at Windsor, as to enable him to make a comfortable settlement in England for his first-born in the position of Prince Consort, while bequeathing to Constantine the throne of Russia.

The Grand Duke is a musician of some skill, and his house is the chief fashionable resort of artists, authors, and scientific men at St. Petersburg. Although the Emperor is fond of conversation, a troublesome affection in his throat makes articulation difficult and painful. Consequently the presence of his brother at the dinner-table is no small relief. The Grand Duke has had a heavy trial in his eldest son, whose extraordinary follies have, on more than one occasion, caused him to be placed under restraint as insane, and who has for the last three years only been kept quiet by being employed on a nominal survey in Central Asia. His eldest daughter is married to the King of Greece, and his youngest daughter, Vera who had been adopted by her aunt, the Queen of Wurtemburg, was married to a Prince of that house in 1873, but has been already a widow with twin daughters. His second son, a remarkable fine young man, is in the Russian navy, and excited much admiration in Paris when he visited the exhibition in 1878, on his way from Biarritz, where the Grand Duchess Constantine, who is an invalid, chiefly resides. The Grand Duke at St Petersburg lives the life of a busy statesman more than of a man of pleasure. He has encouraged temperance societies to establish branches in Russia, and in the coldest parts of the winter has opened a kitchen in his Palace, where hot tea has been given away to all who chose to come for it.

A DIVE FOR LIFE.

A Settler's Thrilling Escape from Indians.

Just below the Kanawha Falls, in West Virginia, writes a correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, is an overhanging rock of immense size, jutting out about 100 feet over the seething whirlpool, and about the same hight above. This was once the scene of a remarkable adventure. The Indians were in hot pursuit of Van Bibber, a settler and a man of distinction in those early times. He was hard pressed, and all access to the river below and above being cut off, he was driven to this jutting rock, which proved to be the jumping off place for him. He stood on the rock, in full view of the enemy above and below, who yelled like demons at the certainty of his speedy capture. He stood up boldly, and with his rifle kept them at bay. As he stood there he looked across the river—saw his friends, his wife with her babe in her arms, all helpless to render assistance. They stood as if petrified with terror and amazement. She cried at the top of her voice: "Leap into the river and meet me!" Laying her babe on the grass she seized the oars and sprang into the skiff alone. As she neared the middle of the river her husband saw the Indians coming in full force and yelling like demons. "Wife, wife!" he screamed, "I'm coming; drop down a little lower." With this he sprang from his crag and descended like an arrow into the water, feet foremost. The wife rested on her oars a moment to see him rise to the surface, the little canoe floating like a cork, bobbing about on the boiling flood. It was an awful moment; it seemed an age to her; would he ever rise? Her earnest gaze seemed to penetrate the depths of the water, and she darted her boat farther down the stream. He rose near her; in a moment the canoe was alongside of him, and she helped him to scramble into it amid a shower of arrows and shot that the baffled Indians poured into them. The daring wife did not speak a word; her husband was more dead than alive, and all depended on her strength being maintained till they could reach the bank. This they did, just where she had started, right where the babe was still lying, crowing and laughing. The men pulled the skiff high up on the sand, and the wife slowly arose and helped to lift Van Bibber to his feet. He could not walk, but she laid him down by his babe, and then, seating herself, she wept wildly, just as any other woman would have done under the circumstances. That babe is now a grandfather, and that rock is called "Van Bibber's Rock" to this day.

Imitation Feet.

Among the strange freaks of the last Viennese Carnival has been the adoption by several of the leading beauties of imitation feet and sandals, as accessories to mythological of classical costumes. Having indued flesh colored maillots provided with thin soles, these ladies committed their delicate extremities to the manipulation of skilled artist, who deftly painted thereupon counterfeit presentments of toes, sandals and laces, all complete. The pretty wife of an eminent Viennese historical painter had chosen the dress, or undress, of a water sprite wherein to attend the "G'schnas Ball," and solicited her husband's aid to "make up" her feet in the manner above indicated. He consented; but not wishing to enhance his wife's natural charms by adventitious means he put off the foot painting operation until the last moment. When, however, the carriage was at the door, and the water sprite's toilette completed in all respects but one, he seized brush and palette, and addressed himself, seemingly in feverish haste, to his task, hurrying his wife off to the ball as soon as her mimic feet were ready, without giving her time to inspect them. On entering the gayly lighted ballroom the lady cast a hasty glance at her husband's artistic achievements. Her horror may be better imagined than described when she perceived that the pink silk tights in which her dainty feet were imprisoned had been admirably illuminated by his master hand with horrible representations of chilblains, bunions and inveterate corns, only too true to nature. That night she danced not, but sat in a corner, hiding her travestied feet under her chair as best she might.

A son of Erin, who by some strange chance got into a fight yesterday afternoon was asked by an acquaintance some particulars in regard to the affair. Said he: "Well, sur, to tell you the truth, I saw but little of the fight. I was on the undher side of it."

—"They cannot all lie," was the observation of one while reading the endless testimonials to "Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher." It is infallible.

FEATS OF NATATORIAL SKILL.

Exhibitions of Artistical Swimming by Prof. Marquis Bibbero.

New York Star.

A few invited guests assembled in the Central Park Bathing Establishment on Seventh avenue, near Fifty-ninth street, yesterday, to witness an exhibition of artistic swimming by Prof. Marquis Bibbero, of the Royal Polytechnic of London. Shortly after 3 o'clock the Professor made his appearance at the end of the large bathing tank, clad in a canvas jacket, trowsers and shoes, with a cap of blue cloth of the same pattern as those worn by the Salvation Army. He is of a rather slight, wiry build, with heavy shoulders, English-cut whiskers, and an unmistakable Manchester accent. His first feat was to undress on the surface of the water. In a few seconds his canvas outer dress, with his cap and shoes, disappeared under the wavelets, and the swimmer appeared in a tight-fitting costume with a blue woolen dress. He next illustrated "useful" swimming, and explained the overhand, side, improved breast, improved overhand, back and other strokes; how to rest when fatigued in the water; how to swim without using either arms or legs; how to act in case of cramps, and various other movements useful to the swimmer.

His ornamental swimming which consisted of difficult acrobatic feats, was performed with grace and dexterity. The most remarkable feat was swimming with hands and feet bound. An attendant buckled a heavy strap around his ankles and secured his wrists in a similar manner. The Professor plunged headlong into the water, and by an easy, graceful side movement propelled himself around the tank. The apparent ease with which this was accomplished, evoked the hearty applause of the audience. The next portion of the program was devoted to submarine feats. They consisted of eating, drinking and smoking under water (performances which have been made famous by Harry Gurr, Johnson and other noted swimmers). The exercises concluded with exhibitions of how to save a person from drowning by breaking the grip of his savior. An attendant jumped into the water, and in a presumably drowning state grabbed the Professor by both wrists. With a simple turn of the hands the hold was broken, and the exhibitor, plunging under the struggler, floated him on his breast. Again the attendant clutched him around the waist with a vice-like grasp, and the Professor, by placing his fingers upon the attendant's nose, thus stopping his breathing, broke the hold, and towed his supposed inanimate body ashore. The Professor, who had been one hour and 10 minutes in the water, stepped on the platform and explained his new pocket life-saving apparatus. It consists of a circular belt of rubber, after the model of the old-fashioned "life-preserver," which is inflated and fastened around the neck. It is so constructed that it cannot slip down over the shoulders nor come up above the chin. Its weight is only eight ounces, and it can be carried in the pocket.

The entertainment was satisfactory. It is his intentions to give a number of public exhibitions when the weather grows warmer. Mr Bibbero asserted that, as he had not been in the water since last Semptember, he was hardly in condition to perform his best feats, and that when he was thoroughly trained he would give a most surprising exhibition.

—FEEBLE and exhausted constitutions restored to health and strength by Malt Bitters.

Happy Thought.

Portland Transcript.

Last week a boy 16 years old was putting stamps on a large number of newspapers at the Postoffice in Portland when a lady came in who bought a 3-cent stamp and then turning to the boy coolly asked him to run out his tongue. The boy did so, when the lady moistened her 3-cent stamp on it, applied it to the letter, mailed it and walked off.

Blessed Sympathy and so Easy to Give.

Golden Days.

A minister was seated in his study one day hard at work on his sermon when his little boy entered and held up his finger, which he had just cut with his new jack knife. "Oh! don't bother me!" said his father. "Don't you see I am busy?" The youngster walked to the door, and looking back said: "I don't think it would have hurt you to say Oh!"

Cuticura

BLOOD REMEDIES.

Skin Diseases are but the Signs of Blood Poisons.

Skin Diseases issue from an unhealthy condition of the blood, and are Blood Diseases.—*Wilson.*

The CUTICURA REMEDIES cure the most obstinate forms of Blood and Skin Diseases, and Affections of the Scalp with Loss of Hair, when all other remedies and methods of treatment fail. CUTICURA RESOLVENT purifies the blood, vitalizes with new life every organ and process of the body. Hence the permanence of the cures made by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA, a Medicinal Jelly, for external application, arrests disease, eats away dead flesh and skin, allays inflammation, itching and irritation, and heals ulcers, sores, and scalp affections with loss of hair, when the RESOLVENT is taken internally. CUTICURA SOAP, prepared from Cuticura, is cleansing, refreshing, and the only natural beautifier of the skin, which it softens, whitens, and preserves beyond praise. CUTICURA SHAVING SOAP, also prepared from Cuticura, is the first and only medicine soap compounded expressly for shaving.

RUNNING SORES.

Interesting Account of the Healing of a Broken Leg.

Messrs. LOTHROPS & PINKHAM, Druggists: *Dear Sirs*,—On the 23d of August, 1877, I had the misfortune of having my leg broken, in front of William Stern's dry goods store, by a case of goods being thrown on me. The bone was set by a physician of this place. Upon removing the splints, sores broke out from my knee to the heel, and several physicians called it varicose veins, and ordered me to wear rubber stockings. After wearing out about $25 worth of different makes without any signs of any cure, I bought the CUTICURA REMEDIES for the purpose, as I expressed it at the time, to be humbugged again. Before half had been used I was astonished to see the sores heal up one by one, and now not one sore is to be seen. I recommended the same to a neighboring lady who had been troubled for years with a sore wrist. After using hundreds of remedies she is completely cured. Respectfully yours,

DOVER, N. H. HENRY LANDECKER.

SALT RHEUM

Ten Years. Treated by ten Physicians. Used all kinds of Medicines.

Messrs. WEEKS & POTTER: *Dear Sirs*,—I feel it my duty to inform you what your CUTICURA REMEDIES have done for me. I have suffered from Salt Rheum for ten years, been treated by at least ten physicians, and taken any quantity of medicine without cure until I took your remedies, which have been perfectly successful in my case, leaving the skin on my face, scalp and body as white and free from humor as anybody's. Yours truly,

STEPHEN H. LOVEJOY.

AUBURN, ME., April 3, 1879.

ITCHING HUMOR

For Eleven Years Cured.

JOHN W. F. HOBBS, Esq., North Hampton, N. H., well known as the originator of the Citizens' Line Coaches, Boston, writes that he has been cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES of an Itching Humor from which he has been a great sufferer, as all his friends know. He considers them the greatest remedies of the age.

CUTICURA REMEDIES

For Blood, Skin and Scalp Humors,

Are prepared by WEEKS & POTTER, Chemists and Druggists, 360 Washington street, Boston 21 Front street, Toronto, Ont., and 8 Snow Hill London, and are for sale by all Druggists. Price of CUTICURA, small boxes, 50 cents; large boxes, containing two and one-half times the quantity of small, $1. RESOLVENT, $1 per bottle. CUTICURA MEDICINAL TOILET SOAP, 25 cents per cake. CUTICURA MEDICINAL SHAVING SOAP, 15 cents per cake; in bars, for Barbers and large consumers, 50 cents.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS

Instantly relieve Pain, Soreness and Weakness.

The Markets.

General Produce.

BUFFALO, April 20.—Breadstuffs — Wheat—Dull and unsettled; No 1 hard Duluth, 123c. Corn dull and nominal; No 2 at 40¾c cash; 40¾c seller May. Oats dull at 38c. Rye and Barley neglected. Canal and railroad freights unchanged.

DETROIT, April 20.—Breadstuffs — Flour is dull at 5 50. Wheat steady; extra, nominal; No 1 white, at 110c; seller April, 109⅝c; seller May, 110¼c; seller June, 109⅝c; milling, No. 1, ——. Receipts—Flour, —— bbls; wheat, 30,000 bu; corn, —— bu; oats, ——bu. Shipments—wheat, 31,000 bu.

MILWAUKEE. April 20.—Flour—standard extras. ——@——. Wheat—The market advanced ¾@1¼c; the noon board closed steady; 118 for hard; 110c for No 1 spring; 103¾c for No 2 fresh; 103¾c seller April; 104¾c seller May; 104¾c seller June; 92 for No 3; 86c for No 4; and 77 for rejected. Receipts—Wheat, 7,000 bu; shipments—wheat, 2,000 bu. Coarse grains steady. Corn at 34½c for No 2. Oats at 28c for No 2. Rye at 70½c for No. 1. Barley at 66c for No 2.

CINCINNATI, April 20.—Breadstuffs—Flour is dull and lower; family, at $5 00@5 50; fancy, $5 65@6 50. Wheat—the market is dull and lower; amber sold at 110@——c. Corn is quiet at 40½c. Oats dull at 35@——c. Provisions—Pork is dull and nominal at $9 50@10 00. Lard—market lower at $6 65@6 70. Bulk meats dull; shoulders, at $3 87½; clear rib, at 6 00; clear, 6 37½. Bacon—market is nominal, heavy; shoulders at $4 75; clear rib, 6 75; clear, 7 25. Whisky quiet at 104c.

PHILADELPHIA, April 19.—Breadstuffs—Flour—Market entirely nominal; western extras, $3 75@4 00; Minnesota extra medium, $5 00@5 25; good, $5 37½; choice, $5 50; fancy, $6 00; Minnesota patent choice, $7 50; Ohio extra medium, $5 75; good, $6 00; fancy, $6 25; Indiana good, $6 50; Illinois fancy, $6 25. Rye flour at $4 50@4 75. Wheat unsettled; No. 2 red in elevator, 128½c; do seller April, 129c bid; 130c asked. Corn dull; high-mixed, 53c; sail mixed April, 49½c bid, 50c asked; do seller May, 49½c bid. Oats quiet; No. 1 mixed, 43½c; No. 3 white, 43¼@44c; No. 2, do, 44½c; No. 1 do, 46@46½c.

KANSAS CITY, April 17.—The Commercial Indicator reports wheat receipts, —— bu; shipments, 4,205 bu; in store, 232,824 bu; market weak and lower; No. 2, 102c asked; No. 3, 95½c; No. 4, 95c. Corn—Receipts, 4,661 bu; shipments, 857 bu; in store, 119,597 bu; market steady; No. 2 mixed, 28½c; No. 2 white mixed, 30½c; rejected, ——c. Oats—Receipts, —— bu; shipments, —— bu; in store, —— bu; No. 2, 25½c bid; 27c asked; rejected, ——c. Rye—No. 2, 61c asked. Barley nominal. Eggs steady at 7½c ℘ doz. Butter—choice steady at 18@20c; other grades slow.

CHICAGO, April 18.—Breadstuffs—Wheat—Market closed higher; 110¼c cash; —— seller April; 108⅝c seller May; 105¾c seller June. Corn closed firmer; 34⅝c for cash; ——c seller April; 34⅝c seller May; 34⅞c seller June. Oats firmer; 28¼@28⅜c for cash; 28⅜c for seller May. Rye unchanged at 71½@——c. Barley unchanged at 78@——c. Provisions—steady. Pork at $9 32½ cash; —— seller May; $9 65 for seller June. Lard at $6 62½ cash; —— for seller May; 6 70 seller June; 6 72½ seller July. Whisky at 107c. Hogs—Receipts, 15,000 head; slower; light, at $4 10@4 45; mixed packing at 4 00@4 25; shipping, 4 30@4 55. Cattle—Receipts, 5800 head; market quiet and steady; shipping, 4 00@5 25; butchers quiet at 2 20@3 00; stockers, at 2 40@3 80.

NEW YORK, April 20.—Flour—Quiet, and prices without a decided change; receipts, 9,449 bbls; Round Hoop, Ohio, 5 00@5 75; choice do, $5 80@6 75, superfine western, $3 65@4 40; common to good extra western, 4 45@4 75; choice do, do, $4 80@7 00; choice white wheat do, $4 75@5 25. Wheat—Spring quiet and firm; winter 1@2c better and moderately active; sales 80,000 bu No 2 Northwest, seller May at 121c; 40,000 bu No 1 white, seller May, 123¾@124,000 bu No. 2 red, seller April, 127¼@128½c; 136,000 bu do seller May, 124¾@126c; 120,000 bu do seller June, 122¾@122¾c. Corn—market a shade stronger and quiet; mixed western spot, 50¼@52c; do futures, 49¾@51c. Oats firmer and quiet; western, 42@50c. Beef quiet and unchanged; new plain mess, $10 00; new extra do, $10 50@11 00. Pork is firmer and quiet; new mess, $10 75. Lard higher and strong; steam rendered at $7 17½. Butter firm and in fair inquiry; Ohio, 14@24c. Cheese quiet and firm at 12@15½ for fair to choice. Whisky is nominal; western, 110c. Sugar is firm and quiet. Molasses steady and in moderate demand. Petroleum dull and nominal. Rice firm, fair trade. Coffee dull and unchanged. Freights quiet and firm. Spirits turpentine firm at 33½c. Rosin quiet at 135@140. Tallow steady at 6 1-16c for western. Eggs firm and quiet at 9½@11½c for fair to choice.

ST. LOUIS, April 20.—Breadstuffs—Flour, nothing doing; family, —— cash; ——c seller May; —— seller the year; choice, —— bid for cash; ——@—— seller May; —— first half June. Wheat unsettled; No 2 red, 105½c for cash; seller——@—— for April; 106⅞@104¾@107@106c seller May; 101⅞@102¾@101¾c for seller June; 93⅞@94⅞c seller July; ——c seller the year; No 3 do, 97c bid; No 4 do, 95c bid. Corn lower; at 30¾@31c cash; ——@—— seller April; 31⅛@31¼c for seller May; 32@32¼c for seller June; 32⅝@33¼c for seller July. Oats lower; 29½c bid cash; ——c seller April; 29⅛@——c seller May; 29⅛@29⅝c seller June. Rye firm at 70c bid. Barley dull and unchanged. Whisky quiet at 106c. Provisions—Pork quiet; jobbing $10 10@—— asked cash; —— for seller April; —— seller May. Dry salt meats dull; clear ribs, 3 75@5 95@6 10@6 15; cured clear ribs, ——. Bacon dull; clear ribs, 4 37½@4 70@6 90; clear, 6 95@7 00. Lead nominal at 5¼c. Butter unchanged. Eggs—firmer at 7½c. Lard nominal at 6 60 bid. Receipts—Flour, 5,000 bbls; wheat, 17,000 bu; corn, 14,000 bu; oats, 42,000 bu; rye, 1,000 bu; barley, 2,000 bu. Shipments—Flour, 9,000 bbls; wheat, 3,000 bu; corn, 14,000 bu; oats 6,000 bu; rye, 1,000 bu; barley, 2,000 bu. Hogs—market steady; Yorkers, 4 10@4 20; bacon, 4 20@4 25; butchers', 4 10@4 30; selected, 4 40@4 45. Receipts, 3,000 head; shipments, 8,300 head.

BALTIMORE, April 20.—Flour—market is dull and lower; western superfine at $3 75@4 00; do extra, $4 25@5 00; do family, $5 25@6 00. Wheat—Market for Western opened active, ruled irregular, and closed feverish; No 2 Western winter red, spot 124¾c; seller April, 124¾c; seller May, 123c asked; seller June, 121⅝@121¾c; seller July, 112⅜@113c; seller August, at 110@111c; seller September, ——@——c. Corn—Western—the market is dull and neglected; Western mixed spot, at 47@47½c; seller April, 47@48½c; seller May, 46@46½c; seller June, ——@——c; seller July, ——c; steamer, none offering. Oats easier; southern, ——c; Western white, 40@42c; mixed, 40@40½c; Pennsylvania, 41@42c. Rye nominally at 87@90c. Hay unchanged; prime to choice Pennsylvania and Maryland, $18 00@20 00. Provisions—market steady and fairly active for job lots. Mess Pork, dull at $11 75@12 25. Bulk meats, loose shoulders $4 50; clear rib sides, $6 75; do packed, $5 00@7 00. Bacon—shoulders, $5 50; clear rib sides, $7 25; hams, $10 50@11 00. Lard—refined in tierces, $8 00. Butter—market is easier; prime to choice western packed, 22@25c; roll, 20@22c. Eggs—Market is dull and weak; fresh Western, 10@——c; limed, —c. Petroleum — market for crude, unchanged; refined, 7½c. Coffee—market dull and unchanged; rio cargoes, fair to prime, 13¾@15¾c. Sugar—market is steady; A soft, 9½c. Whisky is quiet at 110@112c. Freights to Liverpool per steam, unchanged; cotton, at 3 16d; flour, 2s. 6d; grain, 7d. asked. Receipts—Flour, 3513 bbls; wheat, 183,000 bu; corn, 81,000 bu; oats, 2,500 bu; rye, —— bu; barley, —— bu. Shipments—Wheat, 102,750 bu; corn, 96,000 bu. Sales of wheat, 860,000 bu; corn, 76,450 bu.

TOLEDO, WEDNESDAY MORNING, April 21.—The market for Wheat ruled dull during the week, and prices have declined: Spot Amber, 113½c: No. 1 White Michigan, 103½c; No. 2 Red Wabash, 113¾c; seller April, 113c; seller May, 110¾c; seller June, 103¾c; seller July, 101¾c; seller August, 97c; No. 3 Red, 107c; No. 2 Amber Illinois, 113¾c; Western Amber, 113¾c. Corn weak: High-mixed spot, 39½c; No. 2, 37¾c; Rejected, 37¾c; Damaged, 35c; No. 2 White, 40c; seller May, 37¾c; seller June, 37¾c. Oats dull at 34c for No 2. Clover Seed quiet; Prime Medium, $3 85; Mammoth Seed, $4 20. Lumber is quoted as follows—Uppers, 1 inch, $40; 1¼, 1½ and 2 inch, $42 00; selects, 1 inch, $30 00; selects, 1¼, 1½ and 2 inch, $35 00; select common, 1 inch, $22 00; 1¼, 1½ and 2 inch, $25 00; common boards, 1x12, 14 & 16 ft, $14 00; common, 1x12, 18 & 20 ft, $15 00. Cull boards, $12 00. Cull boards, thick, $12 00. Strips, 1st clear, and 2ds, $38 00; 1x6 select or 1st common $30 00; 1x6 2d common, $25 00; 1x6 3d common, $17 00; 1x6 fencing, $16 00; 1x6 cull fencing, $13 00; irregular flooring strips, $23 00; good Norway, $22 00; fine common, $18 00; common, $13 50; lath, $2 50; uppers, 1x12, $38 00; selects, 1x12, $33 00; fine common, $25 00. Common Stock—1x10 and 1x12 & 18 ft $16 00; do 1x10, 1x12 & 14 ft, $16 00; do 1x10, 4x12, 12 & 14 ft, $15 00; do 1x10 and 1x12, 18 ft, $18 00; do 1x10 & 1x12, 20 ft, $20 00. Cull stocks, 1x12, 16 ft, $13 00; do 1x12 & 14 ft, $14 00. Bill stuffs—2x4, 3x4, 4x4, 18 ft and under, $13; do 4x6, 6x8, 8x8, 18 ft & under, $15; Bill stuffs—2x6, 2x8, 2x10, 2x12, 16 ft and under, $13 00; do, 18 feet, $15 00; 50 cts for each additional foot over 18 ft; Shingles, 18 inch XXX $3 50; clear butts, $2 50; XXX 16 inch $2 75; clear butts, $2 00. Lath, gang-sawed (all white pine,) $2 25. Dressed—Flooring, 1st and 2d clear, $35 00; first common, $32 00; second common, $27 00; fence, $18 00; Norway, good, $25 00; common, $20 00; fence, $18 00; siding, 1st and 2d clear, $20 00; first common, $16 00; second common, $14 00; patent, $27 00@35 00; shelving, 1-in, $36 00; finishing, 1-in, $36 00. Drop or patent siding same as flooring.

Money, Stocks, etc.

New York, April 19, 1880.

Money—6@3 ℘ cent. per annum, closing at 4. prime mercantile paper 5@6 ℘ cent.

Governments quiet.

Railroad bonds dull, without special feature.

State securities dull.

STATE STOCKS.

	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
Old Tennessee's	31	37	36½	35½	36½	36
New Tennessee's	28	27	28	27	26	28
Old Virginias	22	22	22	21	22	22
New Virginias	21	21	21	21	21	21
Missouris	108	108¾	108¾	108	109	108

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
U. S. 6's, '81	105⅛	105⅞	105⅝	105⅝	105⅝	105⅝
U. S. 5's, '81	103¾	103½	103¾	103¾	103¾	103¾
U. S. new 4½'s	108⅝	108⅝	108⅝	108⅝	108⅝	108⅝
U. S. new 4's	106½	107⅝	107	106⅞	106⅞	106⅞
Currency 6's	126	126	126	126	126	126
Sterling, sight	486¾	487½	487½	487½	487	487
Sterling, 60 d	484	484¾	484¾	484½	484¾	484¾

The Stock market was heavy in early dealings, and prices declined ¼@⅝ per cent., the latter in Iron Mountain. During the afternoon dealings were characterized by a buoyant tone and an advance of ¼@5¼ per cent took place. Houston & Texas, Ohio & Mississippi, Iron Mountain, the Coal shares, Lake Shore, Erie and the Grangers leading the upward movement. Houston & Texas, after the early decline from 75 to 66¾, recovered to 71½. Louisville & Nashville, which closed Saturday at 126, rose to 136, fell off to 132½, and closed with 136 bid and 139 asked. Northern Pacific was firm in consequence of an announcement that the United States Senate Committee on Railroads agreed to report the bill favorably extending the time for the completion of the Road. Louisville & Nashville advanced upon reassuring dispatches from Louisville and the fact that John Cisco and C. C. Baldwin have become bondsmen for the Railroad Company in the suit instituted here against the Road, so that the latter will suffer no further inconvenience.

Live Stock Markets.

KANSAS CITY, April 17.—The Commercial Indicator reports cattle receipts at 339 head; shipments, 240 head; market more active but not quotably higher; native shipping steers at $3 90@4 15; butchers', $3 50@3 90; stockers and feeders, $3 00@3 75; cows, $2 50@3 25.

Hogs—Receipts, 772 head; shipments, 370 head; market quiet; trading light; sales at $3 40@3 95.

Sheep—Receipts, —— head; shipments, 81 market steady.

CHICAGO, April 19.—Hogs—Receipts, 18,000 head; shipments, 4,600 head; market opened firm and ruled fairly active, but closed dull and weak, with some common unsold; mixed packing, $4 00@4 25; light, $4 10@4 45; choice heavy, $4 30@4 75.

Cattle—Receipts, 5,200 head; shipments, 2,200 head; market slow but not quotably lower; desirable lots steady; common to medium dull and slow; shipping at $4 00@5 20; butchers' scarce and steady; common to good, $3 00@3 30; stockers at $2 80@3 90.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 400 head; shipments, —— head; western, $5 40; good to choice, $5 75@6 00.

EAST LIBERTY, April 19.—Cattle—Receipts since Friday, 3,558 head through and 400 head for this market. Supply light for yard sales and only about half sold, all to retail trade. Best shipping scarce at $5 00@5 25; fair to good butchers', $4 12@4 90; common and light, $3 30@3 80; still bulls, fair to good, $3 50@4 00; cows and stags, $2 80@3 75; stockers, $——@——. Sales to-day, 277 head.

Hogs—Receipts 13,420 head; total for three days, —— head; Yorkers, $4 35@4 40; Philadelphias, $4 75@4 85.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 4,600 head; total for three days, —— head; shipments to-day, —— head; selling active; clipped, $3 50@4 75; wooled, $5 00@6 75.

NEW YORK, April 19.—Beeves—Receipts for two days, 4,700 head; making 13,575 head for the week; early sales at a small advance in prices, but closed dull; the selling interest called it "Blue Monday;" rough oxen, $7 00@8 00; common to fair steers, $8 25@9 25; good and prime, $9 50@10 00; extra, $10 25@10 50, with a few tops at $10 75@11 00. Exporters used 1,000 head fat steers, mainly their own cattle; no live stock or fresh meat exports to-day. Shipments for the week ended Saturday, exporters included, 1,500 head live cattle, 8,800 quarters of beef, 250 live sheep, 2,260 carcasses of mutton and 220 dressed hogs.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts for two days, 7,100 head; making 23,800 head for the week; market firmer and about ½c higher, with quick sales; unshorn sheep, $6 20@7 62; clipped, $4 00@5 65; wooled yearling, $7 80@8 00 ℘ 100 lbs; clipped do, $5 25@5 80; about 6 car loads taken for exportation.

Hogs—Receipts for two days, 12,100 head alive, making 39,230 head for the week; none offered alive for the last 10 days; nominal range, $4 85@5 00 ℘ 100 lbs.

The Visible Supply of Grain,

comprising the stocks in granary at the principal points of accumulation at lake and seaboard ports, and in transit by lake and rail, April 10, 1880.

In store at—	Wheat, bu.	Corn, bu.	Oats, bu.	Barley, bu.	Rye, bu.
New York	3411090	680572	259110	176086	66497
"afloat*"	.....	300000	40000	30000	25000
Albany	1300	.....	37000	130000	37000
Buffalo	1882705	278816	9863	95385	38941
Chicago	8554759	4340822	650548	469427	118903
Milwaukee	4583395	1129	2469	347144	58911
Duluth	270000	238000	.....	.....	.....
Toledo	793703	779868	95062	5290	3897
Detroit	392052	3815	13184	4251	.....
Oswego	215000	75000	1000	120000	4000
St. Louis	388563	1270040	103187	28673	44727
Boston	75502	214973	27585	11004	1508
Toronto	327351	.....	28050	79853	.....
Montreal	142084	88428	131221	81721	38183
Philadelph	119358	471584	.....	.....	.....
Peoria	9583	266047	94482	64	43370
Indianapolis	132200	101600	114700	.....	5810
Kan's City	244593	134181	139505	2904	3812
Baltimore	591995	1210607	.....	.....	.....
Rail ship'ts	131626	1110949	317080	85306	46304
Lake & riv.	1589220	4370446	194957	.....	103830
On Canal	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Total—					
April 10	23832829	15877573	2252204	1669278	687073
April 3	25383353	15516948	3769185	2003927	690543
March 27	24226709	16540608	2998594	2257353	690498
March 20	25864267	15598098	2914571	2089464	775281
March 13	27004506	14972402	2897509	[illegible]	852614
March 6	27259056	14870644	2045478	2305650	881162

* Estimated.

—*N. Y. Prod. Ex. Weekly.*

Wool.

From the Wool Circular of Harding, Marsh & Co., Boston, April 17, 1880.

The receipts of domestic for the week have been 2,720 bales, against 1,680 bales for the corresponding week of 1879, and 2,516 bales in 1878. The imports of foreign have been 3,058 bales against 22 bales for the corresponding week in 1879, and 221 bales in 1878.

The market has been very quiet for the past week and prices, in consequence, have taken a turn downward. A few weeks ago dealers could scarcely retain to the numerous buyers who presented themselves, but this week they have been few and far between. There is no good reason why such a sudden change should take place. Advices from abroad are even more favorable than last week, and the future prospects of wool and woolens are quite as encouraging now as at any time for some months. There is, however, an evident disposition to bear down prices, and as some holders are anxious to close up old stocks, this movement has, for the time being, succeeded. It is quite remarkable that in all leading staples the same change has taken place, particularly in cotton, breadstuffs, provisions and iron.

It appears to us that manufacturers will gain nothing by keeping out of the market now, only to purchase more freely some five or six weeks hence, when new wool begins to make its appearance at all points. Under any circumstances the new clip will start off at high figures, and reckless competition between manufacturers, dealers and speculators may force them up beyond a remunerative point. Private letters and private dispatches to leading houses in the trade represent the markets abroad as very firm. The advices from San Francisco indicate an easier market and declining prices. It should be remembered that that market opened 10c higher than present current prices on the [illegible]

Sales made during the week show the follow[illegible]

[illegible]

COMPARATIVE receipts of flour and grain at the [illegible]

[illegible]

—*N. Y. Prod. Ex. Weekly.*

FELLOWS'

Compound Syrup of

HYPOPHOSPHITES.

[illegible]

Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites

SPEEDILY AND PERMANENTLY CURES:

Congestion of the Lungs, Bronchitis, Consumption, Nervous Prostration, Shortness of Breath, Palpitation of the Heart, Trembling of the Hands and Limbs, Physical and Mental Depression, Loss of Appetite, Loss of Energy, Loss of Memory. It will rapidly improve the weakened functions and organs of the body, which depend for health upon voluntary, semi-voluntary and involuntary nervous action.

[illegible]

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

ORGAN BEATTY PIANO

[illegible]

PIANOS

[illegible]

ORGANS

[illegible]

COLUMBIA BICYCLE.

[illegible]

THE POPE MANUF'G CO.,

72 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

Health is Wealth.

Health of Body is Wealth of Mind.

RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian

Resolvent.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound, without caries, and your complexion fair, use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

A Grateful Recognition.

To cure a CHRONIC OR LONG STANDING DISEASE is truly a victory in the healing art; that reasoning power that clearly discerns DEFECT and supplies a remedy; that restores step by step—by degrees—the body which has been slowly attacked and weakened by an insidious disease, not only commands our respect but deserves our gratitude. Dr. Radway has furnished mankind with that wonderful remedy, RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT, which accomplishes this result, and suffering humanity, who drag out an existence of pain and disease, through long days and long nights, owe him their gratitude.—Medical Messenger.

FALSE AND TRUE.

We extract from Dr. Radway's Treatise on Disease and its cure, as follows:

LIST OF DISEASES CURED BY

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN

RESOLVENT.

Chronic Skin Diseases, Caries of the Bone, Humors in the Blood, Scrofulous Diseases, Bad or Unnatural Habit of Body, Syphilis and Venereal, Fever Sores, Chronic or Old Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Rickets, White Swelling, Scald Head, Uterine Affections, Cankers, Glandular Swellings, Nodes, Wasting and Decay of the Body, Pimples and Blotches, Tumors, Dyspepsia, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Consumption, Gravel and Calculous Deposits, and varieties of the above complaints to which sometimes are given special names.

We assert that there is no known remedy that possesses the curative power over these diseases that RADWAY'S RESOLVENT furnishes. It cures step by step, surely, from the foundation, and restores the injured parts to their sound condition. The wastes of the body are stopped and healthy blood is supplied to the system, from which new material is formed. This is the first corrective power of RADWAY'S RESOLVENT. In cases where the system has been salivated and Mercury, Quicksilver, Corrosive Sublimate have accumulated and become deposited in the bones, joints, etc., causing caries of the bones, rickets, spinal curvatures, contortions, white swellings, varicose veins, etc., the SARSAPARILLIAN will resolve away these deposits and exterminate the virus of the disease from the system.

If those who are taking these medicines for the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous or Syphilitic diseases, however slow may be the cure, "feel better" and find their general health improving, their flesh and weight increasing or even keeping its own, it is a sure sign that the cure is progressing. In these diseases the patient either gets better or worse—the virus of the disease is not inactive; if not arrested and driven from the blood it will spread and continue to undermine the constitution. As soon as the SARSAPARILLIAN makes the patient feel better every hour you will grow better and increase in health, strength and flesh.

Fever and Ague cured for Fifty Cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow, and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Miners and Lumbermen should always be provided with it.

CAUTION.

All remedial agents capable of destroying life by an overdose should be avoided. Morphine, opium, strychnine, arnica, hyoscyamus, and other powerful remedies, does at certain times, in very small doses, relieve the patient during their action in the system. But perhaps the second dose, if repeated, may aggravate and increase the suffering, and another dose cause death. There is no necessity of using these uncertain agents when a positive remedy like RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will stop the most excruciating pain quicker, without entailing the least difficulty in either infant or adult.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain.

Fifty Cents per Bottle.

RADWAY'S

REGULATING PILLS.

OVARIAN TUMORS.

[illegible]

MINUTE REMEDY.

[illegible]

Radway's Ready Relief,

[illegible]

FEVER AND AGUE

[illegible]

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE for CALOMEL.

[illegible]

Price 25 Cents per Box.

FROM THE HONORABLE THURLOW WEED,

[illegible]

"False and True."

[illegible]

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Read "FALSE AND TRUE."

[illegible]